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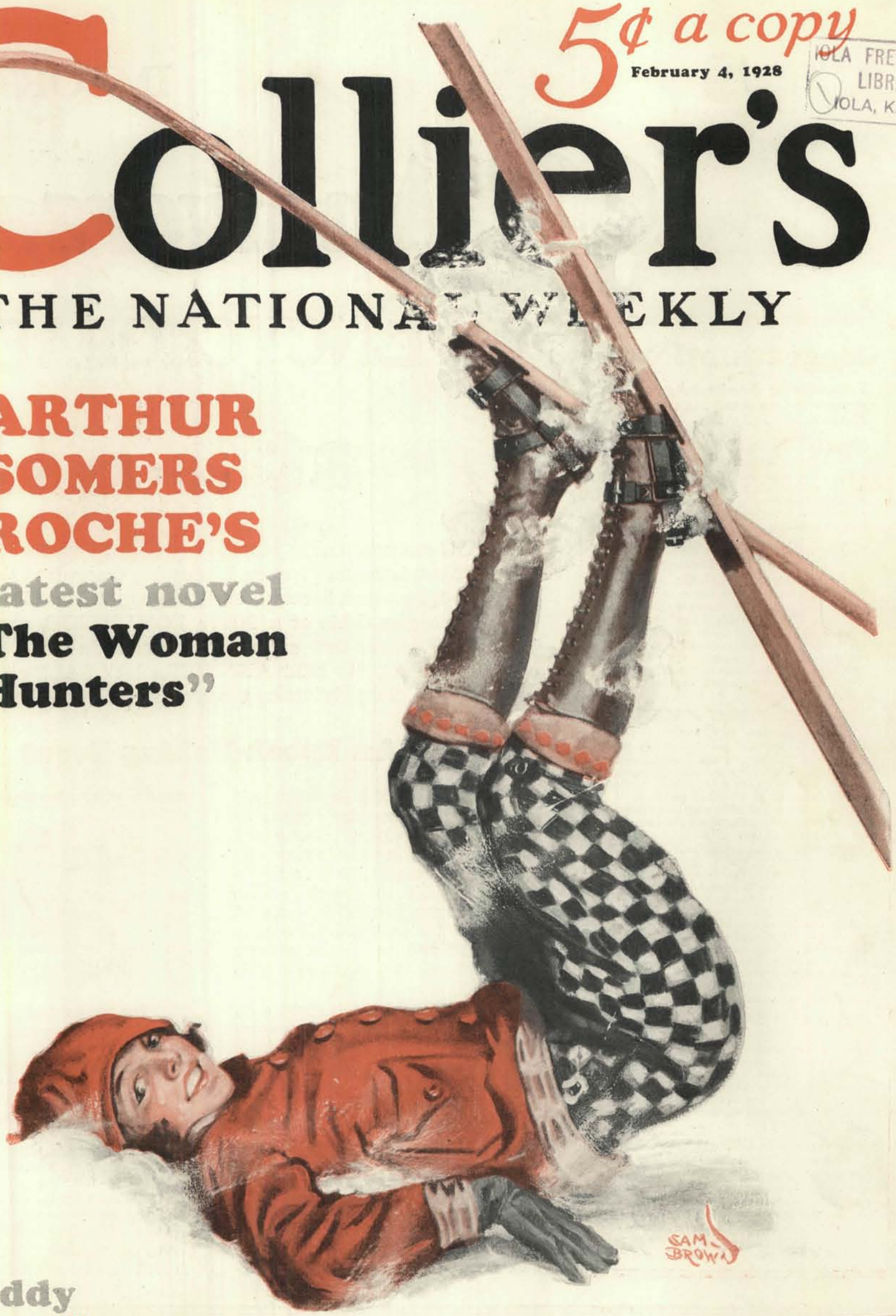
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE'S latest novel "The Woman Hunters"

"Muddy Water"

By ROARK BRA



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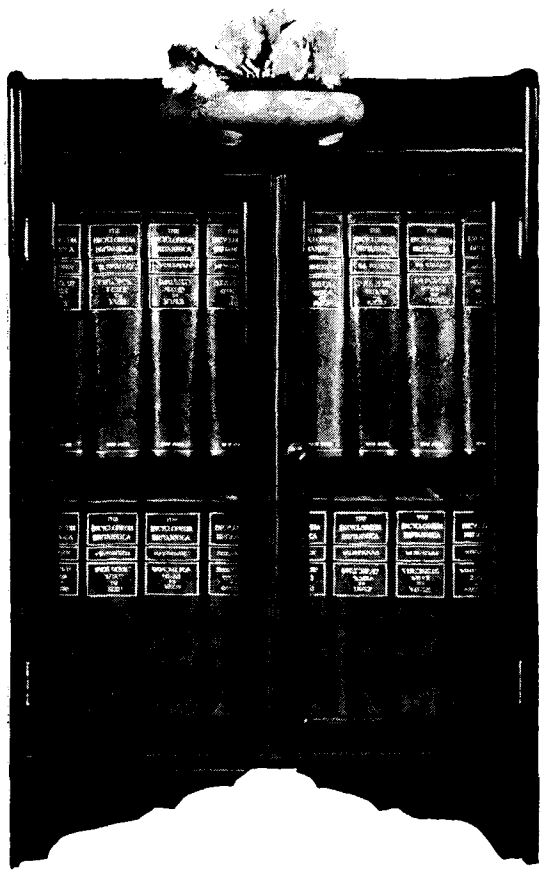

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Number Five

February 4, 1928

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The Woman Hunters

A vivid story of reckless youth, glamorous romance and New York City's underworld

I thought Yvonne was a corker, and she became better looking every time you saw her

By
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

I'M NO snob. Just the same, I couldn't help wondering where these people came from. Money, of course, has no pride; it doesn't care with whom it's seen. I could understand these people having money, and I know that wealth and vulgarity are pretty nearly synonymous terms, despite the fact that lackeys so often write of "wealth and culture."

But these people weren't merely vulgar. I've encountered ill breeding in well-bred places too often to be surprised or concerned at a new meeting. The King of England would find it difficult to gather a thousand people and be sure that all were gentlemen or ladies. And where royalty fails it would be unjust to demand success of democracy.

Not vulgar, but *criminal!* That's what this gathering was. I don't mean that all the guests at Vonny Candace's coming-out party belonged in jail, nor even that a majority of them would be better placed behind bars. But I do mean that a considerable minority were distinctly criminal in their potentialities. And unless I'd learned nothing of character in a good many years of knocking about, many of this minority had developed their potentialities.

I'd heard and read a lot about the recklessness of modern American youth, but not enough to make me accept this gathering as typical of what went on either in society or among its fringes. After all, although I'd not been home for half a dozen years, I'd mingled with plenty of Americans in Paris, at Le Touquet, Biarritz and Deauville. Wild, scornful of convention and occasionally unregardful of a couple of commandments as the young generation unquestionably is, they don't *steal*, and blackmail is still an unexplored art.

But there were thieves at Vonny Candace's party; there were blackmailers here; there were men here who made their living in ways even more questionable. Not that I recognized anyone present as a practitioner of any of the professions that I have mentioned. I didn't have to recognize an individual to be certain of a type.

AFTER all, if you carry your office under your hat, you're in business all the time. And it has been my business for a considerable period of time to size up people the second I see them. Any time you can fool me by such external tricks as a well-fitting dinner coat or the ability to order a well-chosen luncheon or by familiarity with the great, it will mean that it is time I transferred my office to a delicatessen store and began selling sausage by the yard.

There was something more too than the intrusion of certain types into the Candace party. There was an atmosphere about the gathering that made me scent something extraordinary. I don't know how to explain this feeling of mine that there was meaning behind the music, the dancing and the splendor of the scene. I only know that I felt something, and feeling something when other people merely note the obvious has made me considerable money on various occasions.

Not that this was an occasion when I expected or desired to make money. I was here simply because it amused me to be here. Candace and I had struck up an acquaintance at Deauville a couple of months before. A big burly mid-Westerner, a bit uncouth possibly, but with instincts that were all right, he was one of those self-made men whose womenfolk, ambitious beyond a parochial career, have dragged him, willy-nilly, to New York, to London, to Paris and to those European resorts where wealth and extravagance are too often mistaken for fashion.

I'd seen a dozen men like him. No, that isn't so, because Candace had a certain rugged rightness of outlook that is rare. But outwardly, with his motors and huge suite at the Normandie, his colossal play at chemin de fer, and his wife and daughter, he might have stood for Oil or Wheat or Lumber, as the European is apt to visualize such staples.

I've not been fair in my presentation of Candace. I included his wife and daughter exactly as though they were the usual overdressed and overjeweled female concomitants of Oil or Wheat or Lumber. They weren't anything of the sort. Mrs. Candace was a thin-lipped, bony-nosed woman who made me

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think of a pioneer that had turned schoolmistress. One could tell at a glance that she had done her share toward the amassing of Candace's reputed thirty millions. She was not at all the silly, vulgar person that so often is married to Oil or Wheat or Lumber.

As for Yvonne, she was one of those amazing American products, a girl who might have been born to the blood royal. That's a bad comparison. What royal princesses I've happened to see have usually been awkward of figure and unbeautiful of face, whereas Vonny Candace was prettily formed and rather good-looking. She had brown bobbed hair, cool, gray eyes, a straight nose, a merry mouth, a rather stubborn chin and creamy skin. Candor and fineness of character were written on her features, and she became better-looking each time you saw her. Fine people. That was my instantaneous conclusion about the Candaces.

SEVERAL weeks of acquaintance with them had not modified my opinion, but had made me wonder that their ambitions were as they were. Candace, in a frank moment while we were sipping a *fine* after a hard session at the tables, unbosomed himself to me.

"You know the ropes, Gorham. How long will it take Vonny to make the grade?"

I paid his honesty the compliment of not pretending to misunderstand. "That depends on a lot of things," I told him.

"I've got a lot of those things, thirty millions of them," he said with a shrewd grin.

"Money alone won't do it," I said. "It's 90 per cent of the battle, but the other 10 per cent has importance."

"Sure, I know. You have to know which fork and a lot of junk like that. But Ma and Vonny know all those things. And I watch them pretty closely. How long, Gorham?"

"I couldn't say to the minute," I laughed.

"Why couldn't you—to the second?" he demanded.

I must have looked the surprise I felt.

"If a New York Gorham doesn't know all about the social grade, then who does?" he asked.

"I'm not one of the fashionable Gorhams," I explained.

"You're a New Yorker, aren't you?"

"Another branch of the family," I replied.

"But you've got plenty money. My gosh, I've seen you drop three hundred milles at a sitting. That isn't chicken feed."

His persistence slightly embarrassed me.

"Nevertheless I'm not of that family," I said.

Another man would have changed the subject. But not Candace.

"You in business over here?" he inquired.

"Yes, my own," I said sharply.

Candace raised a soothing hand. "Listen, son, don't get hot. I like you. And when I like a man he's generally got something."

"That's very kind of you," I said tersely.

He smiled amiably. "In other words you want me to quit pestering you with questions."

"Why, if it is any possible interest to you," I said, with laughing exasperation, "I'm twenty-nine years old, I've only been back to America once since I was demobilized, and I live over here because I like it."

"That's about how I figured," he laughed. "But just at the moment we've got off on the wrong track. We were talking about me and my family. I ask you again, Gorham, how long is it going to take us?"

"Let me ask a question," I parried.

"It seems to be your turn," he chuckled.

"Why do you want to 'get into society,' as the phrase is?" I asked.

He clipped the end from a cigar, dipped it in his *fine*—I confess to a shudder at the action—lighted it and puffed a moment before answering.

"It's kinda hard to explain," he finally said. "Me and Ma and Vonny are simple enough people, I think. But suppose, when I owned one grocery store in Kansas, that I quit right there? I'd never have got into Bradstreet, would I? I'd never have been able to build me the finest summer camp on Lake Michigan. There's a hundred things I own that I *like* owning, and I'd never have been able to buy them on the income from one grocery store. But I branched out. Two stores, three stores, twenty stores, and then a couple of hundred. My own dairies, my own canning factories, my own farms, my own mills. Now take the woman's side of it.

"Women like travel and pretty things and pictures and jewelry. That's natural, just as natural as it is for a man to want the bank to honor an overdraft without question. But after the women have done a certain amount of traveling, and bought enough pictures and clothes and jewels, they want to meet other women who've traveled and who have jewels and Paris frocks and all that sort of thing. They go out to dinner, and they see a bunch of people, with no more money and no nicer manners, having a whale of a good time, while all they have is old Sam Candace. Or, if it ain't Sam Candace, it's some old roughneck like him.

"Beginning to understand?"

"I THINK so," I replied. "Only—if you don't mind my saying so—"

"You say anything you like, young feller," he heartily urged.

"It seems a cheap ambition," I said.

"That's all right for you to say. Even if you ain't one of *the* Gorhams, you're class all right. Anywhere you go the right people are going to take one slant at you and figure you belong. You don't have to maneuver to get acquainted. You ain't lonesome."

"You shouldn't be," I said.

"We don't have to be—if I pay all the bills," he said grimly. "Every grafter in the world is glad enough to be nice to me and Ma and Vonny. But we've kinda outgrown the old town. You know, if you've got the price for theatres and the opera, a movie ain't so satisfying. If you've lived in swell hotels, small-town restaurants ain't so good. And sooner or later you want your associates to like the same things you like and to be able to afford them.

"And by and by it begins to get your goat that people sort of avoid you. I mean the sort of people who can afford all the things that you can afford. I sent Vonny to what they called a finishing school near New York. She's a game one, that girl, and she never whimpered. But she took enough snubs to last her a lifetime. Why? Because it was her father made the money, not her grandfather. And she made up her mind that those girls who hadn't been nice to her in school would have to be nice to her later on. Why shouldn't Sam Candace's daughter go anywhere she wants as long as her father will pay the bills? Ain't she pretty? Ain't she nice-mannered? Ain't she a lady? You know damn well she is. Bright too. Now go ahead and tell me how long it will take."

"It can't be done at a European resort," I told him.

He nodded acquiescence. "I know that. We've just come over so Ma and Vonny can lay in a stock of clothes. Next month we're going home. I've taken a house on Seventy-fourth Street near Park Avenue. If it takes ten million, Vonny is going to be on top. I'm going to give the biggest and the best parties New York ever saw."

Snobbery? I don't think so. Here were people of enormous wealth who wanted to know other people who could afford the same things. After all, despite all the cant that's uttered on the subject of social relations, friendships nearly always are formed and continued among people of equal incomes. Not often do you see the ten-thousand-a-year family chumming with the hundred-thousand-a-year family. I don't say it's right; I merely state that it is so.

NOW it happens that notwithstanding the enormous increase in the number of private fortunes in America, there aren't so very many thirty-million-dollar people. To be received by the multi-millionaire group means achievement at least of the financial sort. To want that recognition of achievement may not be admirable, but it is certainly not so contemptible as it is sometimes declared to be. If the Candaces had been the kind who in their upward climb seemed likely to snub their former friends, I would have felt disgust at old Sam's admissions. But I knew they were not that kind, so I felt only pity.

And I felt liking also. I liked the father, I liked the mother, and I thought that Yvonne was a corker. I dined with them several times at Deauville, danced and talked with Yvonne, played at the same tables with Sam, and refused to play bridge or poker with him.

Why did I refuse? Because that's how I make my living, and I don't make my living from my friends. Which, after all, proves that in certain ways I'm slightly better than a broker. Or perhaps it doesn't. Anyway, it doesn't matter much; this is the story of the Candaces, not the story of Allen Gorham, though it may seem occasionally to be more my story than theirs.

Candace, of course, had no suspicion as to my means of livelihood. He assumed that my reticence on the subject of myself was due to what he would have termed "stand-offishness." I think he thought me in receipt of a sizable income, probably an inheritance. For

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

I felt that Anita Gorham's charm was something dangerous, poisonous, as charm in a sweeter character never is

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I'm absolutely certain that he would not have knowingly extended an invitation to his daughter's coming-out party to a professional gambler.

Which made me smile cynically as I looked over the gathering at the St. Dennis. For, despite my profession, I considered myself infinitely superior in every way to that minority of the guests to which I have already referred. And I think that, had it not been for that feeling that something extraordinary was in the atmosphere, I would not have remained ten minutes after having paid my respects to Yvonne.

I DON'T care for large parties, anyway. I was in New York on a flying trip. Candace, whom I'd hardly expected ever to see again after bidding him good-by at Deauville, had encountered me in the Ritz one day at luncheon, had insisted on taking my address, and had made me promise that I would attend Vonny's party.

"Going to launch her on the social seas like no one ever before," he boasted. "A couple of orchestras, more champagne than a prohibition agent could drink and prizes sweller than any ever given."

"Prizes?" I was incredulous.

"Sure. A Rolls limousine for the prettiest girl, an Adirondack camp for the best-looking married couple—"

"Oh, you're joking!" I exclaimed.

"You come and see if I am," he challenged.

"But—you can't do things like that at a coming-out party," I expostulated.

"Why not? Because it's vulgar?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Say, young feller, society is vulgar. I've learned that much, if I never learn anything else. An English duchess wanting to be my daughter's social guide, at a thousand a week! Women from the best families in New York anxious to introduce us around at so much per introduction! Brokers hinting that they'll put me up at the right clubs if I open the right-sized account! And all of them tipping me off to the fact that it will take two or three years to make the grade! Well, I'm going to make it for Vonny this winter. I've sent out fifteen hundred invitations to Vonny's party. What'll you bet a thousand don't come?"

"I'm not a betting man," I lied.

"Well, come to the party, anyway," he urged.

"I wouldn't miss it for anything," I fervently assured him.

So here I was.

Aside from the extraordinary interest I felt in the guests and the bizarre impression that something untoward was in the air, the physical aspects of the party fascinated me. Not only had Candace taken the grand ballroom of the St. Dennis, but he had engaged the rest of the floor. Not one room was fixed up as a bar, but there were two copies of the old-fashioned saloon. Even to the plate-glass mirrors and sawdust on the floor, realism had been faithfully adhered to. White-jacketed bartenders mixed any kind of drink a guest cared to name.

The ballroom itself had been transformed. I think it was supposed, with its potted palms and wall paintings of blue sea and coral reefs, to represent some tropic isle, and color was lent to the picture by a group of dark-skinned, semi-nude dancer-singers, who thrummed upon banjos when they were not doing strange things with their limbs.

THESE South Sea Islanders, of course, were not the sole orchestra. There were half a dozen Argentinians whose duty it was to play the music for the tango. And there was the orthodox jazz band.

And the favors that were pressed upon the guests were as extraordinarily lavish as the entertainment. Gold cigarette cases for the men, jeweled vanity cases for the women. And these in addition to the grand prizes. Standing in the main doorway, I idly estimated the cost of the party. Aside from the prizes, I did not see how—what with the champagne and the stars from the theatrical world—the evening could cost less than fifty thousand dollars. For all I knew, it might well cost twice that sum. And whatever of vulgarity there was in the affair, it was submerged, so far as I was concerned, by its pathos. At what mirage were the Candaces grasping?

Well, whatever it was I preferred not to be present when it dissolved into desert sand. I'd shaken hands with Sam Candace, congratulated his wife and told Vonny that she looked stunning. The Paris sailed at noon tomorrow. The business which had called me home had been attended to. There were trunks to pack, some letters to be written, and other matters that forbade my (*Continued on page 45*)

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Logic and Ballyhoo

By

WILL it be Hoover or Dawes to oppose Smith?

Has the West cried "Wolf! Wolf!" too often?

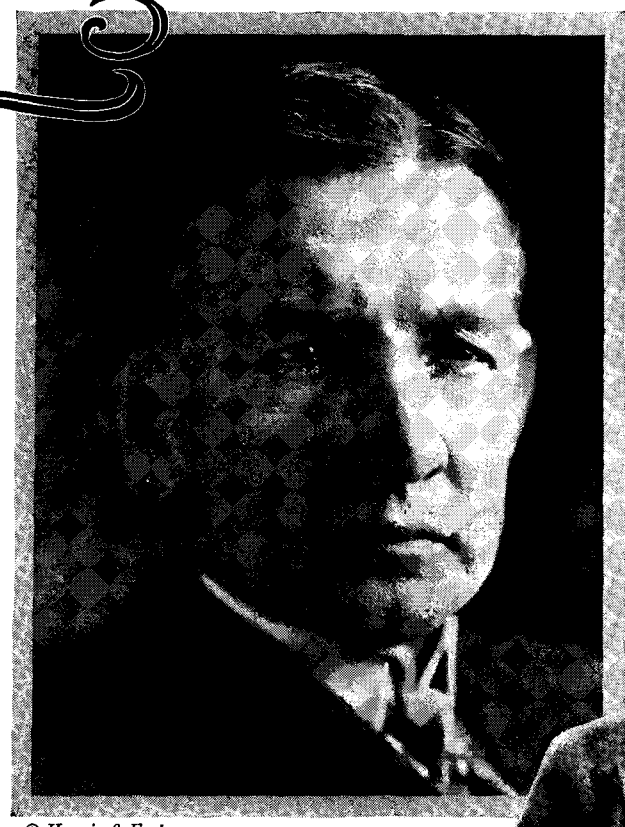
Are business men more concerned than farmers with "farm relief"?

Is the Republican party really the child of destiny?

Will we have four more years of "heaven on earth"?

Of all the political observers whose business it is to keep their ears to the ground, Mr. Gilbert's ears are most receptive to what passes for sound in Washington, and his pen the most incisive.

In this article he gives you all the information you need to have in order to set up in business as a prophet.



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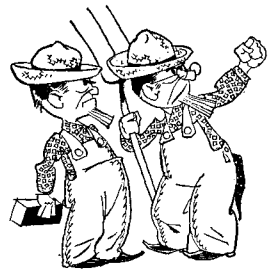
Dawes, logical East-West candidate

Hoover, boomed by all sorts and conditions of men and women

Keystone



THE 1928 Republican situation, now that President Coolidge has eliminated himself, has been boiled down to two candidates, Vice President Dawes and Secretary Hoover. Or, let us get away from personalities and say that the two outstanding candidates before the Republican party are Logic and Ballyhoo. And it is part of the irony of Republican politics that Mr. Dawes, who would love to be Ballyhoo, is cast for Logic, with only deaf ears listening to him; and Mr. Hoover, who would be cast so well as Logic, is Ballyhoo, smiling amid the roaring plaudits of those who do not stop to think politically. It is no reflection upon either of the candidates to call them by these two names. The names don't fit the men. They fit the forces that are pushing them toward the Presidency.

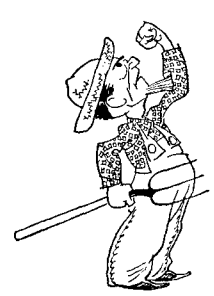
Several months ago I wrote in this enlightened weekly that the end of the *last session* of Congress made it unlikely that Mr. Coolidge would run again, and left Mr. Dawes the one man on whom the Western and Eastern Republicans could best unite with hopes of success in 1928. Nothing has happened since to change that situation.

Several Signs Point to Hoover

WHETHER the experiences of last session had anything to do with it or not, Mr. Coolidge has since that article appeared eliminated himself, though I was moved to look about for patches for my prophetic robes when the President went West, acting for all the world like a candidate. And logic still calls loudly for Mr. Dawes as the one man who can hold together the West and the East.

Popularity, however, points to Mr. Hoover, not to the political Thespian who sits in the Vice President's chair. The multitude ought to be applauding the underslung pipe. It ought to be captivated by the voice that shifts from an emphatic bass to a titillating falsetto. It is appealed to by the greatest show-off in politics, but in vain. Mr. Dawes has logic on his side and not much else.

Since 1920 a lot of people have been trying to nominate Mr. Hoover for the Presidency, sometimes as a Democrat, sometimes as a Republican, and if there had been any other major parties they would have tried to nominate Mr. Hoover for the Presidency in them too. Well, this is their chance. The way is clear in 1928 for what was attempted in 1920. The Republican editors are mostly for Mr. Hoover. The women are mostly for Mr. Hoover. The business men—all the way up to, but stopping short of, the topside, high-hatted, frock-coated businessmen—are mostly for him. Only the farmers of the West are against him. He will run like a steer fresh from the branding iron in the direct primaries, except in the corn belt.



Logic views the situation with a certain alarm. If it were incumbent upon me to make a prediction at this moment, several months before the Republican National Convention assembles, I should say that Ballyhoo would win. Understand, however, that there goes with this prediction six or eight "ifs" and a round dozen "probablys."

The party in power has such a habit of success, such reputation for supernal wisdom, for doing the right thing always, that it is invidious to compare it with the Democratic party, which "can always be counted on to make an ass of itself." Still, there is a certain similarity in the situation in which both parties find themselves.

The Democratic party has *one leading candidate of great* popularity, with great elements of strength, but with serious, some would say fatal, elements of weakness. The Democratic party cannot escape from the dilemma which this candidate presents. The Republican party has one leading candidate of considerable popularity, perhaps not for personal reasons, but because his career justly arouses much admiration, but with a considerable—it would require a bold *prophet to say a fatal—element of* weakness.

The Democratic party has no alternative candidate. The Republican party has one alternative candidate, of no great popularity, with no positive elements of strength, but with no definite element of weakness. It is rapidly heading toward a situation in which it will have no alternative candidate, in which it can nominate no one but Mr. Hoover—although the whole history of national conventions shows that parties prefer negative candidates against whom nothing can be said to positive candidates for whom a great deal can be said but against whom inevitably a great deal is said.

The Republican party is getting into a jam, so that when the convention assembles it probably will not be able to decide soberly and coolly in the sight of God whether it can win best with Mr. Dawes or Mr. Hoover and so maintain heaven on earth for four years more.

The Republican party, like the Democratic party, is cursed with sectionalism. No section of the country is so passionate for Secretary Hoover as is the urban East for Governor Al Smith, but it may turn out that the agrarian West is as bitterly opposed to Mr. Hoover as the backwoods is to the offspring of the sidewalks of New York. What will happen in the plowed field is on the laps of the gods, unless, as I have said, the shriek of logic for Mr. Dawes is heard and attended to.

Ex-Governor Lowden is the inevitable candidate of the disaffected West. His partisans support him with all the passion of an abused minority. And Mr. Lowden has earned his right to be the hero of the aggrieved farmers. For him to withdraw would turn an emphatic protest into a piece of political expediency. He is an essential figure in the politics of 1928. He is the Western candidate.

For Mr. Dawes to run while Mr. Lowden is a candidate would be to split the opposition to Mr. Hoover, to arouse bitter enmities, to weaken the emphasis of the Western protest, and to make Mr. Hoover's nomination certain. For Mr. Dawes not to run is to leave Mr. Hoover without a real candidate against him during all the hunt for delegates, since Mr. Lowden is not by the widest stretch of the imagination a possible nominee.

Now, of course, you cannot beat somebody with nobody, and it is a question whether you can beat somebody with an if-when-and-maybe somebody. And

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CLINTON W. GILBERT

that is what Mr. Dawes is: an if-when-and-maybe candidate.

Mr. Hoover is a hard man to beat with a conditional candidate. He appeals to the imagination of the country as a man of large experience in public affairs, a man of brilliant achievements, a man who promises more constructively than almost any one in the political world, and a man who has been extremely well advertised for, lo, these fourteen years. More Republicans want to see him nominated than want to see any other Republican nominated.

Before Mr. Coolidge made his withdrawal definite and final Mr. Hoover was bound hand and foot just as much as Mr. Dawes is bound hand and foot today. He too was an if-when-and-maybe candidate, and between the two, with the situation persisting until convention time, the delegates would be in a position to choose coolly with all the facts before them.

But with the withdrawal of Mr. Coolidge came a very perceptible rush of politicians to the standard of Mr. Hoover. It wasn't exactly a stampede, but it was a very sizable huddle. The reasons for it were obvious. He was the only candidate in sight, with all the advantage that that brings. He had a great deal of popular support, which meant that state leaders feared that rivals would beat them in hoisting the Hoover banner. The opposition to him had to depend upon uninstructed delegates and favorite-son stopgaps: that is, it was disorganized and trying to beat somebody with nobody. There were direct-primary states in which Mr. Hoover, if he once got started, might be expected to score important triumphs.

Politicians are an immensely suggestible lot, and from now on till the convention assembles they are going to be, so far as anyone can now see, subject to the suggestion that Hoover will win in the convention. That suggestion is sometimes known as the parade of the band wagon. The parade of the band wagon has started.

Now, so as to understand the fundamental situation, let us stop and inquire what was the significance of the hysterical demand for four more years of Mr. Coolidge, a phenomenon without parallel in American politics. That feeling that no one could save us but the President throws a flood of light upon the state of mind of the Republican party.

Al is a Political Convulsion

THAT party is confronted by something unknown in Governor Smith. He isn't Mr. Davis and he isn't Mr. Cox. He is a political convulsion. The Republicans think they can beat Governor Smith, but they can't classify him; they can't measure him by any of the old yardsticks. His consequences are as unknown as are those of the side-wiping of the earth by a comet's tail. And all our fears are inspired by the unknown. He worries the Republicans in the East in regard to New York, possibly New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, states which they usually count upon as certainly their own.

The party is confronted by something equally unknown in the farm disaffection in the West. There is a revolt that has never come off. There is a pistol that has been pointed at the head of the Republican party ever since 1922. You know the adage about the man who goes around carrying a gun; he is sure to shoot somebody in the end. This is another unknown, inspiring a little less terror than the other unknown because of its familiarity, but still threatening enough to cause an awkward chilly area around the spinal column.

Now, the Republicans and the business elements which favor Republican rule know they could win with Mr. Coolidge. They realized that the country was obsessed with the occupant of the White House and calculated that the obsession would last at least till after November, 1929.

They did not feel certain they could win with anybody else. They hoped they could, they thought they could, but they did not have the comfortable assurance of another four years of power in the bag, that they probably felt they would have with Mr. Coolidge as their candidate. The hysterical demand that Mr. Coolidge be drafted, therefore, measures the uncertainty which the Republican party and the business elements supporting it feel over Mr. Hoover and Mr. Dawes as possible candidates.

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"Al," hope of the urban East

If the party had had in sight a stronger candidate than Mr. Coolidge, it would have handed the President his hat without emotion. If it had had in sight a candidate as strong as Mr. Coolidge, it would have wept a little over his going but made no audible protest.

In Mr. Hoover it has a possible candidate who is weak in the disaffected West. He should not be weaker there than Mr. Coolidge, but he probably is, for there is not any hypnotism working in his behalf.

In Mr. Dawes it has a candidate who has little positive strength except in the West. There is not any loud demand for his nomination except from logic. He is the greatest common divisor of East and West, and political logic always favors these greatest common divisors. He would have to be sold to the country, his own salesmanship of himself having left a little of the impression that salesmanship, whether of books or bonds or life insurance, proverbially leaves upon its victims.

Wide World

Lowden, first choice of the disaffected West

That explains the lifting up of voices in prayer for four more years of Mr. Coolidge.

Now let us consider the danger to the Republican party in the threatened farm revolt in the West. It will turn out to be the determining factor in the choice of the next President, and it may turn out to be the determining factor in the choice of the next Republican nominee for President.

Three things are to be observed about the Western economic situation. First, the bankers and business men in the agricultural region are angry at the Republican party, much more angry at it than the farmers are. Second, the agricultural depression is spreading to the older farm states, such as Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. And, third, the chances of any farm-relief legislation in this session of Congress are almost nil, and you cannot estimate the political consequence of the agrarian dissatisfaction until it is brought home to the farmers that the Republican party has once more failed them and until it is known who the candidates are and what the platforms of the major parties propose for the aid of agriculture.

What I have described as the unknown factor in the East is not capable of analysis and is not likely to influence the choice of a Republican candidate for President. Guesses at Governor Smith's strength in the East run all the way from predictions that he will carry New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut to predictions that he will carry none of these states.

The Republican party can do nothing to meet the Smith strength in this region. Governor Smith will probably run like a jack rabbit in this section or run like John W. Davis. A few votes more or less as between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Dawes are not worth considering, and will not be considered.

It seems to me a fact of first-class importance that the bankers and business men of the agricultural states generally are ready to turn against the Republican party. One big banker, a Republican, of a state beyond the Mississippi, told me the other day that 100,000 business men in that region were ready to vote for Al Smith against any Republican for President who was not a farm-bloc candidate. The reason is obvious; they are left holding the bag, the depreciated paper of the farmers and the declining market due to the loss of farm purchasing power.

The Republicans incline to take comfort from what happened in 1924, when the farmers went on the rampage and still cast their votes for Mr. Coolidge. But there is a difference between this year and 1924, when the Western business men were frightened at the so-called radicalism of La Follette and cast their influence for the Republican ticket.

G. O. P. Faces a Double Revolt

THIS is the first time the business men of any considerable section of the country have been ready to break with the Republican party.

Now for the second major development in the West. The spread of farm distress east of the Mississippi is a phase of the agrarian political situation of great importance. In Illinois Governor Smith will carry Chicago, and if the farmers, country bankers and rural business men of the state turn against the Republican candidate, Illinois becomes a doubtful state. The same logic applies, with perhaps less force, to Indiana and Ohio.

And, as the preachers used to say, thirdly, the present session of Congress will be the station from which farm discontent will be radioed all over the land. You cannot tell what importance to attach to the two facts I have mentioned above—the dissatisfaction of Western business men and the spread of farm distress to the older and more populous states—until Congress has adjourned with its failure to enact a farm-relief law written in the Congressional Record.

Congress will fail to put such a law on the statute books. In the Senate the Republicans have a bare majority: one that they cannot control. It is to the interest of the Lowden senators to insist upon the passage of another McNary-Haugen Bill. (*Continued on page 53*)

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Muddy Water

Archie and his faithful mule

"YEAH—P! Yeah—p, Dungeon S.!" And the old mule veered slightly to the right, at the same time keeping steadily forward so the stream of warm, loose dirt continued to flow from the shovel-plow wing and wrap around the freshly hoed young cotton stalks.

Any man or woman on the place could have looked at the perfect furrow and told that Archie Spears had plowed it. Archie and old Dungeon S. The furrow was straight, and the dirt lay against the tender plants gently and neatly, but with a certain rugged forcefulness. For Archie Spears was an artist when it came to dirting cotton. He used his plow for his brush, the warm, black, river-bottom dirt for his paint and the straight file of cotton plants for his canvas. Each furrow was a picture that satisfied the soul of Archie. Archie and old Dungeon S.

"But dat's all he kin do," declared Ida Bell, a hoe woman.

"And he couldn't do dat," supplemented Big Link, "ef'n de mule he plow wa'n't a piece er ha'f-daid buzzard bait."

It was the natural truth, and Ida Bell knew it. But a girl cannot afford to agree too readily with a man she likes until something more definite than pleasantries has passed between them.

"But he sho' kin dirt a harmful row of cotton," she insisted.

Link did not like for Ida Bell to praise anyone but him, so he drove on down the row in silence.

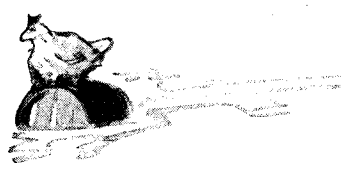
The field was small, as Louisiana plantation cotton fields go. It contained less than twenty acres and was cut off from the other fields by a narrow strip of cane and briars, which, when the river was high and water seeped through the levee, became a marsh. The only way to gain access to the field during high water was by a path along the top of the levee, thence across a "levee row" of weeds and briars which also was wet with seep water.

BUT the field yielded twenty bales of cotton every year, and Mister Jeems saw to it that Archie Spears himself was the man who followed behind the hoe women and turned the dirt back against the cotton before the blistering sun and the swamp steam blighted the plants.

Big Link could scrape the rows to a narrow ridge, and any three or four hoe women could chop out the grass and thin the cotton to a "stand," but only Archie—Archie and old Dungeon S.—could be trusted with the dirting.

Dungeon S. was what generally passes in Louisiana as a Maury County mule, there being some myth that mules from that particular county in Tennessee are endowed with super-intelligence and infinite patience. He was tall and rangy, and as old age crept on his bones became prominent and his ears flopped to the horizontal. In his youth, Dungeon S. had been regarded as one of the spriest plow mules on the place. But time and experience had taught him to conserve his energy, and he became poky at all times, and not infrequently he was balky. All the other field hands spurned him, and Archie, being too undersized to protest, drew him.

But Archie made the best of it—which was pretty good. Year after year Archie and Dungeon S. paired off. They came to understand each other and to acquire similar traits of character. It was pointed out that the old roan kept to himself in the barn lot and could bray louder and do less work than any mule in the barn. And Archie—well,



everybody knew that Archie plowed three months of the year and spent the rest of the time bragging about how good he could plow.

"Hit sho' is a slam on de po' mule," Ida Bell vouchsafed as Big Link drove by next time, "but ef'n ole Dungeon don't favor Archie in the face—well, I done gone blind in bofe eyes and I can't see."

Big Link stopped his mule and chuckled. "Dat what make Archie love him so good," he said. "He favors him in de face."

"Do dat make?" Ida Bell asked.

"So dey say." Big Link felt that the time was right to say something to Ida Bell about what was on his mind. "And"—he cut his eye at her—"I got me a notion which says I and you favors some too."

Ida Bell did not miss the roundabout wooing, and she giggled. Big Link was a man and a big man. "I ain't sayin' what you favors in de face, you big, ugly scound'el," she laughed. "But I seed a black stump in de field wid two hen aigs on top, and I says to myse'f, I says, 'Well, I be doggone!' I wonder what old Link doin', settin' out hyar in de field?' "

Although the words were anything but complimentary, Ida Bell's laugh was assuring, and Big Link knew he was on solid ground with his wooing.

"You kinder black yo' ownse'f, baby," he reminded her. "I'd hate to hunt for you in de dark."

"No trouble findin' you in de dark," Ida Bell retorted. "Cause you's so black you make de dark look like sunshine."

The other hoe women joined Ida Bell and Link in the laughter. Everybody understood that all the words were plain "funning," which usually precedes some form of ardent wooing.

While they still were laughing Archie drove up and stopped. He had missed the joke, but he wanted to be in on it.

"Y'all kind er good-timin', ain't you?" he asked pleasantly.

Big Link frowned, and the women ceased laughing. "No mind what us is doin'," he said. "You and yo' ole buzzard bait ain't good-timin'."

ARCHIE clucked meekly, and Dungeon S. moved forward. Big Link was awfully uppish; he must be trying to court Ida Bell right there in the cotton patch, Archie figured.

"But hit ain't no use to shawt-tawk me," he declared to himself. "I ain't studyin' ole Ida Bell. Let him cou't her to he busts. I *don't* keer. Yeah—p, Dungeon, yeah—p!"

He plowed to the end of the row, turned and started back in a new furrow. "Big Link got no call to shawt-tawk me," he grumbled. "I gits even on him ef'n I kin."

Down the furrow again and abreast of the women, Archie plowed in silence. Past them he broke out, quite impersonally, in a personal song:

Ida Bell, Ida Blue—
I got a gal name Ida, too!

That ought to show Link what he thought about him and Ida Bell. Then, to his surprise, he heard Ida Bell giggle!

"Don't you know how to git married?"

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

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breast the Mississippi flood By ROARK BRADFORD

She was giggling at his song. He knew Link wouldn't like that, not even a little bit. And he plowed on, studying up another song that would make old Link madder. Not fighting mad. Link was a big man. But just mad.

As Dungeon S. passed the women on his return journey, Archie tried another verse:

Ole Ida Bell, she lived in town,
And she wored a Mother Hubbard like a moanin' gown!

"Fat mouf!" Ida Bell yelled at him, but her high-pitched laughter rose above the giggles of the other women.

ARCHIE grinned with satisfaction. "Ah, boy!" he said to himself. "Dat sho' will plague ole Link. Not on'y she laughed, but she hollered back at me!" His chest swelled with pride. "I not on'y kin plow better'n anybody, but I kin git out and take they women fo'ks away f'm 'em too, do I want to."

As Dungeon S. turned and started a new furrow Archie looked across the field at the hoe women. Big Link was at the other end of the row, and the women were halfway between. Ida Bell was ahead of the others, which was natural. She was younger and stronger, and she swayed gracefully back and forth as she dragged her hoe across the top of the row. An idea came to Archie that startled him.

"I wonder is dat fool gal cou'tin' back at me, or is she just raggin' Link?" If she merely was trying to make Link jealous, it was all right. But if she was actually courting Archie—he inadvertently allowed his plow to wobble and destroy several stalks of cotton. "Dat gal likin' wid me, humph!"

But in spite of his voiced disgust, the idea rather pleased him; made him proud of himself. But it displeased him too. He didn't want to get mixed up with Ida Bell or any other woman. He knew women. They were all a bunch of fools that a man has to work for and worry over, all for nothing. "She jest raggin' old Link," he concluded, and was soothed.

After half an hour of relief from the troublesome idea that Ida Bell might be trying to snare him, another idea popped suddenly into his mind. "Usin' me to rag Link wid," he grumbled. "I ain't de kind er man for a gal to monkey wid so's she kin devil ole Link!" And his pride was stung deeply. And there was Archie. He liked to feel proud of himself, but if he did it meant trouble with Ida Bell. And if there was no trouble with Ida Bell, then he was merely being used by her, which was a degradation that his proud little spirit could not get over.

"Dat's jest de way wid a fool woman," he declared. "Don't do nothin' but plague de pants off'n a man. Dat's all she's good for. Worry a man in his mind." And he spent the remainder of the afternoon alternating between the two ideas.

At last the sun went down and the plantation bell boomed in the distance. Quitting time. Without a word from Archie, Dungeon S. halted in his tracks, Archie unhooked the traces, wound the cotton plow lines and caught them on top of the hames. "Git" he commanded, and Dungeon S. made for the levee, picking his way carefully through the soggy seep-water area. Big Link unhitched his mule and joined the hoe women for the trudge to the barn. Archie lagged back.

"I'm gonter see is she cou'tin' at me," he declared, "or is she jest dozenin' me."

When he finally gained the top of the levee the others were several rods ahead of him and were barely visible in the fast-gathering darkness. The crickets and the frogs had begun the evening's symphony, and the swish-swishing of the river, lapping almost at the very top of the levee, toned in with the early evening noises.

"I'm gonter see," Archie repeated, and, gauging his voice to the distance, he sang:

Standin' on top er de levee,
Lookin' far as I ken see;
But I can't see no woman
Make a fat mouf out er me.

He gazed intently at the shadowy figures ahead of him and strained his ear for Ida Bell's high-pitched giggle. If she laughed at that, she liked him. If not, she didn't—

There was a high-pitched, screeching sound in the distance.

"Sounds like her," Archie declared. Then, after a moment's reflection, he added, "Sounds like a tree frog too." And he trudged along to the barn, carrying his great mental burden. . . .

There was big excitement at the barn when Archie got there. Mr. Jeems was there, and so was Preacher Wes.

"There is no danger, as far as I can see," Mr. Jeems was saying. "But the river is higher than it has ever been, and I am not taking chances. I sent the old people and the children across

(*Cont'd on page 38*)

"I ain't never been," Archie apologized meekly

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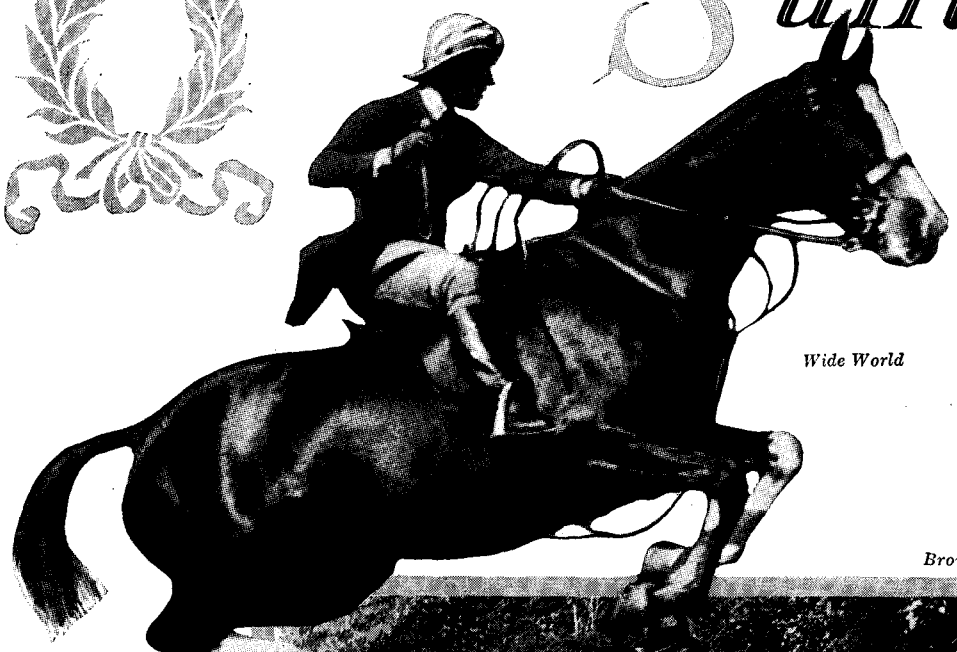
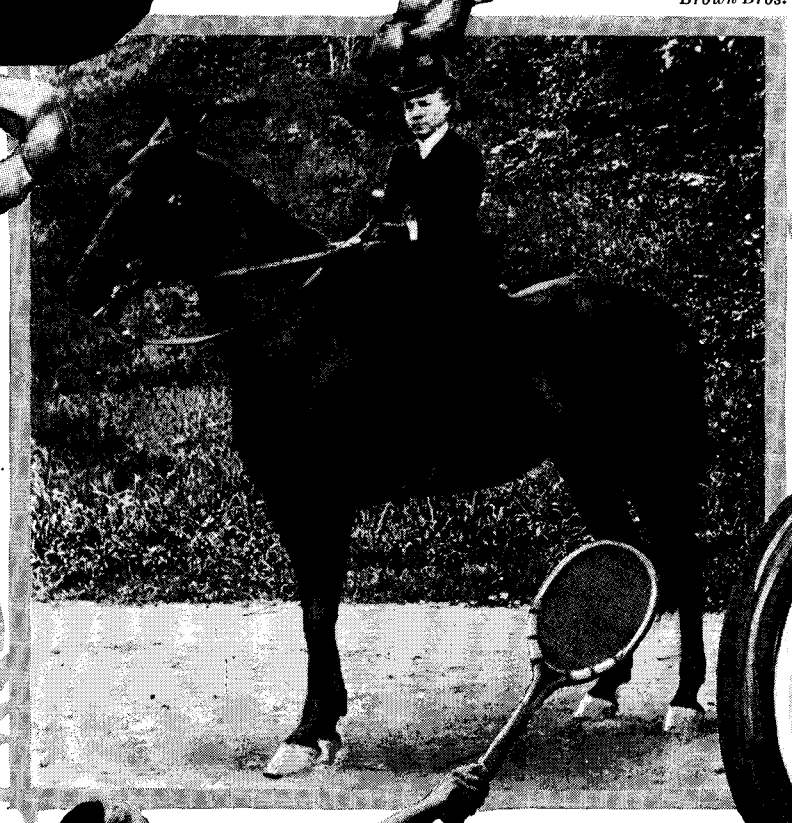
Sufficient unto the

In the days before a damozel could ride astride without setting tongues a-marathoning, the garbing of me lady for a sedate trot was a task that engaged the energies of two handmaidens and a couple of tentmakers. To say nothing of the iron founders who fashioned the horsy hat

The bicycle craze of the nineties was more than an excuse for wearing fetching cycling costumes and the roguish Tyrolean hats (in the circle below). It was, as that astute historian Henry Collins Brown observes, "the real beginning of swimming the Channel for Mommer, Popper, the babies on our block and the Star-Spangled Banner." And now look at it

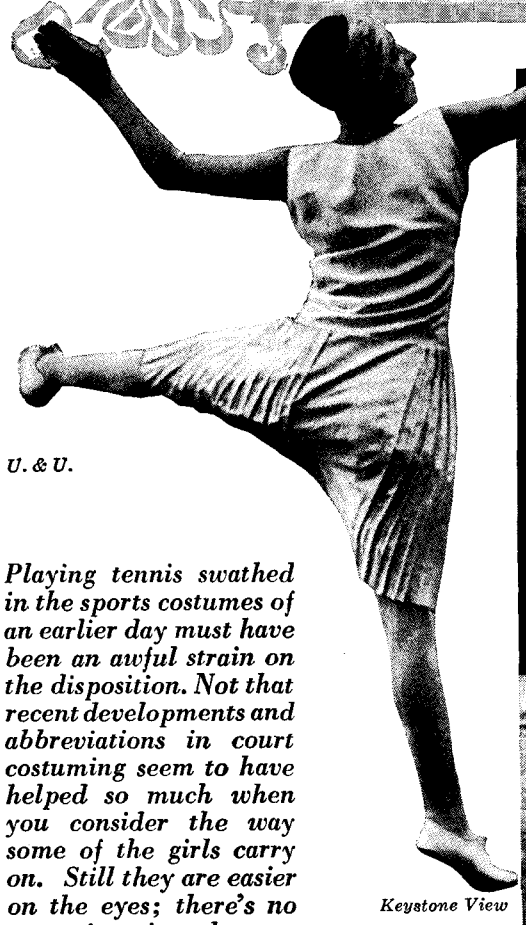


Wide World



Brown Bros.

Kadel & Herbert



U. & U.

Playing tennis swathed in the sports costumes of an earlier day must have been an awful strain on the disposition. Not that recent developments and abbreviations in court costuming seem to have helped so much when you consider the way some of the girls carry on. Still they are easier on the eyes; there's no gainsaying that

Keystone View

Kadel & Herbert

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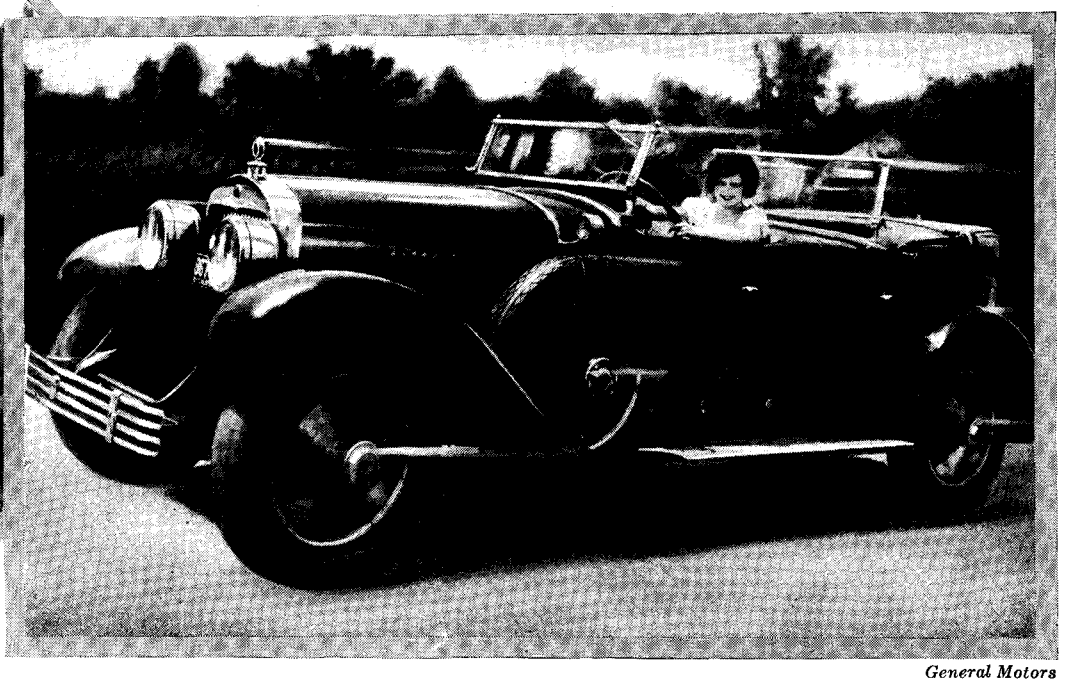
Play

Someone with a sense of humor named them sports costumes — those garments that out-of-door girls wore not so long ago

Keystone



General Motors

No matter how demurely—and inappropriately—costumed, the girl who piloted a motor car back then, while not necessarily fast, was one to be watched with raised eyebrows. But nowadays, why, you can't even see her whiz by

Wide World

An old print

Keystone View

They didn't go swimming in those days. They went bathing. And you can easily see why. The formidable costumes that encompassed the girls restricted their water sports to playing ring-around-a-rosie not too far from shore. The Bureau of Standards estimated that it took the salt-sea waves four and a half hours to seep through

Wide World

You had to be careful not to go at skating so energetically as to reveal more than a flash of an immodest ankle now and then. Nowadays the ladies of the silver blades—well, it's no wonder if musical comedy patronage falls off when the red ball is hoisted

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King Leatherneck

By W. B. SEABROOK

Romance is dead? Don't tell that to this marine—the hard-boiled youngster who went to a Haitian island and became the crowned ruler of a tropical paradise

The crown above was designed for the coronation of King Wirkus

A TORN scrap of old newspaper is usually a scrap of any old newspaper.

Pick one up at random in Central Park or central China, and it may be anything.

But there is a certain mountain-jungle island in the West Indies, larger than Barbados or Martinique, where every scrap of old paper you find—whether wrapped around a pennyworth of fish at Picmy, fluttering by the trail among monstrous vines and orchids, or pasted on the mud wall of a thatched hut—turns out, as if by voodoo magic, to be the Pittston (Pa.) Gazette.

Thus one night, when the great Congo drums were booming in Constant Polynice's compound, with barefoot blacks madly dancing and chanting invocations to ancient gods, an old woman offered me a tin cup of white rum with a slab of newly baked cassava bread wrapped in a bit of paper, and by flickering torchlight I read how Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Phitty had entertained the Ladies' Aid Society of Pittston with a program of Welsh folk songs and hymns; how Mrs. Anna Wirkus had been visiting relatives in Wilkes-Barre.

Over yonder beside the drums, beneath a palm-thatched canopy decked with flowers, sat the crowned king of this jungle island.

"Here's something," I said to him, "about your mamma."

"So it is," grinned the son of Mrs. Anna Wirkus, "and I know those other ladies too. I used to go rabbit hunting with Mrs. Phitty's boys."

He had to shout the last of it, for the dancing had stopped temporarily, though the drums were throbbing out an even wilder rhythm than before, and a great symphonic shrieking chant arose in which the name of Wirkus was continually repeated.

It was a mighty invocation to the United States Marine Corps, the Holy Virgin, Damballa, the old serpent god of Guinea, and various other powers, political and supernatural, begging them severally and collectively to permit, "our King, Lieutenant Wirkus," to remain "on the happy island of La Gonave and rule over us forever."

I don't know how the supernatural powers feel on the subject, but I do know that General John H. Russell, U. S. M. C., and the other American Treaty officials in black Haiti, to which republic the island of La Gonave belongs, are quite willing to let "our King, Lieutenant Wirkus," remain there as long as he pleases.

When they appointed this ex-Pennsylvania farmer boy, this husky blond young square-jawed fighting sergeant of marines, a lieutenant in the Haitian gendarmerie and dropped him from an airplane to take charge of an isolated island inhabited solely by ten thousand blacks, it was naturally not within their democratic scheme of things that Faustin E. Wirkus should be made a king. But he has been there now for three years, a miracle of happy efficiency, in a post where many a white man would have gone crazy. And since his unofficial "kingship" has never interfered with his scrupulous discharge of official duties, it has proved an excellent arrangement all round.

As a matter of fact, it was two of the treaty officials in Port-au-Prince this summer who suggested that it might interest me to fly over to La Gonave and spend a couple of weeks with Wirkus.

On the night before starting I sat in de Reix's bar with Major Russell Davis and Captain Presley, discussing the trip and a bottle of Haitian rum. They knew Wirkus—had fished with him for barracuda. I hadn't met Wirkus, and was asking what I might take along that would please him.

"Well," said Major Davis, "you might take him a nice big box of candy—he likes chocolates and bonbons best."

"Is it a joke?" I said. "I thought you told me this guy was a hard-boiled top sergeant of marines?"

"Oh, he's hard-boiled all right—in a way. Look at his jaw. He can outcurse and outfight any tough baby I know in the whole service. But he never drinks, never smokes either—just doesn't like the taste of it—and he naturally loves ice cream and candy. First thing he does when he comes over here to make monthly reports is to duck for the soda fountain—"

"Don't get him wrong," cut in Captain Presley. "He's no Sunday-school type by a long sight, but out there alone with more power than would be good for most of us, on a tropical island full of rum and women and lazy coconut groves, he's kept himself top-notch and hard as nails. He's built a rifle range where he practices all by himself. He shaves every morning, rides, hunts, fishes, when he's not working. And he's fixed himself a shower better than we've got here at the club. A rum hound or a lazy guy would go crazy out there, but he loves it."

Next morning it was this same Captain Presley, in a Marine Corps plane, who piloted me out high across the bay toward the smoky-blue mountain of La Gonave, which turned vivid green as we approached and swooped down to land on a saline flat near the shore. As we taxied across it four or five idiotic cows loped out from behind a bush, with Negroes screaming, trying to head them, and Presley had to swerve sharply, dangerously, to avoid a smash.

Wirkus, who was on the field to meet us, came hurrying to see whether we'd broken anything.

He gave us greeting, but he was obviously sore as a boil. Behind him, at a little distance, pained and whispering, stood four Negro gendarmes in uniform, with a handsome mulatto sergeant. As Wirkus strode over toward them they snapped smartly to salute, but then hung (*Continued on page 40*)

His Majesty King Wirkus and Queen Ti Meminne. The little flag waver was hastily kicked aside so that the queen's shoes should be in plain sight —they were put on for the occasion

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"Work hand in glove with somebody else. I'm not a business getter for divorce lawyers"

Hand in Glove

By ELMER DAVIS

Nobody would have picked Gilberta Sands out for a pastor's wife. But after all nobody really needed to

WHEN Bob Drury went into the ministry most of his friends took it as a joke, and before he finished at the theological seminary he sometimes wondered if they might not have been right.

Not that there was anything scandalous about Bob Drury; the worst you could say against him was that he was addicted to ideas and enthusiasms. At the state university, where he won his letter in baseball and honors in mathematics, he passed for a steady young man who wasted no time on wine, women and song. Not that kind of women, at any rate; he wasted a good deal of time in his senior year after he met the co-ed named Gilberta Sands. But you couldn't have told Bob, or Gilberta either, that the time he spent with her was wasted.

Nobody would ever have picked Gib Sands for a pastor's wife; she played a wicked hand of bridge and she loved to dance. When Bob told her on commencement night that he was going to study for the ministry, she laughed. But as he talked to her, jerky and intense, she saw that he meant it; and though she wasn't much given to enthusiasm she caught fire a little as he expounded his idea that in a world which obviously needed cleaning up, the church wasn't doing its share of the cleaning. It was easier to catch fire, because she knew that Bob had never felt an urge to clean up the world till he had suddenly perceived that it was no fit world to enshrine such a wondrous creature as Gib Sands.

"The church isn't getting the right kind of men," he argued. "Some preachers are all right, but most of them are only two-by-fours—"

"Don't tell anybody that but me," she interrupted. "Your brethren might not like it."

He grinned ruefully.

"I'll have to learn to keep my opinions to myself," he admitted. "God knows, Gib, I don't pretend to be the kind of man the church needs, but I can do a better job than some of the others. Why, religion's a do, not a don't! It ought to be the most exciting adventure in the world! If the preachers aren't making your friends and mine see that—well, I'll try to make them see it, anyway. I know, Gib, this isn't what we'd planned, but I feel that I've simply got to go into it—"

Gib knew by this time that when he was taken with an idea there was no use arguing. She pondered.

"All right," she said with a breathless laugh. "Take me along."

They had ten dollars left when they finished the honeymoon, but somehow they got along through the years in the seminary, thanks to a high school where Gib taught domestic science and Bob coached the baseball team. He picked up a little money playing semi-pro ball in summer, and could have made a good deal if he'd been willing to play on Sunday.

"And there's no reason why I shouldn't," he used to tell Gib dolorously. "You can use religion just as much in a ball game as you can in church; more, when the umpire calls a strike on you that's a foot outside. But it's against the rules, in our church, anyway."

THAT was the way they took the restrictions imposed by Bob's calling. They didn't see any harm in cigarettes and bridge and dancing; only, in the game they had chosen to play, these things were against the rules. "There's nothing intrinsically sinful about cutting across the diamond," Bob used to console her when a jazz tune on the neighbors' radio set her feet twitching. "But if the rule book says you've got to touch every base, why, that's the way you play it."

So they got along far better than people who had known them in college had ever expected; whatever they didn't have, they had each other, and Bob had his enthusiasm. They lived with comfort and even with grace, thanks to Gib's talent for making money go a long way, even though their home was only two rooms above a delicatessen store. They couldn't afford a child, of course; but whenever Bob had a pastorate and a salary—

In the seminary he stood high in Christian ethics and social service and low in hermeneutics and exegesis, and he was far less popular than he had been at the university. He thought a good many of his fellow students were hidebound, and they thought he was a heretic, and both sides expressed their opinions freely. Nor was he more than a moderate success in the small churches whose pulpits he supplied occasionally to get practice in preaching, but the high-school boys and the men who played semi-pro ball with him all agreed that he was a good old egg.

Nevertheless, a few days before his

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graduation the president of the seminary called him into private conference.

"Brother Drury," he observed, "before you take up the active work of the ministry, I'd like to ask you if you are quite sure of your call to preach. I know all this was gone into before, but, still—"

"Well—" Bob was rather flustered; he wasn't quite so sure of anything as he had been when he entered the seminary. "Well, Doctor, I can't pretend to have had the terrific spiritual upheavals that some of the fellows talk about. But I had an experience—"

"About the time you became engaged to be married, wasn't it?" the president suggested. "The student pastor at the university has told me a good deal about you. Yes. That often happens. . . . What would you have done, my brother, if you hadn't decided to study for the ministry?"

"Gone into business. My old roommate, Wade Rollins, inherited a chain of cafeterias in southern California. Wade's a good executive, but he hasn't much of a head for figures; he's always wanted me to take hold of the office end for him."

"Umm!" The president stroked his scrawny chin. "My old Greek professor used to tell us about a farmer boy who stopped halfway down a furrow one day, meditating on divine matters as he leaned on the plow, and looked up to see written on the sky in letters of fire, 'P. C.' He took it to mean "Preach Christ," but his old pastor who'd known him all his life said it meant 'Plow Corn.' You can serve the Lord plowing corn, Brother Drury, or auditing the books of a cafeteria."

"I see," said Bob, feeling chilly. "What's the matter with me?"

"LESS than is the matter with most of them," said the president. "But you must remember, my brother, that the gospel ministry is a profession, with its peculiar professional problems. Schools can teach the theory, but you learn the practice only by practicing. . . . The churches you've supplied seem to think you're not very strong on doctrine—"

"Doctrine!" Bob exploded, for this was one of his favorite themes. "Doctrine's the curse of the church. These outworn dogmas—"

"A lot of people believe them, Brother Drury."

"The older people," Bob conceded. "But you'll never get the young people into the church if you preach doctrine."

"Perhaps not. But it's bad policy for a pastor to drive out the older people before he's brought the younger people in. . . . I'm talking to you as an older brother, not as president of the seminary. I know how you feel, Brother Drury; I was a young pastor once myself. But you'll have to remember that the church is an institution. A faulty institution—I don't deny it. But most of its faults come back to a single cause—church members are also members of the human race. You'd like to reform everything overnight. We all wanted to do that once, but nobody's ever done it yet."

"Then you—then you think I'd be out of place in the ministry?"

"Who am I to say that?" the president sighed. "Heaven knows we need men, and you're a man and a Christian. You have enthusiasm, Brother Drury. That's a great and rare quality. But in a pastorate you'll need tact too. . . . I believe you specialized in mathematics at the university. Very comforting study, mathematics; full of laws that are universally true. But you'll find there are exceptions, when you deal with people."

The president replaced his glasses on his nose and peered at Bob with a benevolent smile. "Think it over, Brother Drury. Lay it before the Lord—and lay it before your wife. I have extraordinary respect for her judgment. And," he finished, "if you decide to stay in the ministry, you'll probably be asked to candidate at the Milroy church next Sunday. I've recommended you."

"Milroy?" said Bob. "I know the name, but I can't place it."

"It's just across the state line—about forty miles from the city. Very pleasant little town. There are about three thousand people—six Protestant churches, but ours is the largest—"

"SIX churches?" Bob repeated. Already plans were simmering in his mind that the president could read in his eyes.

"Now, Brother Drury, if I were you I wouldn't talk church union in Milroy. Not just yet. I know it's wasteful to have six churches doing the work of one. But six churches mean six sets of trustees and deacons, six presidents of ladies' aid societies. There isn't much to give residents of a town like Milroy a sense of importance, and most people like a chance to be president of something, even if it's only the Christian Endeavor. One church instead of six would mean one church officer instead of six. Possibly one church member instead of six. Certainly one pastor. . . . The salary's small—a thousand a year with parsonage, but I believe there are extras."

"Extras?" Bob asked. "What extras?" The president shrugged.

"They'll explain all that if the church decides to call you. May the Lord guide you, my brother. Shall we pray?" Bob bowed assent.

But that night at dinner the president observed to his wife:

"Sometimes I envy the Catholics, Emily. They know what to do with these bright young men that want to turn the world upside down before the end of the week. . . . Not that the world doesn't need turning upside down, of course. . . . Well, I sent him to Milroy. If he can stand that—"

Meanwhile Bob Drury was talking it over with his wife, and to his grieved amazement found her backing up the president.

"You aren't tactful," she accused him, "and you know it. . . . Yes, your ideas are fine—you think so and so do I, but if other people don't think so what are you going to do about it? Oh, I know things need cleaning up, and you want to do it. But you're the kind of man who'd help clean things up in any job, as far as he could reach."

"But this is the job where I can reach farthest! Working for Wade Rollins I'd feel as if—as if I were a shipyard worker when I ought to be in the trenches."

"This is the job where some men can reach farthest," Gib corrected him. "Men who take things as they come . . . I know, darling—you hate to take things as they come. Who doesn't? But they have to be taken that way—" Bob thought it over and shook his head.

"Let's take a look at Milroy," he suggested. "And if they call me, and I get away with my job, why, you little half heathen, I know who'll deserve the credit. What I'd ever have done without you, even this far— And it isn't fair to drag you along in the wake of my ideas—"

"Well," said Gib, "I asked you to, didn't I? . . . Stop kissing me and let me put the chops on."

Illustrated by R. G. SISLEY

"Listen!" she said. "I belong to the church. Want to be married by my own kind of preacher"

BOB got his call to Milroy. He liked the looks of the town, and though Gib didn't like the looks of the ramshackle parsonage—they couldn't furnish half the rooms, yet—she knew she could make any house look better than it was. They were so excited that they forgot about those mysterious extras that were to pad their income, and nobody told them. But as they were unpacking the barrel of dishes in the kitchen Gib stopped suddenly and looked up at Bob with a gasp.

"Of course!" she said. "Milroy's just across the state line! Gretna Green! It's where all the elopers come from the city to get married—there's no five-day interval between the license and the ceremony in this state. Bob, you're a marrying parson!"

"I am not!" said the Rev. Bob Drury. And then, with a shrug of forced optimism, "They couldn't have meant that."

But they did. He learned that next day from Mahlon Hunt.

Mahlon Hunt belonged to Bob's church, and he was deputy county clerk—the county seat was twelve miles away. He came to explain to the new pastor, and he explained in detail, unaware that the new pastor was itching to throw him out.

"They all come to me first," he expounded, "all these elopers; I have to make out the license. I'm a justice of the peace, and of course I marry them myself, when it suits their notion. But it's a funny thing about elopers. Most of 'em want to be married by a preacher, especially the ones you'd least suspect. If they favor any particular church, I always tell 'em where to find the pastor; you gotta be fair about these things, even if they are too full of white mule to know the difference. But if they just want a preacher in general, as most of 'em do, why, naturally I favor my own pastor."

"You do?" said Bob Drury with a softness that was a danger signal to those who knew him.

"Sure, I do. Brother Marsden, that was here before you, used to make five or six hundred a year out of wedding fees—not a quarter of it from church members either." He coughed delicately. "We had an arrangement, Brother Marsden and I, that if I sent him anybody that didn't belong to our faith I'd get half the fee. We worked hand in glove, you might say, and earned our money too. You'll find it breaks into your sleep a lot, this marryin' business."

"It won't break into my sleep," said Bob Drury. "Look here, Brother Hunt—after this you send those couples that want a preacher in general somewhere else. I know about these runaway marriages across the state line. Most of those couples come from roadhouses, and they're stewed. I don't marry people who don't know what they're doing."

"But, Brother Drury, it's always been done—" (*Continued on page 48*)

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The Valley Girl

With the coat over his head, unheeding the Roman candle, he dashed on

Battling blindly Faith risks her own life and endangers the lives of others

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE, a young engineer, is working for Wilgus Bett, in what he supposes is a land-development project in the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey. Jeff Christie is working in the same valley—it is his home—for a water company, according to Bett, though Jeff and his sister claim that their scheme is also a land-development idea.

Gavin is in love with Faith Christie but is forbidden to see her by Jeff when Jeff accuses Gavin of working for the water interests.

A terrific war goes on between the two camps with unauthorized, as far as Cole knows, sabotage being perpetrated by his men.

Finally three of Cole's men make an attempt, against an injunction, to set off some dynamite which will let loose the river, doing untold damage to Christie's work and helping Bett's. Faith holds off the men with Roman candles.

FAITH waited in quiet certainty that she had prepared a zone of fire through which the men would not dare to venture. Her nerves were tingling pleasurably. She could not understand this wholly new self of hers. Yet, while the crisis endured, she was oddly elated by that self's novel actions and mentality.

Once more the trio scattered in three widely different directions, Raegal and his companion going out into the meadow, well away from the line of possible rocket fire, Gerritt vanishing toward a lower bend of the river. The line of poplars blotted him from the girl's sight.

A vague uneasiness began to cloud Faith's assurance that she held the whip hand in the conflict. She could not make out the possible reason for this new move, more especially as the two blasters proceeded to stretch themselves out on the drought-dry meadow grass as if for a long wait.

Faith wondered if Gerritt had posted them there as sentries while he went back to Regin for reinforcements. The idea seemed absurd. Yet she could think of no other solution for his disappearance and for the lack of interest now displayed by his men. Apparently a long wait was indicated. Soon the blasters' carefully drenched clothes must begin to dry.

The courage which can burn clear and high in face of action cannot always endure patiently a spell of grindingly inactive suspense. Faith's nerve began to ravel into nerves.

AFTER two minutes wherein nothing at all happened she decided to investigate. She dared not move far enough away from her base of action to explore the lane or the byway to see if Gerritt were really bound for town.

But from the crest of the shale shelf a short patch of the road into Regin must be visible. Gerritt could hardly have gone beyond that patch in so short a time. Or, if he were lurking among the poplars, she might catch a glimpse of him from that vantage point. Incidentally, she could keep both his satellites in view and still be within three seconds' descent to the car.

Accordingly she stuck a Roman candle in her belt and took another in her right hand, holding the punk stick with her left. The car stood close alongside the bottom of the shale bank. She got into the machine and stepped on its seat; thence finding foothold in a niche of the bank's steep side.

As she stepped from the car seat to the niche of rock both blasters leaped to their feet, shouting unintelligibly and waving their arms. Apparently she had caught them wholly by surprise, but Faith could not understand why that surprise should be taking such a violent form.

Then, with a final spring, she was on the shelf top—and face to face with Ham Gerritt.

The little foreman had made a wide detour, always out of sight of the car and of the girl who stood so valiantly on guard beside it. Fording the river from below, he had gained the far side of the shelf. Silently as a cat he had swarmed up to its summit, whence another step or two would bring him directly above the car and above the girl who, presumably, still would be standing below with her back to him.

IT WAS arranged that the two blasters were to jump to their feet and begin to run menacingly toward Faith the instant they should see their foreman's singed head appear over the far top of the shelf.

While the girl should be occupied in watching their seemingly murderous rush and preparing to fend it off, it

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would be ridiculously easy for the apelike little Gerritt to drop down the shale bank to the seat of the car in a single leap, thence to catch Faith's arms from behind, pinioning her and holding her thus until the sputter fuse could be ignited.

After that she could take her own choice of staying there to be blown to shreds or she could run for safety. Their part in the business would be done and done effectively. The scheme was excellent. Gerritt did not see how it could fail. Even should Faith turn as he made his downward leap, she would not have time to light any of her ammunition.

Cautiously and swiftly did Gerritt make his detour and his climb.

He caught the ledge top with his sinewy fingers and vaulted up. Then, getting noiselessly to his feet for his dash over the narrow summit, he saw Faith Christie facing him across the platform of shale.

FOR the merest grain of a second did astonishment make Gerritt stop and stare. Then he hurled himself at the girl.

At least he hurled himself where, a moment earlier, she had been gazing in horrified wonder at him. But she had turned an instant before he got into motion. In a bound and a scramble she was down on the seat of the car, and thence jumped to the ground.

The two blasters were clumping toward her from opposite directions, running hard. She paid no heed to them. With a curious numb efficiency she caught the patent emplacement of the giant rocket she had placed in position against the metal props of the lowered car top.

She wrenched it sharply with one hand, jamming the punk against its fuse.

There was no time to spare. Gerritt's silhouette flashed into view against the sky line. Subconsciously Faith twisted the socket piece toward him as he gathered himself for his downward jump.

Followed a roar and a swirl of stinging sparks that dazed the girl. The shock threw her clean off her precarious perch on the seat edge.

To the ground she fell, gathering her feet under her and landing lightly. On the instant she was up again, reaching for a Roman candle to replace the one she had dropped in falling. With this she whirled upon the two blasters who now were almost within arm's reach of her.

But even as she was about to touch the punk to the candle she hesitated. The men were not looking at her. They had ceased to make her the object of their suddenly checked rush. Dumfounded, they were blinking at something behind her and above her head.

Faith realized that they had no further eyes or thoughts, just then, for her. So she turned her dizzily aching head and followed the direction of their horrified gaze.

There, like a shot squirrel, hung Ham Gerritt, half over the edge of the shale shelf, the upper part of his body limp against the side of the steep slope, his inert arms dangling awkwardly. One shoulder of his shirt was burning.

With a queer numbness of brain Faith Christie said to herself:

"I've killed him. I've killed a human being. I've committed murder. I've *killed!* That—that means I can't be happy again. It means Horror for always and ever. I've killed a man. I—"

She broke off in her senseless mental iteration. Gerritt groaned raucously. His apelike body shivered all over and suddenly ceased to be limp. True, his right arm continued to hang in a queerly twisted posture which nature neither intends nor permits. But his other hand was clawing at the slope and his head no longer swung heavy.

He was trying to get back to the top of the shelf. But he had only one hand wherewith to do it. He was dazed and clumsy and all but helpless. The rocket had but grazed his outthrust right shoulder in its roaring and soaring flight. Thus the tough little man was still alive. But the rocket's rough kiss, in passing, had shattered the shoulder bones as though they had been thin icicles.

Up the slope, past Faith and unheeding of her, scrambled the two blasters. They lifted their maimed foreman to the flat summit and with torturingly kind intent they patted out the fire from his shirt shoulder. With the rough skill of men to whom all manner of physical injuries are familiar, they examined his hurt, Gerritt blaspheming luridly the while and heaping on them every epithet he could lay tongue to.

Faith, sick and shuddering, stood beside her car below, trying not to faint and trying not to be agonizingly and actively nauseated. In her heart was a gasping gratitude that Gerritt was not dead or even injured mortally. But she had been through very much more than she could assimilate. Reaction was setting in and setting in hard.

At last she saw Raegal pick up Gerritt bodily and start down the slope on their way back to Regin.

Faith set her teeth. She must stay where she was until relief should come. If necessary, she must stay till dusk should permit her to send up a rocket or two to draw attention to her whereabouts.

THROUGH a hand-breadth vista in the thickest part of the poplars that lined the lane she saw something or somebody move. The motion was swift and was toward her.

Instantly Faith was on guard. Her sick fatigue and nerve fag were gone. She had cleared aside the carefully planted rockets in order to sit down on the running board. But the Roman candles were at hand, and they needed no emplacements, as did the more cumbrous rockets.

Once more, candle and punk in hand, the girl stood tensely waiting.

GAVIN COLE crossed the littered construction camp yard that straggled between the Bett dam and the ridge road to the south. On a heap of rubbish lay a man sprawled out on his back, dead asleep.

It was a busy day. Drunkenness in work hours was punishable by immediate discharge at the Bett camp, as was the briefest idleness.

Cole crossed over to the sleeper, nudging his ribs with a none too gentle toe. He was McCay, one of Gerritt's most skilled blasters, a man who had been discharged only the day before from the camp hospital, where he had been under treatment since the free fight atop the shale shelf.

Gavin's disgust lessened. McCay was nominally on the sick list and was not supposed to go to work for another day or so.

Hence technically he was within his rights in celebrating his hospital deliverance by getting drunk and then going to sleep in work hours.

Semisanity in the awakened McCay's bulbous face changed to eager entreaty.

"Boss," he croaked, getting groggily to his feet and sagging against a tent pole for support. "Boss, make him take me along. He'll do it if *you* tell him to. He said I wasn't strong enough yet after that crack I got over the head. But I am too. Sick or well, I can lick either of the guys he's going to take. I fought fine for you that day on the rock. Make him take me. It's fifty dollars' bonus and I sure can use it."

He babbled and hiccuped the appeal half incoherently but with much earnestness. Too drunk to remember the almost military respect due the local commander in chief of the Bett enterprise, McCay was sober enough to plead chokingly with him for the favor he craved.

Cole turned away to leave the man to the sour task of sobering up. But McCay wouldn't have it so.

"Besides," croaked the blaster, "he said it calls for a shut mouth. I c'n keep my mouth shut. Raegal never can. He'll blab about it, first drink he takes, and it'll get to the p'lice. Then what'n 'ell will you people do? It's jail to bust a court injunction. Raegal is due to blab. I'm not. Make Ham Gerritt take me along instead, boss. I got between you and a swad of hard punches that day on the rocks. I got my crack over the bean staving off a smash from you, boss. I need that fifty bad. They'll be starting off any minute now. Ain't any time to waste. They've got to be at the shale bank by three, Ham says, when there's least

(*Continued on page 42*)

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

"Please!" she begged, half crying. "Can't you see how horribly unhappy I am?"

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Behind the Door

A Short Short Story

By PERCIVAL WILDE

Illustrated by KURT WIESE

IT LOOKED easy, and it was easy. The second key in the bunch opened the basement door, and Benny found himself in the house. It was dark—very dark—and he stood still while his eyes accustomed themselves to the obscurity. Then, inch by inch, he edged to the stairs and up them to the main floor.

Here darkness yielded to a subdued lighting, and, flattening himself against the paneled walls, Benny paused again to take stock of the situation.

It was a venture in a field new to him. By inclination, by aptitude, by a love of the art which was so intense that he was usually engaged in scrawling on every flat surface within reach, he was a wielder of the pen, an expert in the production of signatures warranted to defy any but the closest inspection. His dexterity had been capitalized by bolder men who had directed him, had profited by his skill—and were now paying for their boldness behind steel bars.

Benny had escaped arrest, but he had lost his guides. Promptly he found himself starving, and, being a simple soul, hoped to remedy that condition in the most direct manner. Robison's house, he had heard in the underworld, contained a mass of treasure. There was a coin collection that filled many cases.

That the house was guarded by a burglar alarm that was almost human was blissfully unknown to Benny. He flattered himself that his entrance was undetected.

The aroma of burning cigars was wafted to him from the near-by library. Now was the time to charge upon the inhabitants of the house with his pistol drawn—but the thought was abhorrent to him. Benny hated violence.

He was smiling over his problem when suddenly—so suddenly that he never quite understood how it happened—a ring of chilly metal touched the nape of his neck, and an even chillier voice bade him drop his revolver.

He followed orders—he was accustomed to doing that—and he shuffled meekly into the library when his captor commanded him to do so.

It was a warm, cheerful place, and the stout man who sat in an easy chair, puffing at a cigar, looked warm and cheerful.

"Mister—" began Benny.

An icy voice at his back interrupted him. "*I'm* Robison," it said. Benny wheeled, and his heart dropped a beat. A tall, lean individual, with the thinnest lips and the beadiest eyes that Benny had ever seen, was covering him.

"Going to tell me it's your first time?" Robison sneered.

Benny nodded mutely.

"Wife and eleven children starving at home eh? Is the gun loaded?"

Benny nodded unhappily as Robison methodically verified the fact by breaking and recharging the weapon.

"I'd phone for the police," suggested the warm, cheerful man.

"Not yet," said Robison. He opened a closet door and pointed with his automatic. "Get in there," he said to Benny. "I'll be on the other side of this," he warned; "don't try to break it down."

The latch clicked, a key turned, and Benny sat down in utter darkness, to wonder what was to become of him. Disarmed, helpless, a prisoner, the future was unpromising. His hand stole into his pocket to caress the stub of a pencil—that was companionable.

He expected to hear a voice telephoning for the police. He heard it presently, but it was not telephoning. It was addressing the warm, cheerful man, and Benny was not the subject of the conversation. Stocks—the name of a railroad — Wall Street — the mysterious phrase "selling short." Queer!

The men outside began to raise their voices. "I've made you a fair offer," he heard Robison saying.

"It's not for you to say what's fair."

"I've told you my limit," shrilled Robison. "I won't pay another cent!"

Robison's identification could not have been more convincing

The warm, cheerful man laughed. "He who sells what isn't his'n," he quoted, "must buy it back or go to pris'n! You broke me five years ago, Robison, and I've been laying for you ever since. It's your turn to shell out now."

Abruptly Robison's voice rose to an excited screech: "I give you one minute to make up your mind! One minute!"

There was the sound of an overturned chair, and the cheerful man's voice was suddenly panic-stricken. "Put down that gun, Robison," it pleaded, "put it down!"

Then, muffled by the door between, came the report of a revolver shot, and Benny heard a heavy fall. He rose to his feet, quivering, trembling.

THE closed door was flung open, and a smoking weapon was thrust into his hand. He had a glimpse of the room beyond. He saw a body sprawled on the floor and he noticed a pool of red lending sudden life to the somber colors of a Persian rug.

"Quick," came Robison's command, "out with you!"

Benny did not pause to reason. He knew only that he wanted to leave the place without delay.

He took the gun. He burst out of the house. He plunged down the steps.

Before he could reach the pavement he was gathered in by a pair of policemen who had heard the shot and who wanted to find out what it meant.

Robison's identification could not have been more convincing.

"This is the man," he said positively. "I was talking with Holloway when he broke in, waving a gun. He aimed it at me. He was about to fire when Holloway rushed him." He glanced at the body and wiped away a tear. "Gentlemen, Holloway was my dearest friend."

The police captain, who had been hastily summoned to Robison's library, frowned at the prisoner. He knew him.

"What have you got to say, Benny?" he demanded.

"That guy—he done it himself!"

Benny's auditors snickered. "With your gun?"

"That's just what he done!" Benny saw the electric chair coming nearer and nearer. "Honest to God, I didn't croak nobody! Why, that guy caught me when I come in! He took the gat away from me! He locked me up in the closet—himself!"

"That's pure invention," said Robison calmly; "he wasn't in the closet."

The police captain crossed the room to the closet, observed its bare interior with a swift glance, and returned. "Go on, Mr. Robison," he invited.

"It's my word against the word of a criminal," Robison said confidently—"my word, and the fact that his gun, with one chamber empty, was found on him when you caught him. That ought to be enough."

"It's almost enough."

Robison's eyebrows lifted ever so slightly. "Almost? Almost?"

"Almost. If he was in the closet, he didn't commit the murder—and you swear he was never in the closet."

"I do!"

The captain slipped a pair of handcuffs on Robison's wrists. "Mr. Robison," he said, "you should have looked at the closet yourself. He's written his name on the inside of the door!"

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Susan is Serious

Especially about young

Susan plunged headlong into the test before he could object

SUSAN DARE was a serious young graduate student at Bradlow University. You could see that she was serious just by the earnest way she stood there in front of the mirror getting her little brown suède hat tipped exactly right. Besides, Susan herself said so.

Susan had said so to her father the day she explained to him why her allowance ought to be doubled if she were going to study at Bradlow. "Of course," she said severely, "you can't expect education for the same price as pleasure." And she added: "There will be all my textbooks to buy, you know, and textbooks are very high this season, I've been told."

Now, just as soon as she got the little brown suède hat tipped exactly right, Susan was going upstairs to say how serious she was to Mr. Hilary North, graduate student adviser in courses of study. About a quarter of an inch down over the left eye Susan decided would do it. She ran up three flights of stairs and knocked at Mr. Hilary North's conference-room door.

The conference-rooms at Bradlow were small and bare, painted the color of bad coffee, and equipped each with a shelf of dusty orphan books, a table with a drawer in one side that would not pull quite out or go quite in again, and two hard-bottomed chairs. In one of these chairs, balancing himself precariously against the wall by the back of his head and the balls of his thumbs, Mr. Hilary North sat and swung his long legs. Mr. North was very tall and spare; very brown, as if he had just come in from an entire summer out of doors. There was something unacademic in the far look of his blue eyes, something in the way he moved that suggested more experience with a boat or a tennis racket than in giving advice about courses of study to serious young women.

Mr. North looked rather more annoyed than bored. When he had discovered that he must spend some months at Bradlow studying Chinese and international relations in preparation for a remarkably good job with the East and West Importing Company at Peking—a job open only to an unmarried young man of unusually pleasing personality—he had been glad enough to say that he would do advising on the side. The extra money would be useful.

AT THE time he had not stopped to consider that there was a woman's section of Bradlow—separated from the men's section by two brick walls, two rail fences, and a strip of grass and trees called a park, but there just the same. Mr. Hilary North had pictured himself as advising football heroes on how to choose courses that would not interfere too much with football, and he had considered himself competent.

At the moment, however, Mr. Hilary North had been advising for three days, and he had advised one young man with no chin and a hundred and twenty-eight young women. The latter were inclined to have large flat shoes and rather large flat faces too, lighted with shining spectacles in bone rims, and shining noses. They all presented him with lists of courses which they were determined to take whether or no—High Dutch and Gothic and Advanced Thermodynamics and the Morphology of Vertebrates, and other things that Mr. North felt no lady should know anything about — and Mr. North's advice had consisted in writing O. K. and his initials at the bottoms of these lists. Now he was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair and waiting for the next one.

That was one minute. The next minute the door swung open and Susan Dare was standing on the threshold.

Susan Dare's brown suède hat was tipped exactly right. It matched the brown suède of her belt and a brown leather flower on the flap of her light coat and her little brown suède shoes. Susan's lips were very red and her eyes very black.

"Good afternoon, Mr. North," said Susan. And she reached into the front of her coat and took out her glasses.

Susan's glasses were a perfect joke in elaborate white gold, and she wore them on a gold chain round her neck. She had had them for three days in preparation for being a student. Whenever she thought of it, and it seemed necessary, she took out the glasses and put them on. She set them on her small, straight nose, and they made her look like a little girl playing at being grown up.

"Good afternoon, Mr. North," she repeated.

MR. HILARY NORTH clapped his chair down on all four legs, and rose. He hurried rather fast round the table and drew out the other chair. He fumbled hastily through the list that the college office had given him, checking it in his mind (No. 128 was Miss Muggins, with the wart on her chin, who would take High Dutch. No. 129 . . .) "Good afternoon, Miss . . . ah . . . Miss . . . ah . . . Dare," he said.

Susan seated herself demurely in the chair that Mr. North held out for her and laid on the table a small brown suède bag and a beautiful new leather notebook with S. D. on it in gold letters.

Mr. North sat beside her and tried to slick his hair down in the back without having Miss Dare notice; it was a little tumbled from rubbing against the wall, and there was a lock on top that always stuck up anyhow. "A graduate student, of course. Ah . . . what college are you from, Miss Dare?" He had not asked this question before; it had not seemed pertinent.

Susan seemed to be considering. "Well," she said. "I have been at Vassar and at Smith and at Bryn Mawr and at Wellesley. . . . I—think that's all. . . ."

Mr. North was surprised. "Surely," he cried, "you have not taken degrees at all those colleges!" Why, the girl wasn't old enough!

"No," said Susan. "Not at any of them. I didn't stay long at some." And she added: "I think I ought to be quite frank with you, Mr. North, and say that I have not always taken education as seriously as I am taking it now."

Mr. North looked at Susan, and his eyes twinkled. He had rather twinkling blue eyes. He saw that a mistake had been made by the college office and that Miss Dare should not have been on the graduate list at all.

"You're a special," he told her.

"Oh," said Susan gently, "is that what you call me?"

Mr. North drew a line through *Susan Dare, Gr.* and wrote down *Susan Dare, Sp.* He decided that he could advise a special just as well as a graduate. Maybe better.

"You have a list of courses for me to approve?" he suggested.

Susan looked up at him. Her lashes were very long and dark.

"Why, no," she said gravely. "I thought that was what you were for—to help me decide."

"So it is," agreed Mr. North—and he moved his chair a little farther round on Miss Dare's side of the table, because the open drawer got in his way.

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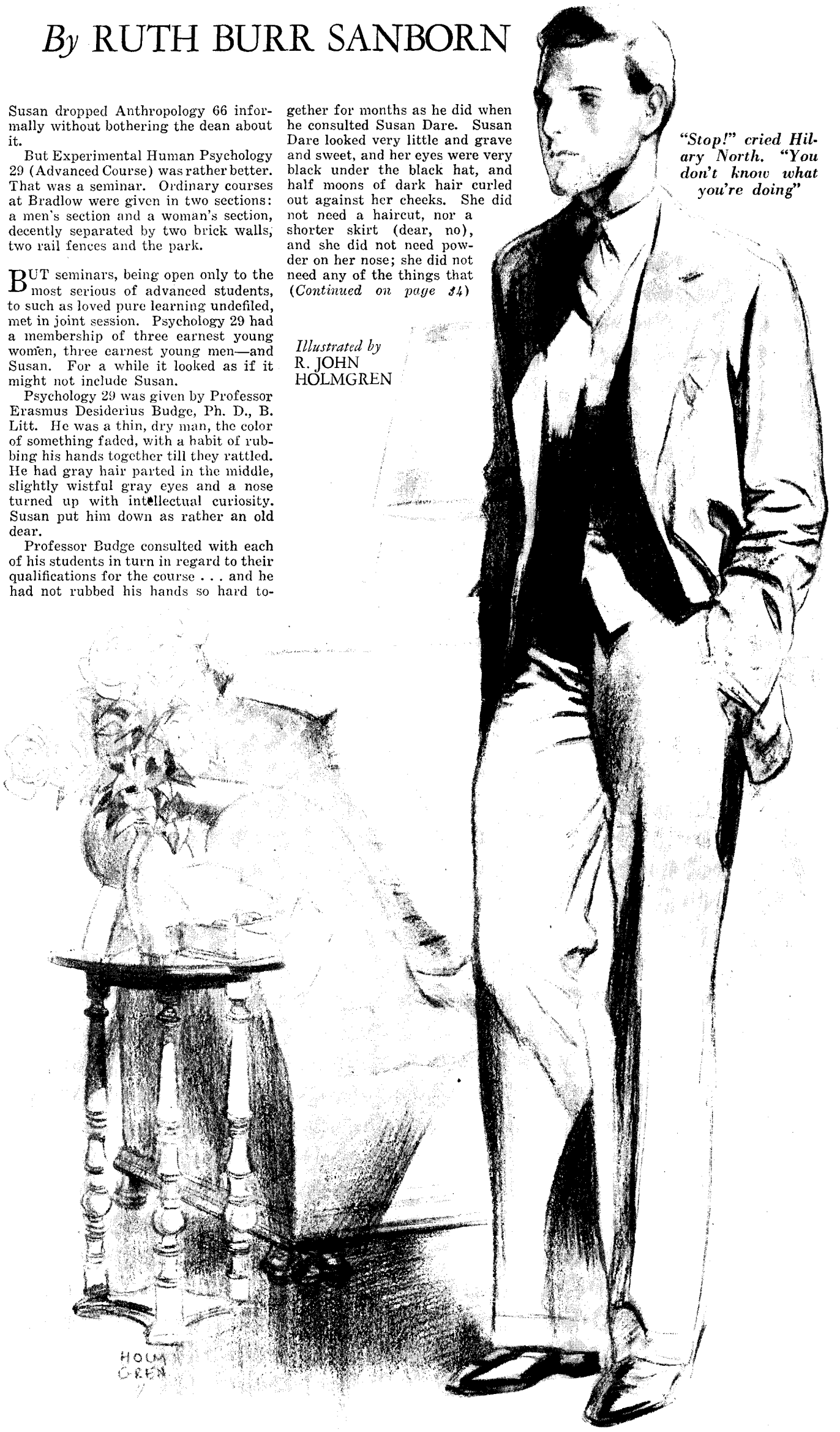
men and love—and such

By RUTH BURR SANBORN



"Stop!" cried Hilary North. "You don't know what you're doing"

Illustrated by R. JOHN HOLMGREN

"Now, what field did you wish to concentrate in—English, history, science—?"

"Not English," said Susan firmly. "I think English is something you just pick up by yourself, don't you? I read a great many magazines as it is. And not history. I think history is likely to be just the least bit . . . out of date. Don't you, Mr. North?"

Mr. North grinned. He had a nice, wide boyish grin, and when he used it he did not look bored or annoyed at all. "Well," he said, "there's science. Natural science, the social sciences."

"I think I'd do better with the social sciences," said Susan. She drew the new notebook toward her and opened it. Inside was an unblemished first page and a little pocket for pencils; and in the pocket was a little gold fountain pen and a tortoise-shell cigarette holder with a gold band and a lipstick in a gold holder. Susan took out the fountain pen and gravely unscrewed it. At the top of the page she wrote *Social Sciences*. Mr. North looked over her shoulder to see that she wrote it correctly.

"Now about courses," said Mr. North.

"What courses have you?" said Susan.

IN THE end they made a list between them: Social Ethics 37A; Anthropology 42; Philosophy 6 and 7; Experimental Human Psychology 29 (Advanced Course).

"What's anthropology?" inquired Susan curiously.

"The study of man," said Mr. North.

"Let's have another course in that then."

So they put it down. Anthropology 66.

"I think that will be enough," Susan decided. She tore the page out of her notebook, and Mr. North wrote O. K. at the bottom and H. N. He stood up. He shook hands with Susan. Mr. North had not shaken hands with any of his other advisees; but, then, none of his other advisees were concentrating in the social sciences.

"I hope you will enjoy your year's work," said Mr. North.

"Thank you," said Susan gravely.

When she was halfway down the stairs she heard the door of the conference-room open, and she went very slowly in case Mr. Hilary North had forgotten something that he wished to say to her. But Mr. North did not say anything. And presently the door slammed.

Classes began the next day, and Susan, in an academic rose-colored jersey dress and a small black hat, attended all of them—all, that is, except Philosophy 6, which she did not find until it was too late, and Anthropology 42, which turned out to be at eight o'clock and so was out of the question.

In general classes were not a success. Social Ethics 37A seemed to be all about prison reform; and since Susan was not interested in prisons or in reforms, and still less in young instructors who grew moist with apprehension over their first classes, she wrote a little note to the dean to say that she would drop the course. Anthropology 66 was about man, but he turned out to be what is called a Heidelberg man, a million years old or so, with nothing left except a jaw. Susan whispered to the girl beside her that she never could stand a man who was *all* jaw, and she believed there was a little bit of Heidelberg in the professor. The girl beside her looked shocked and flapped her notebook; and Susan dropped Anthropology 66 informally without bothering the dean about it.

But Experimental Human Psychology 29 (Advanced Course) was rather better. That was a seminar. Ordinary courses at Bradlow were given in two sections: a men's section and a woman's section, decently separated by two brick walls, two rail fences and the park.

BUT seminars, being open only to the most serious of advanced students, to such as loved pure learning undefiled, met in joint session. Psychology 29 had a membership of three earnest young women, three earnest young men—and Susan. For a while it looked as if it might not include Susan.

Psychology 29 was given by Professor Erasmus Desiderius Budge, Ph. D., B. Litt. He was a thin, dry man, the color of something faded, with a habit of rubbing his hands together till they rattled. He had gray hair parted in the middle, slightly wistful gray eyes and a nose turned up with intellectual curiosity. Susan put him down as rather an old dear.

Professor Budge consulted with each of his students in turn in regard to their qualifications for the course . . . and he had not rubbed his hands so hard together for months as he did when he consulted Susan Dare. Susan Dare looked very little and grave and sweet, and her eyes were very black under the black hat, and half moons of dark hair curled out against her cheeks. She did not need a haircut, nor a shorter skirt (dear, no), and she did not need powder on her nose; she did not need any of the things that

(*Continued on page 34*)

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"What was the secret you have been waiting to tell me?" he asked

Welcome Home

By ALICE DUER MILLER

The Story Thus Far:

TOM BENTHAM comes back from a trip to South America, where he had been sent by his paper, enters his supposedly empty house and finds a lovely girl in his bed. He leaves after some argument and next day it develops that this lovely girl is a fugitive from justice sheltered in his house by her lawyer, who happens also to have been Tom's father's lawyer.

In order that her sister might win a divorce from Ira Carson, Barbara Deane, the lovely girl, had given perjured evidence and now Ira wants to bring a charge of perjury against her.

Tom champions her cause and when his paper puts him on the case he promises Ira to try to find Barbara. Finally Ira offers a reward for finding Barbara. Tom's paper hears that she is in Canada and sends Tom, by automobile, up to find her and he sneaks Barbara along. He has fallen terribly in love with her but assures her that he is engaged to a girl named Edna, because Barbara claims to hate men and hopes he won't fall in love with her.

They are riding along when they discover in the paper that Tom's housekeeper's nephew has betrayed them.

THEY found themselves entirely in accord in their belief that the boy had learned nothing from Delia, but it could not have been difficult for him to work the facts out from his own knowledge. He must have seen the reward in the afternoon papers and gone straight to Carson with his guess—his certainty in view of his knowing of his aunt's devotion to the Deane family—that the mysterious woman in the Bentham house was Barbara Deane. It would have taken Carson a little time to verify it. He would have gone to Smith.

What would Smith's reaction have been? Tom thought deeply on this—it was the crux of the whole situation. If he could depend on Smith's assistance. . . . Smith was a man who hated to be made a fool of more than most people, and no one enjoys the experience. Yet he was a just man and would understand that Tom could not have confided another person's secret. Besides, Tom had confidence that Smith was really his friend, and if he knew that Tom loved the girl—but how in thunder was he to convey that knowledge to Smith? . . . In the meantime who could tell what might have been told to Carson as to the car, the route, and even the hour of their departure?

"I should think our best plan is to do as we originally intended," said Barbara, "and make for Canada by the shortest way."

HE SHOOK his head. "It might be better to turn north and go to a camp that my father built in the Adirondacks. That's where I was going, and I sent up some food and stuff and a canoe. . . . From there we could make our way by the Raquette River or the St. Regis and get to Canada with a few carries. . . . It would take some time, but it would be fairly safe."

"How about Edna?"

"I'm not thinking about Edna," he answered crossly.

Again she seemed to fall into one of her abysms of silence—passing out of reach of any form of communication. The return of this aloofness so chilled him that he had not energy to stop and choose a pleasant spot for breakfast. They ate hastily in the car, pulled up at the side of the road.

What an ability she had to spoil things! Here they were on a lovely morning, with the air fresh from the mountains whose faint, blue outlines could be seen to the north of them, having breakfast together—and yet her mood had managed to put a sort of curse on it.

Hot coffee gave him enough force to make one more effort to combat it.

"That first night I ever saw you I said you were not chatty," he remarked, "but don't you think you are carrying it rather far?"

"I don't feel very chatty," she returned. "Let's be getting on."

"What *is* the matter?" he said gently.

"Nothing. Why?"

"You're so silent."

"Do you like people who chatter when they haven't anything to say?" And as he did not immediately answer she added: "I'm thinking about something."

"Well, why can't you share it with me?"

She laughed grimly. "I'm going to—don't be afraid. But perhaps you won't like it very much."

"I'll like it better than this other thing."

Again she was silent, but this time it was a moving, stirring silence, like clouds over the face of an emerging luminary. Then she began to speak:

"Have you considered," she said, "that that boy's story—Delia's nephew—will have made it clear to everyone that we have been living alone in your house—and this trip too . . . There will be a good deal of speculation and talk about it. I'm not conventional. At least I don't think I am, and yet—has it ever crossed (*Continued on page 50*)

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Hand-Made

The rulers of the sport world have climbed to thrones on their hands

By GRANTLAND RICE

WHO has owned the greatest pair of hands in sport—the best pair of flippers that ever punched a jaw, caught a baseball, swung a golf club or helped to win any competition? The hand is often the basis of power, the last center of touch in timing, the vital part of a competitive enterprise.

More than one budding boxing or baseball star has been a flop because of his hands.

A good pair of hands is a great asset in almost any sport—boxing, baseball, golf, football, rowing, etc.

For example, there was the second meeting between Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons. For the first five or six rounds Old Fitz cut Jeffries' features into cross sections. He hit him with enough rights and lefts to dent a hydrant. But the terrific impact cracked Lanky Bob's aging hands rather than Jeffries' head, and he had nothing to punch with after the seventh round.

The greatest pair of hands that ever came into sport belong to Jack Dempsey. Firpo's were bigger. So were some others. But Dempsey's were big enough, and they have been the most durable ever known. They're big, powerful and apparently made of iron.

Dempsey—Vardon—Honus Wagner

CONSIDER his record. He began putting over lefts and rights with smashing power about twelve years ago, and through most of that period he has hammered away at ring giants—men weighing from 200 to 250 pounds. Perhaps he carried an extra allotment of tape and bandages in many of these fights, but in many others he had only his normal share. I have seen him hit the heavy bag, weighing more than 100 pounds, with such force that he almost ripped it open. That's a test for any pair of hands, but Dempsey never cracked.

Almost every man in boxing or fighting has been bothered with a bad hand at one time or another. The list includes Tunney, Harry Wills, Delaney, Berlenbach, Carpentier, Sharkey, Leonard, Munn, Paolino and many others. But Dempsey's hands were naturally his main offensive weapons, and they're as strong as ever. And if he fights again his hands will be his least worry.

Probably the greatest pair of hands that ever came into golf belonged to Harry Vardon, winner of six British championships and one U. S. Open.

Vardon had tremendous hands, yet they had a rare feeling of touch. He had a habit of locking his hands around the grip as he came up to the ball, and once locked there was no slip.

Vardon in his prime was a fine wooden-club player, but above all he had a rare knack of planting long iron shots close to the pin, year after year. If he had been the putter that Hagen and Bobby Jones happen to be, he might have won a dozen championships. I saw him in one open championship play 28 consecutive holes in par or better, and I can't recall him holing any long putts during that match.

His enormous, flexible and powerful hands had complete control of the club head and his deadly accuracy was uncanny. In his last stand at Inverness in 1920 I saw him miss any number of short putts, three or four feet in length, and still finish only one stroke out.

© Keystone

Dempsey's iron maulers are the greatest in sport

Two of the best pairs of hands in golf today belong to Tommy Armour, U. S. open champion, and Bobby Jones, British open and U. S. amateur king.

Armour makes more use of his long, strong fingers than any other man in golf. The average man can't place the tip end of a billiard cue between two fingers and hold the heavy end on a level parallel to the floor. You might try it some time. Armour can hold four billiard cues at the same time in this manner.

I know of no other golfer who seems to use his hands so effectively as Armour does in whipping the club head through. In the last open he needed a 3 on the 440-yard last hole at Oakmont to tie Cooper. In this emergency his big, wiry hands whipped the iron head through on a dead line and the ball covered the pin until it hit the green and stopped just ten feet short of the cup.

When Bobby Jones first came north in 1916 he was only 14 year old. He was somewhat short and stocky, but the most notable feature of his physical make-up was the unusual size and power of his hands and wrists. At 14 he had a pair of hands that might have belonged to a full-grown 190-pounder.

Even then he was long from the tee, with remarkable touch in his fingers and palms and an abnormal control of the short and more delicate shots to the pin. In one of his early matches when he was five down at the seventh hole, he played the last nine in 32 strokes to take the lead.

Jones, in addition to hand power, has amazing delicacy of touch. Two of his best shots include a chip from just off the green and any form of putt.

The best pair of hands in baseball belonged to Honus Wagner, Pittsburgh's great shortstop of other years. It has been a decade or more since the flying Dutchman scooped them up in the infield, with his two big hands spread out, after the manner of someone pushing a large open sack.

P. & A.

Bobby Jones' great grippers have unusual power and delicacy of touch

There was no type of ground ball that could get by Hans, and those same hands could make a big bat whistle. Wagner was a terrific hitter and an accurate one. He led his league year after year and finally finished a twenty-year span by batting close to .350.

He wasn't quite up to Cobb's high average: the fleet Georgian with a left-handed start had much greater speed getting down to first.

Rube Waddell had a marvelous pair of hands, and one of the best sets belonged to Charles Albert Bender, the Chippewa chief. When Bender was working for the Athletics many rated him the best single-game pitcher in the world, when a championship was at stake. He had fine speed, but above all he had a baffling jump or hop to his fast ball, largely due to long, wiry fingers that helped to put on extra spin.

Bender was a fine golfer, a clever billiard player, and a good shot; and the touch, control and power he had in his extended finger reach were a big part of his all-round athletic success.

Try This Yourself

YEARS ago Roland Boyden, one of Harvard's best all-round athletes, discovered the value of handy hands. He was one of Harvard's best halfbacks, a star on the ball team and a high-class tennis player. He developed the habit, while studying or resting, of working his hands, gripping and ungripping them in a form of hand exercise that soon increased his hand power immeasurably. Try it. Extend the fingers and then close them in a tight grip, repeating the operation for several minutes.

Weak hands are a big handicap. The strain of attempting to use them tightens up the muscular system of the wrists and arms, which should be relaxed, to a certain extent.

But there are few who can hope to have such hands as Dempsey, Vardon, Wagner, Armour, Jones, Waddell, Bender and a few others. And out of the lot Dempsey leads the march.

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Furs and Figures

Who's Who and for Whom among the fur-bearing animals

Future pelts: Seal Rock, by the Golden Gate—a parent seal and some babies

Wide World

This coat is real leopard skin, with a red fox collar

By ELIZABETH MacDONALD OSBORNE

ONE thing I know about each gentle reader is that she belongs to one of two groups: those that wear a fur coat or those that do not.

Women who wear no fur are the conscientious objectors. To them fur is not just a luxurious bit of wearing apparel. It is the skin of a dead animal which might otherwise be alive. The broadest-minded object only to wearing the skins of trapped animals. But it is difficult to remember which are trapped. When you see a woman in cold weather wearing no fur, she should be congratulated on the courage of her convictions, for she knows as well as you that fur is extremely becoming.

A great many women do not like the weight and heat of a fur coat. The few shivers they may feel in the intense cold are easier to endure than the debilitating heat and encumbrance of such a coat when it must be tolerated indoors.

Others who have a keen sense of the fitness of things would rather have none than just one, for most fur coats are either sports coats or dress coats, and each looks out of place on the other occasions.

Those who can afford two good fur coats can always be elegantly and warmly dressed. The chances are, however, that even these will not look smart. That accounts for another group of women who know that, if they would look chic, they must limit their furs to decoration rather than using them as the body of the coat.

But the number of women who belong in these categories is small compared with those who revel in the warmth and luxury of a fur coat.

One word of advice I would give to the fur-coat devotees. Never try to look chic in a fur coat. Wait till spring to be chic and be content with looking luxurious in winter.

There is a great advantage in knowing what furs wear long and well. I'll list them in the order of their comparative durability; otter, beaver, Alaska seal, mink, skunk, fisher, raccoon, krimmer, Persian lamb, natural muskrat, dyed muskrat (which is Hudson seal), Russian sable, kolinsky.

Otter is the best-wearing fur that exists. It looks much like beaver, but is not apt to curl and mat after wetting. That is the one drawback to beaver, but its soft, dense fur is such a rich, lustrous brown that it is justly popular. It will fade if exposed constantly to strong sunlight.

There is something about the seal that is almost as appealing as the elephant. After a time we may find as many ivory and ebony seals as there are elephants now. I quote a paragraph about the seal's domestic life from an excellent authority on fur:

"The best Alaska seal comes from the three-year-old bachelors before they have undertaken the cares of family life. Fighting to get and keep a harem of at least six to ten ladies, as the polygamous old bulls do every June and July, is not the best thing for one's skin."

The article goes on to say that if a number of these young males were not thinned out, goodness knows what would happen and as the number killed each year is strictly limited, the wearer of an Alaskan seal need feel no compunctions. This pelt requires a great deal of grooming before it becomes the velvety deep brown fur we know, and this adds materially to the cost. It is the warmest and one of the most serviceable and beautiful of all furs. It is the largest skin that is used whole, and is thus easily distinguished from imitations by feeling the seams.

Mink should be considered an investment to be handed down to future generations. American mink is the most desirable.

Skunk is the most satisfactory natural black fur there is, its fluffy richness and luster giving it a look of real distinction.

The fisher is another beautiful and satisfactory fur. It belongs to the weasel family, and is a rich dark brown with very long black over hairs.

Real krimmer is tightly curled lamb, gray in color.

Persian lamb is another glossy, tightly curled fur which wears excellently but must be kept well shaken, as dirt and dust are injurious to the luster.

Dyed muskrat, or "Hudson seal," is the wisest choice for the woman who wants "an all-round" coat at a moderate price. The northern skins cost more and are worth the difference.

Russian sable is the most valuable of all furs and is one of the most beautiful. It is a deep silken brown, often slightly silvered, and glistens with life and luster. The very dark skins were once reserved for the tsar's family. Although kolinsky is the cheapest of the sables, it is not a cheap fur. Its natural shade is yellowish, so it is usually dyed.

For sports wear you have your choice of raccoon, natural muskrat, leopard, ocelot, civet cat, opossum, pony and kidskin, which are arranged in the order of their comparative durability.

The raccoons are full-furred with a darker center stripe. When top-dyed they may fade. The skins of the muskrat are divided into three parts; backs, sides and bellies. The backs, which have the long water-shedding hair, darkest in the middle of the back, are used for natural muskrat coats and are the best wearing. The sides are called golden muskrat and the bellies silver muskrat.

Leopards from Asia furnish the best leopard skins. Much of what is sold is American jaguar. The ocelot is an American leopard cat. The spots are closer than in a leopard.

Civet cat is really the little striped skunk. The white markings on the black fur are showy—far too showy for a conservative person to like.

The Most Fragile of All Furs

OPOSSUM is rather coarse, with thick under fur. Australian opossum is the smoothest, with silkier hair, and the ringtail Australian variety looks like chinchilla, but wears much better.

Pony is the skin of young colts. The pelt is strong, but too stiff to be graceful. Kidskin is used in its natural shade of gray or dyed in tones of brown. It is sometimes painted to imitate leopard or giraffe. The leather is tender, and the edges wear quickly.

For dress wear there are ermine, which is popular now only in its summer color or dyed; chinchilla, the most silken and fragile of all furs, and mole, which is beautiful not only because of its pansy-like fur but also because of its softness and suppleness.

Sable and seal too are dress furs, as are the marten and fox. Baum or pine marten is dark brown with a yellowish throat, and it can be dyed so that experts can scarcely tell it from Russian sable. Stone or beach marten is slightly coarser, with a whitish under fur.

Fox fur is very becoming and therefore very popular. Fox is a large family. Silver fox is the most expensive. It is black flecked with silver, and the tip of the tail is white. Pointed fox is red fox dyed black, with badger hairs inserted. The blue fox is second in value, and the pale pastel-tinted fox is dyed white fox. Red fox is the most commonly used. Kit fox is not a baby fox, but a soft-furred animal with white-tipped gray fur which does not wear well. (*Continued on page 53*)

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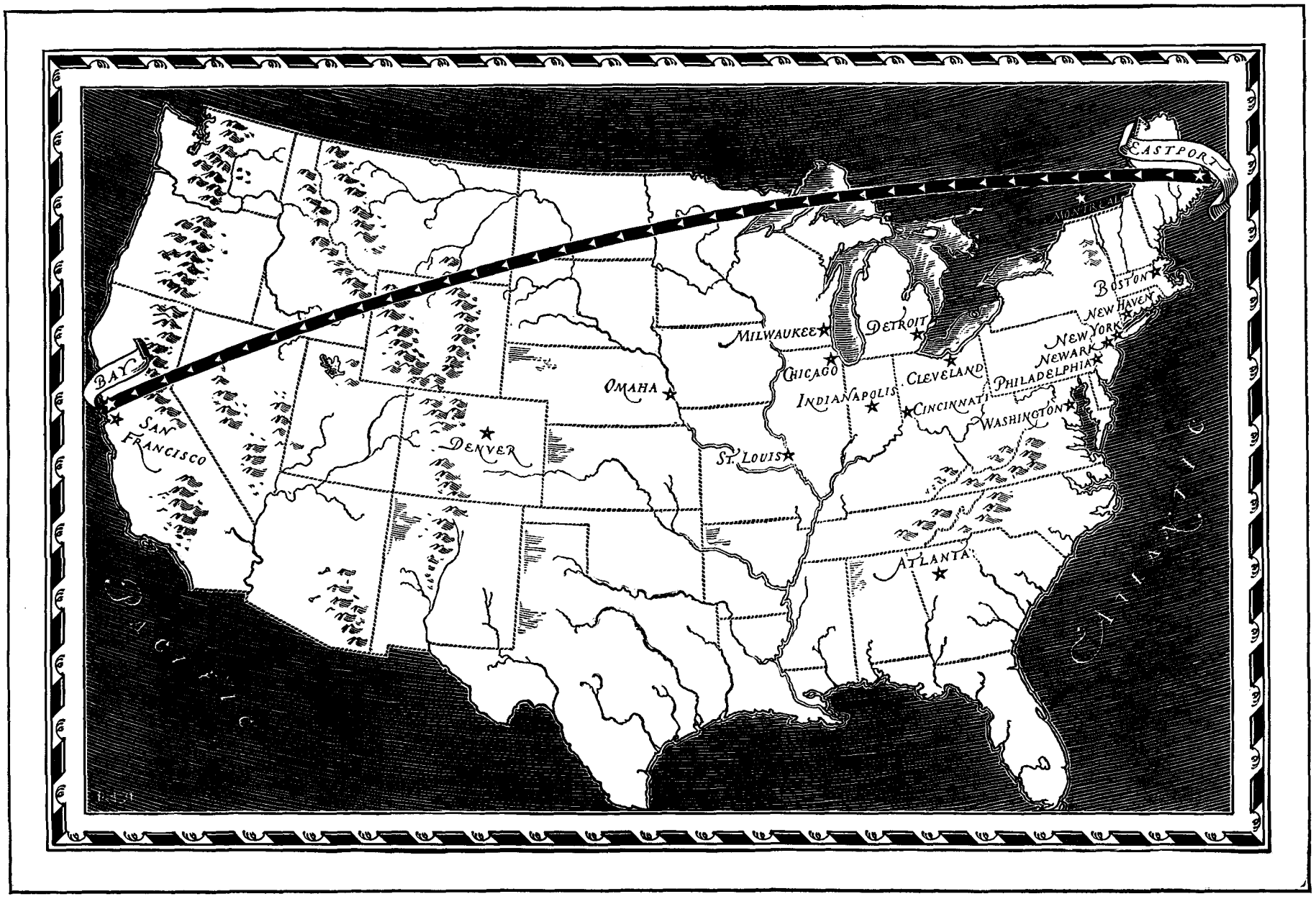
The longest *station to station* call within the U.S. now costs only $10



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

THE longest telephone call you can make within the U. S. is from Eastport, Maine, to the town of Bay, California. Under the new rates, the station to station day charge for this call is now only $10.

More than ever you will now be surprised how little long distance calls cost. Business more and more is using the long distance telephone to save trips, buy and sell goods, make appointments and collections, get important things done on time.

A New York company made 14 long distance calls to department stores in 13 cities and sold $37,320 worth of specialties, "all of the transactions having been started and completed by Long Distance at a very nominal cost." A firm of Toledo brokers in one year sold $5,000,000 worth of produce by long distance calls. "Seventy-five per cent of our bean business is done over the telephone. . . . We can get in closer touch with the buyer and understand conditions at his end of the line." In eight months, a tire concern sold $3,180,000 worth of tires by telephone at a sales cost of 2%.

What far-away calls could you profitably make, now? Just ask for the long distance operator and place your call by number . . . it takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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Selling the World

The City of Eureka, American freighter, at Constantinople, discharging most anything from tennis shoes to windmills

THE Mediterranean winds spin American windmills in Famagusta, while in the shadow of the pyramids Sharif Abdel Aziz Khattab has American garters beneath his purple robe. To far-off ports our tramps bring cargoes which stand out vividly and often amusingly against the ageless things of ancient lands.

By WEBB WALDRON

Photographs and drawings by MRS. WEBB WALDRON

"LAWN mowers for Egypt!" Pat rubbed her eyes and stared at a box being swung over the side. Yes, there it was, addressed to a gentleman named Mohammed Abdullah of Cairo and unquestionably labeled "Lawn Mowers."

We were loafing at the rail of the freighter Blue Triangle of New York, moored in Alexandria Harbor.

Egypt! Lawn mowers! I had had my eyes ready for yellow desert wastes ever since we descried a fringe of palms against the amazing saffron east. Certainly if Egypt used lawn mowers it was not the Egypt we had read about, or else some astounding change had come over it of late.

Another box of lawn mowers was swung from the shadowy hold into the dazzling Egyptian sunshine. And after it came other curious things. One case marked "Ice Picks, Chisels and Fly Swatters." Forty cases of dental cream. Twelve cases dried prunes. Two boxes brass beds. One case food choppers. One box "said to contain 13,636 cigarettes." One box motion-picture films. Nine barrels liquid insecticide. Forty-two boxes Ford tractors. One case men's patent garters.

There was something exciting about this invasion by the familiar of a world where everything was strange.

But the excitement had started long before that. It began one sleety day at dusk when we shivered on the deck of the Blue Triangle at her East River pier watching the last of her cargo swung aboard. Boxed windmills for transshipment to Famagusta. Boxes of tinplate for Port Saïd. A crate of velocipedes for Haifa. Touring cars and sedans of every size and price for Corfu and Piræus and Limasol and Smyrna and Damascus.

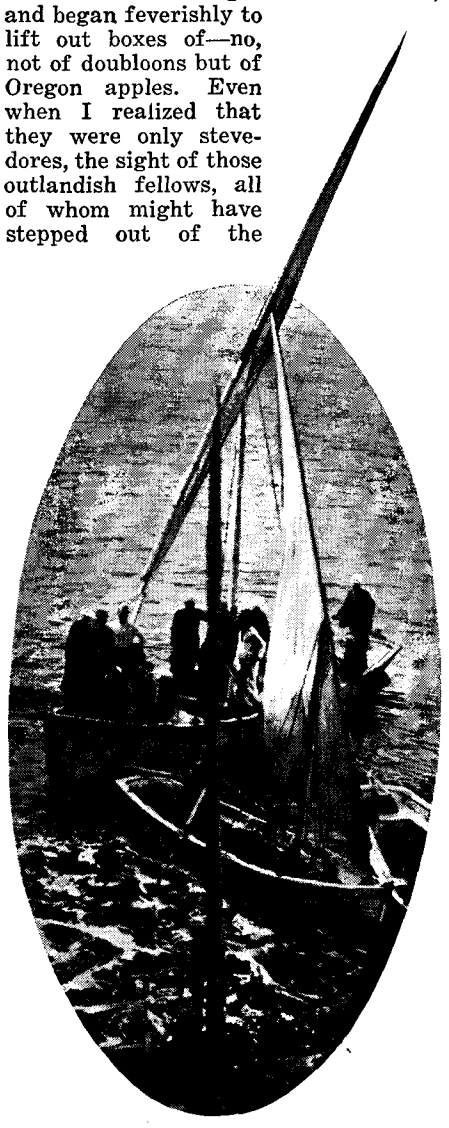
America in Egypt

THEN the twenty-one days' voyage across, out of cold into warmth, part of the busy-idle routine of a cargo ship (rather an experience for Pat, one woman in a crew of forty men!), then through the Pillars of Hercules, along the surprising coast of Algeria—green vineyards, fields of fresh-turned earth as red as if painted, roads paralleling the beach, on which sped tiny specks which our glasses made out to be Ford cars. And now the unreal blue of Alexandria Harbor.

My gaze wandered a moment from my surprised contemplation of the lawn mowers, and I cried: "Pat, look at the pirates!"

We ran to the opposite rail.

It wasn't hard to think them pirates. From a boat crowded to the gunwales picturesque bandits in turbans and flowing robes swarmed up the gangway, tore off the coverings of No. 5 hatch, and began feverishly to lift out boxes of—no, not of doubloons but of Oregon apples. Even when I realized that they were only stevedores, the sight of those outlandish fellows, all of whom might have stepped out of the Arabian Nights, hustling up from the hold and across the deck into the lighter those boxes of big red apples of a familiar American brand, stirred me. When the lighter was loaded full they spread the tall yellow lateen sail and glided off with the freshening morning breeze across the vivid blue harbor.



Alexandrian pirates? No: stevedores

Then, as we went about on shore, the familiar began to emerge, more evidence of that American invasion which our ship was abetting.

Cairo gets American cars

True, there was no sign of it on the railroad journey from Alexandria to Cairo through flat brown fields where water buffalo slowly rotated the arms of the water lifters and where processions of women with tall clay water jars on their heads moved like animated friezes along the borders of irrigating ditches.

But in Cairo it began to appear. American automobiles whirling down the Shâria Kâmel. Tremendous red-cheeked apples nestling against Jaffa oranges in the shop windows of the smart Ismailiyeh quarter, marked 6 piasters each, which means about 30 cents. Raucous American jazz on American phonographs yowling from shadowy shops in narrow alleys in the bazaars. The cheapest of cheap American films shouting their thrills in American-printed posters over the portal of every movie house. And finally the leg of Sharif Abdel Aziz Khattab.

Sharif Abdel, our companion at the Great Pyramid, was a tall, bronzed handsome figure in white turban and purple robe, in whose face and manner and garb lived all the imperturbable dignity of the East, all the inscrutable timelessness of the Orient. Yet when he lifted his robe to swing his leg over his donkey, there on his untroused calf gleamed a brand-new American garter.

It was worth having come four thousand miles to bring garters to the leg of Sharif Abdel.

Tobacco for America. Hamals (carriers) bring the bales to Galata

As for the ice picks, we longed in the heat of each Egyptian noon for some ice to pick, and at night when the cold air of the desert crept across the city and into our window, we hoped to be able to clink ice in our water pitcher. But we saw no ice nor picks.

And so far as the lawn mowers were concerned we saw mosques and mummies and sphinxes and snake charmers and dragomans, but no lawns and no lawn mowers. Where those lawn mowers on the Blue Triangle went is, to us, a mystery.

We jumped to Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem. We had a cargo for that town, including fourteen cases canned beans, twelve cases olives in glasses (why glassed olives to the land of olives?), one box fruit trees for the Zionist Colony, seven cases peanut butter, six motor cars with one Semitic mechanic attached, and one boxed plow.

But how were we going to get the stuff ashore? For Jaffa is one of those ports with no harbor at all. There is a brown and gray town climbing a steep shore, and out a few hundred yards a row of black sharp-toothed rocks protrudes from the waves.

The Remotest East is Ours

IN THE rocks are two or three narrow gaps through which the boatmen row out to the ship. The sea was rough.

"Sometimes a ship lies out here three or four days waiting for the sea to go down," the captain growled. "It isn't safe to get too near in. Look at that."

He pointed to shore. High up on the beach, wedged in the jagged rocks, lay a Greek steamer, the Byron, that in the blow of a few days before had trusted too much to anchors and not enough to steam.

"If we tried (*Continued on page 31*)

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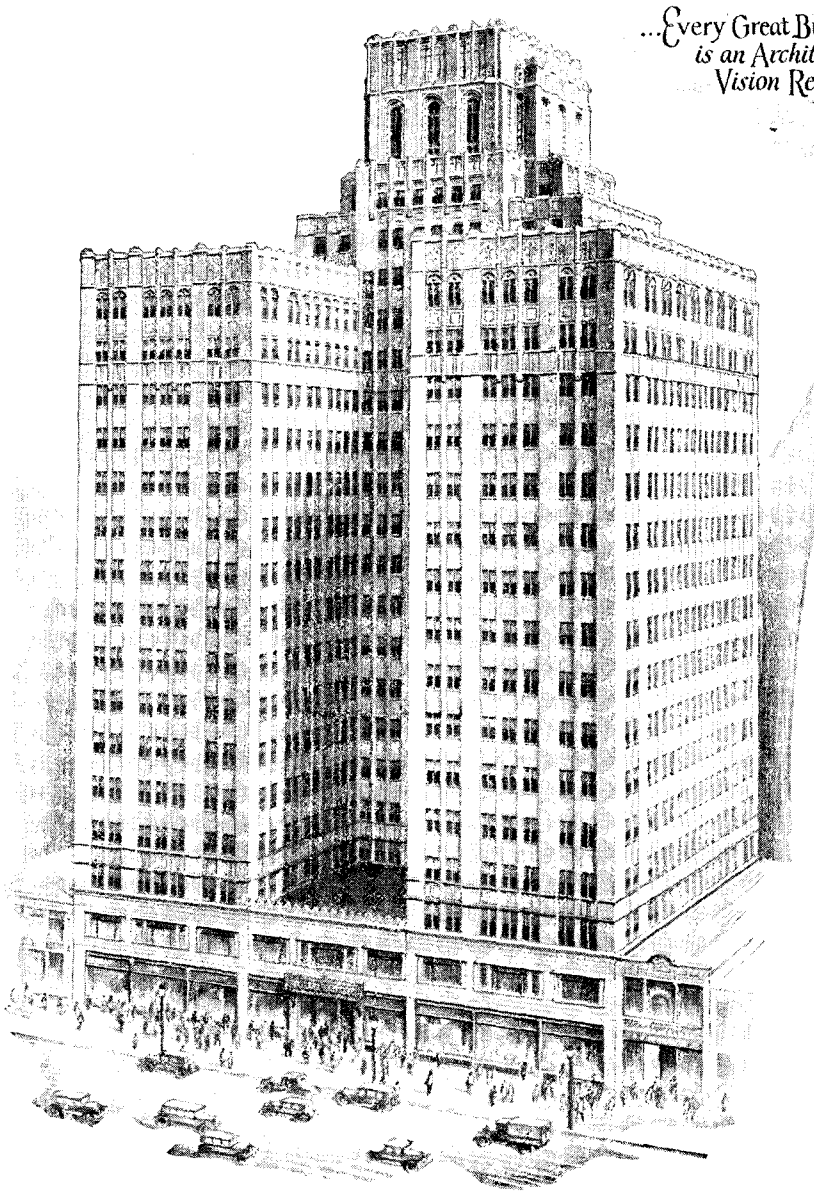
...Every Great Building
is an Architect's
Vision Realized...



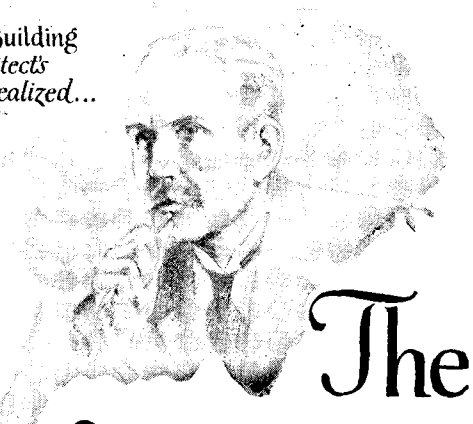
THE MILAM BUILDING, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Owners—Travis Investment Company
Harry H. Rogers, Pres. Russell C. Hill, Vice-Pres.
San Antonio, Texas

Architect—George Willis, San Antonio, Texas

General Contractors—L. T. Wright & Co.
San Antonio, Texas

Russwin Dealer—Builders Supply Co.
San Antonio, Texas

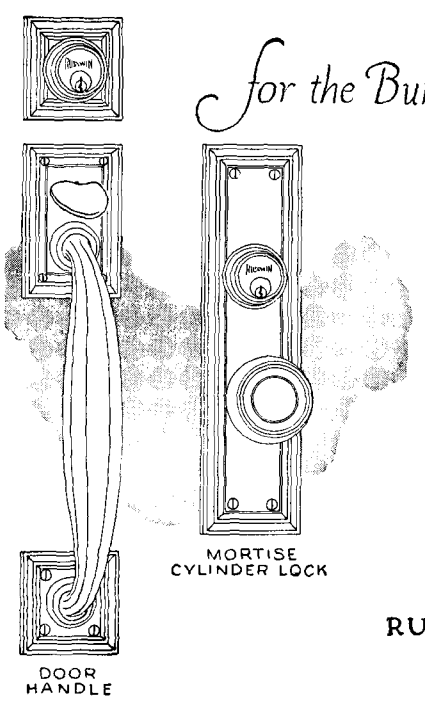


The Milam Building —*first* of its kind in the world

—to be *entirely* equipped with an air conditioning plant to supply tenants with washed refrigerated air in summer and warmed air in winter. So they may keep windows closed all the year, and be comfortable, without noise and dust from the street.

The building is twenty-one stories high. Faced with granite, stone and tapestry brick. Polished cork tile floors. Elevator doors of hand etched bronze. Elevator cabs paneled in apple green leather and curly walnut. Entrance lobby paneled in curly walnut and on its floor a richly colored rug.

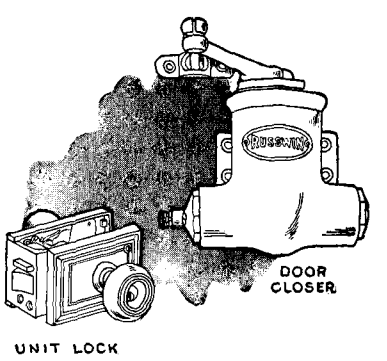
This is one of the most beautifully appointed office buildings in the country and is equipped throughout with Russwin Hardware. Its owners wrote: "Although Russwin cost more than others which were offered, we decided it was worth the difference."



for the Bungalow · · the Pretentious Home · · the Monumental Structure

Since 1839

RUSSWIN
RUSSELL & ERWIN
DISTINCTIVE HARDWARE



"To Russwin-ize is to Economize—the Economy of the Best"

RUSSELL & ERWIN MANUFACTURING CO., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

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THE GREATEST N

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THERE is no sales argument that can override this towering fact:

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Remember this when some seeming inducement seeks to tempt you away from Goodyear Tires.

Remember it has been true not for one season but for more than ten years.

Remember that the superior quality which has made it true is now so outstanding that people everywhere are calling the new Goodyear

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST TIRE"!

YEAR

AME IN RUBBER

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Camel

The most popular cigarette in the United States

Quality put it there—quality keeps it there. Camel smokers are not concerned and need not be concerned with anything but the *pleasure* of smoking

If all cigarettes were as good as Camel you wouldn't hear anything about special treatments to make cigarettes good for the throat. Nothing takes the place of choice tobaccos.

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Selling the World

Continued from page 26

to swing an automobile out on the end of a boom in this sea," the skipper continued, "we'd probably drop it into the sea instead of into the lighter."

All day we lay there, with our telegraph indicator at half speed, heading into the heavy northeast swell, waiting for the sea to go down. At nightfall the skipper, exasperated, up and telegraphed to the engine-room full speed ahead and hied away up the coast to Beirut.

Loafing Down the Mediterranean

A CURIOUS fact about cargoes struck me in our loafing around the Mediterranean. It is not the most modern and progressive countries, but those whose civilization is most remote from ours, which are absorbing our American products most eagerly. In Italy and France, later on in our loafing, we saw few American cars, little American machinery and little American prepared foods. But when we arrived in Beirut and got out on country roads we encountered almost as many Fords and Dodges and Chevrolets as you would on a road in Kansas.

In Beirut we were informed that, whereas seven years ago one could count on the fingers of one hand all the motor cars in Syria, now there are 3,700 there, mostly American, and 240 trucks, mostly American too. And what a crowd in every car! Never less than seven in a five-seated machine, often eight or ten, with more hanging on the running board. We learned the reason. Many of these machines were village cars. A village pooled and bought a car, and then all of the town piled in that could get in.

But that does not account for all of the cars imported from America into Beirut. Before the days of the Suez Canal the caravan route from the western world to Mesopotamia and Persia went in from the Mediterranean shore just north of Beirut. Then the Suez Canal killed the caravan trade by opening a sea route to the Persian Gulf by way of the Red Sea. Now, since the war, the automobile has revived the old caravan route eastward from the Mediterranean across the desert. The Bagdad Overland Desert Mail does the 600 miles from Beirut to Bagdad over desert and mountain—beyond Damascus no roads at all—regularly in thirty-six hours in American cars.

And beyond Bagdad lies Persia, a vast country with no railroads, reaching out eagerly for American cars. That is why our cargo for Beirut bulked so large in boxes from Detroit.

We did, however, discharge other things in Beirut—500 bags of flour and two typewriters and 30 bales of old clothing and 254 pieces of Philippine mahogany for the Near East Relief (just why that mahogany, I wonder?), and one case chewing gum (we export our habits as well as our manufactures), and twelve boxes American cultivators and parts, and three cases toy balloons. And, of course, those windmills for transshipment to Famagusta in Cyprus.

Cyprus, they told us in Beirut, is an unviolated paradise, the last refuge of low prices and the quiet life in all the Mediterranean, but it must be also a place where people like to see things spin, for always I am encountering on the cargo lists of these American Export Line ships the mention of American motor cars and American windmills consigned to some city or other in Cyprus.

American windmill makers seem, by the way, to have gauged very successfully the temper and quality of Mediterranean breezes.

Then we went back to Jaffa to discharge the canned beans, the Zionist fruit trees, the Semitic mechanic and the angle plow. The sea had gone down, but not much. The lighters bobbed up and down like mad corks and it did seem, in truth, at times that the motor car on the end of the boom would plump into the sea.

On the way to Piræus I wired the Genoa office for permission to transfer ourselves from the Blue Triangle to the City of Eureka, another American Export Line ship which would be in Piræus about the time we reached there. This was because the Blue Triangle was going back to Alexandria to load cotton for Boston and because the City of Eureka was bound for Saloniki and Constantinople, a city of our dreams.

When we tied up in Piræus 'longside the Eureka we discovered that she was due to sail in about three hours. But Pat, whose weakness is antiquity, was desolated: she would miss the Parthenon. Whereupon I conceived a scintillating idea. We would dump our personal cargo—including seven Egyptian clay water jars, one second-hand Alexandrine waistcoat, four strings of imitation amber beads and two cute ushabtiu (mummylike figures) of the twentieth dynasty—over on the Eureka, rush up and see Athens and then hurry on by rail and join the City of Eureka in Saloniki.

And so it was that Pat saw the Parthenon, bought a jar of Hymettus honey, and came back from Mycenæ with a face aglow from the adventure of having explored with her own feet the palace of Agememnon, brother-in-law of the noted Helen.

In Saloniki the City of Eureka discharged American flour for Greek refugees, American motor cars for Serbia and American steam shovels for work on the tremendous American-managed project of draining the Vardar swamps.

Filling the "Golden Horn"

IN CONSTANTINOPLE we discharged American canned pineapple, American evaporated milk, American tennis balls, American tennis shoes, American tinned salmon, two cases of American calculating machines, ten crates American linoleum and five Ford tractors for transshipment to Trebizond.

In Constantinople I learned something about the work of the American commercial attachés. Our commercial attaché there is Julian E. Gillespie.

"There has been a growing demand lately out here for medium and higher priced American cars," said Gillespie, "but there have been very few agents to handle them. The same thing is true of tires and tractors. The Turks captured some caterpillar tanks from the British in the Mesopotamian campaign. They liked the tractors, but didn't know where to get more of them. Just recently we got an agent for the tractor appointed here, and he sold two machines at once. A representative of the company is on his way from the States now to demonstrate the use of these tractors for road building in Asia Minor."

Gillespie has also helped strengthen the trade relations between Turkey and the United States by securing New York agents for Turkish exporters—exporters of skins and nuts and tobacco, for instance.

Our own ship, emptied of its last Americanism—of its last sack of flour and its last Boston Garter—loaded shelled nuts and lumber in Constanza on the Black Sea (would you guess that we imported lumber from Rumania to New York?), then tobacco and rabbit skins and mohair in Constantinople, and headed down through the Grecian Arches and through the Corinth Canal to Bari on the Adriatic shore of Italy.

In Bari we loaded olive oil. Sulphur oil they called it, and I pictured the stuff gushing from some volcanic crater. But I learned that the sulphur referred to a chemical process by which the residue of olives after the edible oil has been extracted is made to give up a second yield of oil for use in making toilet soap. Have you ever seen twelve hundred tons of olive oil in one tin? Our ship had drained and steamed and scrubbed and polished its deep tank to receive it, the first time this oil has been carried in bulk on one of these ships.

We quit the City of Eureka in Bari, loafed across the Peninsula of the Black Shirt, and the next port which saw us spying casually into this matter of cargoes was Genoa, where we boarded the City of St. Joseph, scheduled for New York via Marseilles, Leghorn, Naples, Palermo, Messina, Lipari and Valencia.

I wish I could convey the impression that a port such as Genoa or Marseilles gives one—the intricate crisscross of the threads of trade represented by the ships of every nation: Dutch ships homeward bound from Java, French ships off for the Orient, Italian ships in from the River Plate and Rio, English ships bound to Singapore, Japanese ships, Spanish, Greek, Turkish ships.

The cargo lists of all the ships on which we voyaged showed the interchange of merchandise and knitting up of the world. The City of St. Joseph brought from New York to Leghorn three cases of hat leathers. She took back those hat leathers, or some others like them, in the eight cases of straw hats she loaded at Leghorn for New York. At Marseilles she loaded 150 cases of rubber transshipped from Indo-China. But she discharged at Marseilles an equal amount or more of Indo-China rubber in the twenty cases of automobile tires and the six cases of inner tubes consigned from New York for transshipment to the Far East.

I am told that certain ships to the Mediterranean make this interchange simply change—by carrying cottonseed oil out and bringing the same stuff back labeled olive oil. Only I wonder why the labels couldn't be changed in New York so as to save freight out and back.

Things to Remember

WHAT a cargo we carried home! Carrara marble from Leghorn, barreled glycerine and corkwood from Marseilles, lambskins and peeled tomatoes and accordions and wool and earthenware and soap from Naples, pumice stone from the Lipari Islands, lemons from Messina, lemons and salted anchovies and sardines and cheese from Palermo, onions from Valencia, and in our strong-room eighteen tusks of ivory, 399 flasks of quicksilver and three cases of cinnabar; and on our foredeck 304 baskets of snails!

When you see a block of Carrara marble set in the corner of the shiny new First National Bank on Main Street, think of a long, low sailing craft with short, thick forward-stepped mast and a tremendous three-cornered sail, loaded deep with great white and yellow blocks of ten, twenty and thirty tons each, creeping down the coast of Tuscany to the fair harbor of Leghorn, and those blocks being lifted by a giant three-legged hoist and dropped deep into the hold of the City of St. Joseph or the Carenco or the Clontarf.

When you use a bit of pumice powder to polish a pot or a pan, think of a white volcanic cone thrusting out of the blue Mediterranean and a tiny village huddling at the edge of the water and a swarm of men and women climbing the steep slopes in the blinding sunlight, hacking and chopping and digging the pumice loose in blocks and lumps, toiling downward with it in sacks, grinding it in small dusty mills at the water's edge, sacking it again and carrying it down to the boats and out to the ship.

When you slice a lemon into your tea, think of teams of great speckled oxen creeping down to the water front of Messina with long trains of blue wagons loaded with boxes of fresh-picked yellow lemons. When a succulent Spanish onion tickles your palate, think not of the Spain you have read about—the austere Spain of gloomy monastery and barren sierra, but of a Spain of flat lush fields interlaced with gleaming irrigation ditches, of the beautiful tall thatched-roofed barracas, of apricot trees loaded with thick-clustered fruit, and long lines of carts rattling down the Camino Real toward the docks piled high with crates of enormous onions just pulled from the warm Spanish earth.

Mediterranean cargoes!

Nameographs

"Turkey," by George I. Wilhelmy, Watertown, Conn.

"Abraham Lincoln," by Al Calliari, 4909 Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Ill.

"Eagle," by Frances Edel, 228 Delaware St., Syracuse, N. Y.

"Helen Wills," by Luther Irby, Marionville, Mo.

"King George," by C. A. LeBeau, 1309 So. Harlem Ave., Forest Park, Ill.

"Charleston," by Mildred Kaiser, 485 DeWitt Ave., Belleville, N. J.

"Buster Keaton," by Francis Crabb, 2014 San Nicholas, Ventura, Cal.

"My goodness, I could do as well as that!" All right, go ahead and try. If your Nameograph is published you will be paid $5.00 just as were the readers whose entries appear on this page. Address Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York.

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THE POLICY of PROGRESS

A STATEMENT BY GENERAL MOTORS

IN the past thirty days General Motors has introduced three new automobiles—the new Pontiac, the new Oldsmobile, the new Chevrolet.

In the past twelve months the new Buick has appeared, as well as the new Oakland and the new Cadillac; while the LaSalle, a wholly new creation, has taken its place in the General Motors line.

Such a year's record, accomplished with no interruption in production, furnishes a fitting occasion for re-affirming General Motors' fundamental policy—*leadership in quality through continuous improvement.*

In the working out of this policy, which involves passing on to the public the benefits of advanced engineering as soon as perfected, General Motors has

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expanded its activities until it has become an important factor in the prosperity of the entire nation.

In the north and south it logs and mills its own lumber. In the east it makes its own ball bearings and radiators. In the middle west it produces its own plate glass. All over the country its plants are busy, for manufacturing operations are carried on in 33 cities.

From almost 5,000 suppliers, each one a specialist, its materials are obtained—steel by the hundreds of thousands of tons—wire by the tens of thousands of miles—upholstery by the acre—nuts, bolts and washers by the millions. The sale and service of its products take place through 33,000 dealers. All told, more than 275,000 families look directly to General Motors for their livelihood—almost a million and a half men, women and children, in every walk of life, in every community in the land.

Meaning so much to so many people, General Motors has felt a supreme obligation to look ahead with an open mind.

Are there methods by which General Motors cars can be better built to better serve?

Are there new ideas which can increase the utility and pleasure and safety of motoring?

Are there new materials which can add to owner satisfaction?

Such are the questions that all General Motors engineers have always asked. The answers have made it possible, year after year, to offer an increasing measure of beauty in design, modern performance, riding comfort and distinct style. Thus in every price class, from Cadillac to Chevrolet, purchasers of automobiles are constantly benefiting from the General Motors policy of progress.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND · BUICK · LaSALLE
CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS and COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator
DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plant

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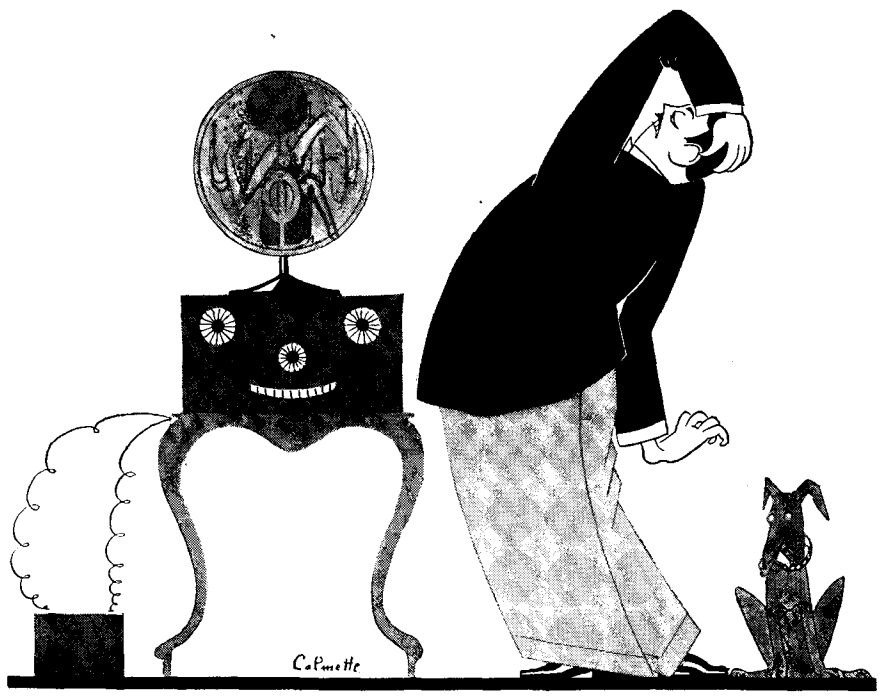

CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD

Radio skipS

By Edwin E. Slosson
Director Science Service

THE radio behaves at times like a crazy telephone girl. She gives us wrong numbers in succession without even saying, "I'm sorry." She is likely to deny us connection with the nearest city and bestow upon us an unasked-for and unknown station a thousand miles away.

This capriciousness, it appears, is due to the fact that the electric waves do not travel along straight lines, stopping at all points like a regular local train, but skip like an express running off its schedule. The British Admiralty is attempting to map these deaf spots by requiring the ships they send out on long voyages to transmit signals to the home station at definite intervals. In one recent trial a ship broadcast a signal with a wave of twelve meters every four hours for twelve minutes. The signals were regularly received by the shore station with gradually diminishing strength up to 100 miles. Then nothing was heard from the ship until she was 1,100 miles off, when they were heard for a few days intermittently. At 3,500 miles they were heard again, but lost at 4,000 miles. Finally, when the vessel was 6,000 miles out, the signals were received with perfect clarity. The shorter the wave length, the longer the skips of silence.

As in a Looking-glass

THE explanation of this eccentricity is that the electric waves from a broadcasting station go out in all directions, upward toward the sky as well as sidewise along the earth. Those that keep close to the earth's surface diminish gradually and fade out at about 100 miles. But those that pass upward strike a layer of reflecting air that turns them down toward the earth at a distance depending on the angle at which the waves strike it. This radio reflector is known as the "Heaviside layer" from the physicist who first thought of it and is not to be spelled "heavy side." It lies about 80 miles above the ground in the daytime and moves up to twice that height or further at night. It is a layer of greater conductivity than the lower air because more of the molecules in it have been broken up into particles of positive and negative electricity by the action of the ultra-violet rays of the sunshine. When darkness comes on the electrified fragments recombine, beginning on the lower side of the Heaviside layer.

Since, then, we receive our radio messages at long distance by way of this sky mirror which varies in position and reflective power, it is no wonder that they come to us from various places and with varying strength. If it was a big glass mirror suspended unstably in the sky, as though hung from the ceiling, and we were looking at it with spy-glasses, we would, of course, get reflections of different parts of the United States as it swayed back and forth, giving us a view, say, of Schenectady, next Pittsburgh, then Davenport, Iowa.

Studying Backward Pupils

THE majority of backward children are doing the best they can—more than can be said for many of the more gifted. At a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science were reported the results of a series of tests on Scotch children of eleven to twelve who were behind their age in school standing.

It is now possible by the usual method of intelligence tests to determine the natural and innate ability of a child, which, compared with the average of other children of the same age, gives what is called the "mental age" of the child under consideration. The mental age divided by the educational age—that is, the average age of the pupils he is with—gives what is called the "accomplishment quotient," which would be 100 per cent if the child were working up to his innate ability, though 95 is considered satisfactory.

In this case 58 per cent of the backward children had accomplishment quotients of 95 per cent or more, showing that they were working at or above what was to be expected from their natural capacity, although their school performance was distinctly inferior to that of normal children of the same age.

Of the rest, 8 per cent were found to be held back by some other reason, such as bad health, poor home surroundings or weakness in some specific subject. The remaining 34 per cent were of normal intelligence, or above it. They would not respond to the ordinary curriculum, but were capable of being keenly interested in technical and mechanical subjects. In schools of a more practical sort they would rank up with what would be expected of their age and ability.

Disturbances or temperamental difficulties in the emotional life were found to be the chief factor in arithmetical backwardness—which is not at all what we should expect.

Susan is Serious

Continued from page 21

Budge had been accustomed to associate with earnest graduate students.

"There is, you know, a more elementary course in this same field," he hazarded. "Perhaps—"

Susan took out her glasses and put them on.

In the end Professor Budge walked with Susan down the stairs and across the campus—forgetting that he had left behind two earnest students with whom he had not yet consulted—and they talked about the vagaries of the subconscious mind.

After that Susan went again to knock at Mr. Hilary North's conference-room door; it seemed only right, since they had chosen these courses together, that she should report to him. Mr. Hilary North, however, had four other people waiting to see him, and he just said "Good afternoon" rather shortly when he caught sight of Susan, and that he should be busy for some time. Susan did not wait. She was not a person to spend her life waiting for any young man, no matter what a nice grin he had or what awfully nice, rather twinkling blue eyes.

AS IT turned out, Susan did not need to wait, anyhow. For she had gone down only two stairs, and was extending her foot with deliberation for the third, when there was a sound of masculine footsteps hurrying, a quick, long stride across the hall, and Mr. Hilary North called after her.

"Miss Dare," he called. "I must speak to you."

"Do," said Susan, turning.

She stood there two stairs down and looked up at him from under the brim of the black hat; her gold-lettered notebook was underneath her arm, and her hand lay lightly on the big square post at the turn of the stairs. This was the natural place to lay a hand, of course—so natural that Mr. North presently laid his there too. Susan came up one stair.

Hilary North came down one. "How are things going?"

"Very well," said Susan, letting her fingers stir just ever so gently under his.

Mr. North removed his hand suddenly from the post. "That is," Susan added, "not so very well."

"Classes going badly?"

"Oh, my classes?" said Susan. "Why, they're going fast enough. I've dropped most of them now, except Psychology 29."

"That's Budge's course?"

"Oh, *yes*," said Susan with enthusiasm, "and he's the *nicest* man. I just can't wait for our next meeting. . . ."

"I'm glad you find it satisfactory," said Mr. North stiffly.

He went up one stair, and Susan went down one, feeling a little as if she had been pushed. And this was the first glimpse she had of the other Hilary North—the Hilary North who stood too straight and looked too stern and acted as if he feared that he had been too nice on short acquaintance and wished to correct his error. There never was such a changeable young man.

He certainly *had* been nice that first time too, and not half bad the second, but after that. . . . After that Susan used to meet him in the park sometimes when she was returning from Psychology 29, and Mr. North hurried straight past without once looking up. Susan, naturally, did not look up either.

But, all the same, she was bothered by it. Susan was not used to being bothered.

Presently Susan settled into the academic routine. She did not go to many classes, of course, because it seemed better to devote all her energy to Advanced Human Experimental Psychology. A great deal of energy it took for that. It was not just the class meetings, though those were arduous enough, but there were many outside meetings too for discussion and experiment.

Susan went to tea with Clarence Meeker, a cadaverous youth who ordered thin bread and butter and unsweetened lemonade and looked as if he had never tasted anything more sustaining, and they experimented with the development of kinæsthetic sensation by laying their hands together under the table. She went to the theatre with Lysander Smythe, a plump, too-talkative young man who whispered in all the most exciting places; and they experimented in coördination by seeing if they could put their heads together in the dark. About five times a week Susan went to a dance, to ward off brain fag.

And yet all the time Susan was bothered.

It was not strange, with so much time devoted to it, that Susan should have done well in Psychology 29. Professor Erasmus Budge said she had a remarkable mind.

After class one day Professor Budge spoke to her about coming to his laboratory on her free afternoon and working on some special experiments. Susan told him she was working on a pretty special experiment of her own just then, but perhaps a little later she might be glad to have his help.

She was wondering whether or not he could help her, when she met Mr. Hilary North again in the park. Mr. North was hurrying fast. He was red in the face, and he was looking at his boots.

"Good afternoon," said Susan.

But Mr. North did not hear her. He seemed to be muttering something to himself.

The color in Susan's smooth cheeks deepened too; she took out her vanity case and powdered her nose.

That was at 4:30. It was quite nine hours later that Susan Dare returned from a dance with Lysander Smythe, and toiled up the stairs to her room in the Bradlow graduate girls' dormitory. She felt hot and draggled. Lysander Smythe had just kissed her several times in quick succession in the taxi to test her emotional reaction. Susan's emotional reaction had not been very good. She had pulled Lysander Smythe's nose. Lysander Smythe's emotional reaction had been anger.

This was Susan's fifth dance of the week, but in spite of her best efforts it seemed as if she might be going to have a little attack of brain fag.

Suddenly Susan found herself crying. Susan did not care much for tears usually—they made such a mess of the face—but now all at once she couldn't stop. The queer part of it was that Susan couldn't imagine what she was crying about either . . . unless it was just because she was disappointed with college life at Bradlow.

Certainly she was not crying because Lysander Smythe had kissed her. She wasn't even thinking about Lysander Smythe. She was thinking about—Mr.—Hilary—North.

Susan Dare sat on the edge of her bed and cried as hard as she could into the middle of her new black velvet skirt. "I don't care," sobbed Susan to herself. "I'm going to do it. What's the point in an ed-ed-education, if you can't u-u-*use* it?"

SUSAN began to use her education the very next day, when at the close of the lecture in Psychology 29 she presented herself before Erasmus Budge's desk. "I want to speak to you," she said, "about a very interesting case that I have noticed."

Professor Budge was all attention.

"It is a young man," said Susan gravely. "Every day after this class I meet him coming through the park. As he enters the park at the further side he seems quite normal. But as he approaches he bends his head down and becomes very red. About halfway through the park—that is, just after he has passed me—a strange thing happens. He begins to walk backward."

Professor Erasmus Budge had not

(*Continued on page 36*)

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BILLY BURCH

Captain of N. Y. American's Hockey team, *writes:*

"Hockey is pretty strenuous—it takes all you've got to keep on top of the old puck. I can't afford to take any chances with my physical condition. That's why I stick to Luckies. In addition to the pleasure I get from their fine flavor, they have never cut my wind to any noticeable degree. Finally, I never suffer with sudden coughing which might be very dangerous for me when there's a scramble on the ice."

Billy Burch

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"No article can grow without quality behind it. LUCKY STRIKES are growing and have grown because of their quality. 'The Cream of the Crop' goes into LUCKY STRIKE. The best Tobacco is bought for them. I know, because it is my job to see that this is so."

J. S. Dowd

Buyer of Tobacco at Louisville, Ky.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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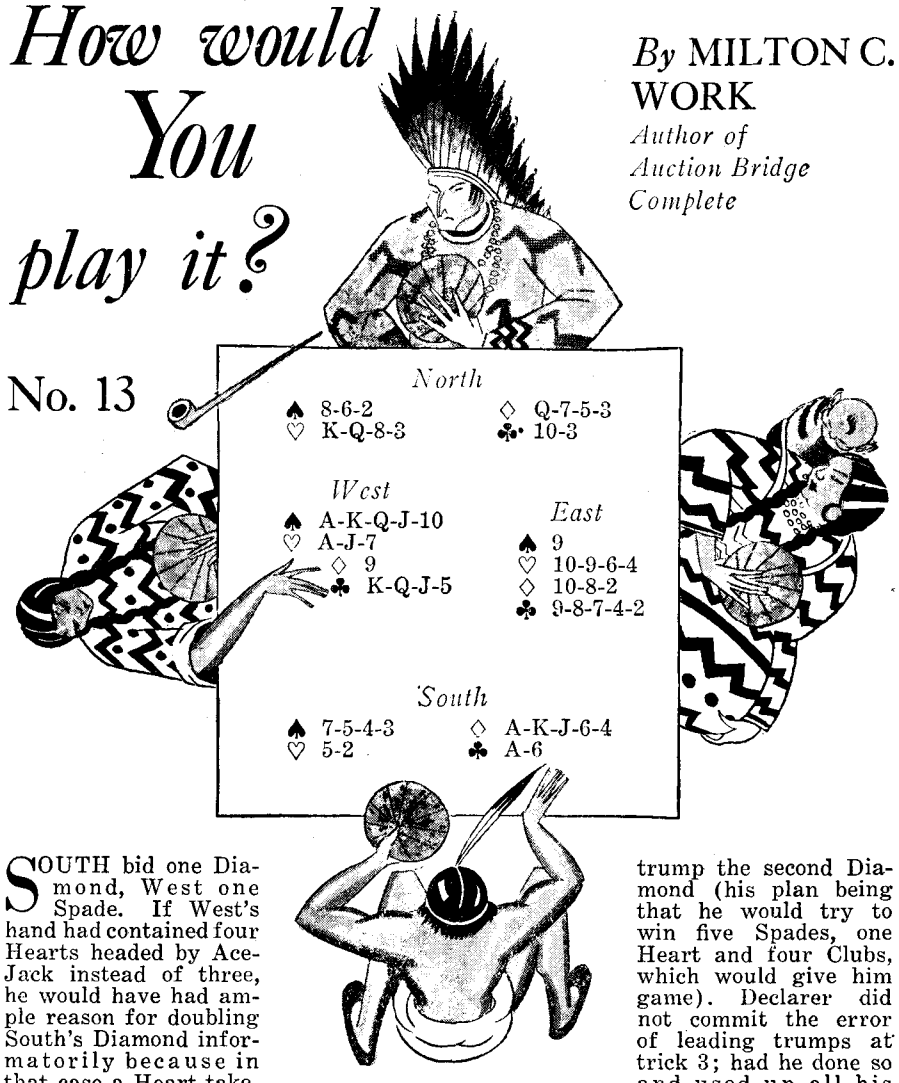
How would You play it?

No. 13



By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

SOUTH bid one Diamond, West one Spade. If West's hand had contained four Hearts headed by Ace-Jack instead of three, he would have had ample reason for doubling South's Diamond informatorily because in that case a Heart take-out by East might work more effectively than a Spade contract. In this case, if West should double and East should bid two Hearts, West would feel constrained to bid Spades over East's Hearts, as he would fear that East had answered the double with four weak Hearts, in which case one of the adversaries would be apt to be as long in Hearts as East, and possibly stronger; if so, Spades would be apt to be a much more profitable trump, so West could see no advantage to be gained by a double: he bid Spades.

North raised to two Diamonds. He was justified by his Queen and three small cards of his partner's suit and his King-Queen of Hearts.

On the second round, West, bidding two Spades, had no opportunity to double informatorily.

North lacked the strength requisite for a second raise; and East, with a bust, was quite right in not denying his partner's Spades.

South, with more than the strength required for an initial bid, had ample justification for a rebid, three Diamonds, after North's raise; but West's three Spades was too high a declaration for either North or South to overcall, and it bought the contract.

The Play

THE first two tricks were obviously Diamonds, and on the second the Declarer (West) had to determine whether to trump or discard. With but a single trump showing in the Dummy (East) hand, the adversaries must have seven, and so it was obvious that one of them must have at least four. If Declarer ruffed this trick, he knew that to exhaust the adverse trumps would surely take all his trumps and there was a chance that he would not draw all of his adversaries'. But if he failed to trump this trick, another Diamond surely would be led and that he would have to trump. West therefore determined to trump the second Diamond (his plan being that he would try to win five Spades, one Heart and four Clubs, which would give him game). Declarer did not commit the error of leading trumps at trick 3; had he done so and used up all his trumps, capturing the adverse trumps before getting the Ace of Clubs out of the way, the adversaries would have entered with that card and would have cashed all their remaining Diamonds.

At trick 3 West led the King of Clubs; he had to take the chance of a 3-1 or 4-0 adverse Club division and the consequent danger that the Ace of Clubs would win the first Club trick and that the winner would continue the suit so that the second Club round could be ruffed by his partner. Unless a ruffing opportunity in the Club suit made itself evident, a Diamond lead at trick 4 was what West anticipated, and that was what happened, as South led a Diamond after he won with the Club Ace, hoping that he would force West a second time. But the Declarer could not afford another ruff from the Closed Hand, so he discarded a Heart.

At trick 5 South led the only remaining available suit—Hearts; West won with the Ace and then won the remaining eight tricks and game by clearing out the trumps in four rounds and cashing the four good Club tricks.

Declarer won five Spades and one Heart—tricks of which he was sure—and four Clubs which he could secure in one way only, and that was by establishing the Club suit before the trumps were led. He was lucky in finding the adverse Clubs evenly divided and in not finding five trumps banked in one hand against him. He was clever in removing that adverse Ace of Clubs before he led even a single round of trumps.

These hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, January 24th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given herewith.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, January 31st, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through these stations: WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ. Milwaukee.

Susan is Serious

Continued from page 34

been so excited since he discovered a Cock-of-the-Walk complex in his chief academic rival. "You don't mean it!" he cried, rubbing his hands together. "Very curious. Oh, very curious. I must see this. I must, indeed." He popped his watch out and popped it back again. "I have no class the next hour. I wonder—"

Susan and Professor Budge walked together through the park, and presently they met Mr. Hilary North walking fast, with the long, easy stride of a man who enjoys walking, and he had his lips pursed as if to whistle.

But immediately after he passed through the gate in the rail fence he bent forward as if inspecting his boots. Also Mr. North's face took on a brighter hue.

Professor Budge began to mutter in his excitement. "Change in coloration," he muttered, "about the head and ears."

Mr. North passed them. Professor Budge would have turned and gazed after him, but Susan checked him with a light touch on the arm. "No, *no*," she said. "Here." And she took a little mirror out of her vanity case and held it up before them as if she would powder her nose. Reflected in the mirror was Mr. Hilary North. Mr. Hilary North . . . was walking backward.

At least Mr. Hilary North had turned squarely about in the middle of the path until he faced directly in the way that he had come. His eyes seemed fixed on the retreating backs of Susan and her companion.

"Loss of the sense of direction," muttered Professor Budge, shaking with excitement. "I've never seen an authentic case. Possible pull of the magnetic pole. I must get hold of that case. I must indeed. It's worth experiment."

"That's what I thought," said Susan.

Professor Erasmus Budge got hold of Mr. North that afternoon. He said that he was writing a monograph—Professor Budge was always writing a monograph or two—and that he needed experimental material of a superior and specialized sort. It would be a personal favor. . . . More than that, it would be a contribution to science. . . .

Hilary North grinned rather charmingly. He did not care a hoot about contributing to science. He thought psychology all tosh, anyhow, and very nearly said so. But he was not a hard-hearted young man, and there was something a little touching in Professor Budge's shaking eagerness. *Besides* . . .

Professor Budge's laboratory was designed to match the Bradlow conference-rooms: a bare, coffee-colored place, gauntly set out with littered tables and decorated with maps and charts tacked against the walls. At one end was a lantern and at the other a large screen for showing slides. But Hilary North at the moment of his entrance saw none of these things. For against the smudged white of the screen, precisely placed midway on a high stool as if she might have been a particularly vivid and beautiful slide herself, was Susan Dare.

SUSAN DARE wore a little red knitted dress, with a round collar under her round chin, and the heels of her black Oxford ties were hooked informally over the top rung of the stool so that the toes pointed down in little black triangles. She had a notebook open on her knees and a fountain pen in her hand—and all the same she looked like a sprite, a little naughty, tantalizing sprite off for a holiday.

"Good afternoon," said Susan.

Hilary North was visibly upset. Susan's hat was lying beside her on a table, and Susan's hair was all tumbled so that it stood up in little lovely rings about her face. Hilary North had never seen her before without a hat. It was enough to upset any man.

"It—it *is* you," he cried. And then: "What—what are you doing here?"

"Experimenting," said Susan. She waggled the gold pen at him and added pertly: "What are you?"

Hilary North took a long turn up and down the room. "Oh, I'm the giddy garden goat," he explained. "I'm the experimental material." He sat down facing Susan Dare.

"I haven't seen you for some time," he said, trying a small grin.

"Haven't you?" said Susan with deliberation. And in the deepness of Susan's eyes lay the memory of all those times when they had met in the park.

Hilary North knew it. It was not a thing to put him at ease.

"ALL ready," said Professor Budge. "I am going to give you an association test. I will read a list of words, and after each I want you to say the first word that comes to your mind. Ready now for the first word: *do*."

"Er . . . Dare," said Hilary North.

"*Name*."

"Er . . . Sue," said Hilary North. "Sue."

"*Heart*."

"Mouth."

"*Face*."

"Pale."

"*Black*."

"Er . . .er . . ." Plainly nothing came this time to Hilary North's mind. Susan tapped a toe against the rung of her high stool. "Er . . . feet," gasped Hilary North.

"*Address*."

Susan was smoothing her little red knitted dress across her knees. "Red," cried Hilary North in desperation.

The next minute he was standing up. He was mumbling something about an appointment . . . awfully important . . . 4:30 . . . very sorry. And the minute after that he was gone.

Professor Budge was elated. "Splendid!" he cried.

"The man has a dissociated personality. And the object of the dissociation is a Red Indian. Don't you see? Do . . . dare; deeds of deering do. Face. . . pale: paleface. And didn't you notice those names of Indian tribes? Black . . . feet: Blackfeet. And Sioux—he said twice."

"What about *a dress* . . . red?" inquired Susan, brushing off her red knitted skirts and climbing down from the high stool.

Professor Budge pointed in triumph to a map hanging on the wall behind her. "The remaining Sioux Indians," he said, "live in Dakota. Dakota, you may say, is their *address*. On that map Dakota is colored red. Address . . . red. The association is as plain as the nose on my face."

The nose on Professor Budge's face was very plain indeed. He rubbed it thoughtfully. "There's only one thing that puzzles me. Heart . . . mouth. When I said *heart* of course I expected him to say stout, or lion, or something indicating valor. But no. Heart . . . mouth."

"He might have meant his heart was in his mouth, mightn't he?" suggested Susan.

Her instructor's glance alone was a rebuke. "A physiological impossibility," said Professor Erasmus Budge.

After that day Hilary North came to the laboratory three times a week, sometimes more—unwillingly he said.

During these meetings Susan learned to distinguish two separate Hilary Norths, and this, Professor Budge said, was a further evidence of the dissociation of personality. One of these was the Hilary North whom she had met that first afternoon in the conference-room: really an awfully nice young man. But the other Hilary North was different. He was a tight-lipped young man, with a pale unhumorous look.

Professor Budge said that the dissociation was becoming more pronounced and that he looked for it presently to be complete.

To this end Professor Budge contrived a multitude of experiments: in wishing, willing, in vision, prevision,

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subdivision and nobody knows what.

Nevertheless Professor Budge was not quite pleased with the way things were going. The dissociation, while at times pronounced, seemed to show no progress. "I had anticipated a moment when the two personalities would become entirely dissociated and the Red Indian would dominate."

It was a few days after that that Susan made her suggestion. "I think the trouble is," she said, "that there's something the least bit too—scientific about this. A little too—experimental. Perhaps . . ."

Professor Budge was not a psychologist for nothing, and he saw at once what she meant. He devised a thoroughly unscientific corner in the great gaunt room: a davenport, a lamp, a little pot of flowers on a miniature table. Hilary North had never laughed more heartily than he did that day.

"What is it?" he asked. "An oasis in the desert?"

"Yes, yes," cried Professor Budge. "That's it. That's it." And he whipped out a little notebook and wrote: "Desert (Great American)."

"It's another experiment," said Susan. She was sitting in the middle of the long davenport, with her hands spread out beside her, and she made a little beckoning with a slim forefinger, to indicate that Hilary North was to come and sit beside her.

HILARY NORTH just sat there beside Susan, still holding the hand that he had forgotten to lay aside. "When does the experiment begin?" he asked.

"It's begun already," said Susan. It struck Hilary North all at once that she was pale.

"I say," he cried. "You look tired. I believe you've been working too hard."

"I have been working hard," Susan admitted. "But I don't seem to have accomplished much."

Presently she was talking about herself—Professor Budge had disappeared behind the screen.

"I think I'm a little disappointed. I was tired of the kind of people I knew . . . and the people here are just the same. I like . . . different people. But I just know . . . one."

Presently Hilary North was talking about himself too. "I like to travel," he said; and he swung out his hand in a wide sweep to indicate distance.

("Great open spaces," noted Professor Budge behind the screen. "Tendency to roam.")

"That's why I was so glad to get this job with the East and West Importing Company managing their Peking office." He told her all about the job and how he happened by a great stroke of luck to get it, and even spoke a few words of Chinese to prove that he was learning.

Susan, it appeared, liked to travel too. It was amazing, when they counted them, how many of the same things they liked: horses and dogs and swift motion and wind in the face and rocks warmed by the sun. . . .

("Wind-in-the-Face," jotted Professor Budge delightedly behind the screen. "Obviously an Indian name.")

"And sleeping in a tent," said Hilary North.

("Tepees," jotted Professor Budge.)

"And boats."

("Canoes," jotted Professor Budge.)

"We ought to try a canoe some night on the river." It was the nearest that Hilary North had ever come to asking Susan to go anywhere with him. "Tonight . . ." And then abruptly he became the ramrod Hilary North. And a little after that he went away.

Things were exactly in this state on the day that Beanbridger came up for his examination for the Ph. D. degree in psychology. Susan had never heard of Beanbridger before, and she never heard of him again, but he was important all the same. Professor Budge had been saving several mean questions to ask Beanbridger, and he had to go down to ask them in person. Susan was left in charge of the laboratory. Professor Budge gave her a list of words for an association test such as he had administered to Hilary North that first day.

She climbed up on the high stool and hooked her heels over the top rung and waited for Hilary North. It happened that she was wearing the little red knitted dress again, the same that she had worn that day when Hilary North was first convicted of a dissociated personality, and her hair was pleasantly tumbled. The early winter dusk was falling, and the lights had been turned on; they shone full down upon her . . . and her lips were very red indeed and her eyes were very black.

It was so that Hilary North found her.

Susan saw at once that it was the wrong Hilary North who had come in that night: the Hilary North of the pale, unhumorous look.

For an instant she thought that Hilary North was going out too. She really did. It was as near a thing as that. "He'll be right back," she said hastily. And she added: "I have an association test to give you while you wait."

She plunged headlong into the test, before he could object.

If Susan had looked right at Hilary North then—if she could have seen the straight white set of his lips and the blue eyes shining so dark and bright and his fair hair all on end—if she could have seen his fingers, twisting against control . . . why, then, she could never have done what she had planned to do. She might have read the very list that Professor Budge had given her, and her own list might never have been read at all.

"Sweet," said Susan, trying not to let her voice quiver. It was the first scientific experiment that she had conducted alone, and she could not be blamed for being nervous.

"Heart," said Hilary North.

"Hold," said Susan.

"Hands," said Hilary North.

"Lips," said Susan.

"Kiss," said Hilary North.

"Love," said Susan.

"Stop!" Hilary North cried out abruptly . . . and there was the crash of a chair going over behind him as he turned. "*Stop!* You don't know what you're doing; you and your experiments. I love you, I tell you. I don't want to love you, but I do. I tried to keep away from you. I was a fool to come here—but I couldn't help it after I saw you with Budge. I . . ." He flung about to face her. "And I never can ask you to marry me," he cried. "I haven't any money. Not any money at all. And *you* . . ."

"You have a job," said Susan.

Hilary North smiled, that awfully nice smile of his all gone crooked, like the grin of a man in pain. "I wouldn't have even that," he said. "The East and West Importing Company doesn't take married men."

Susan Dare's black eyes had never been so black; her red lips had never been so red in all the world. "There must be a million jobs," she said. "But there's only one—you and me."

After that there came a stillness in the gaunt old room with its foolish litter of science. Then Hilary North swooped down on the high stool. And the high stool was suddenly empty.

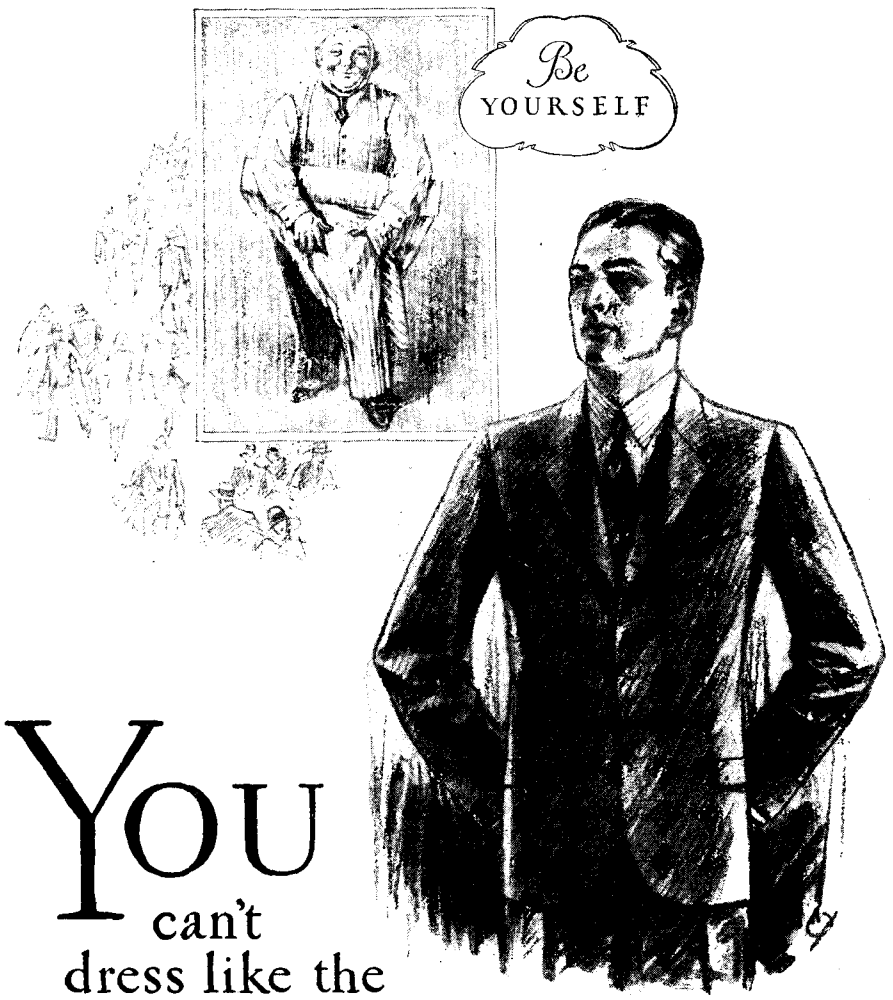
PROFESSOR Erasmus Desiderius Budge, Ph. D., B. Litt., returning from the Beanbridger doctoral examination, was attracted to the laboratory by the sound of a young man's voice repeating over and over the name of a well-known Indian tribe, resident in Dakota. "Sue, Sue, Sue," the young man was repeating, as if he could never have enough of it. "Sue . . ."

Professor Budge crept close and peeped in through the door. He rubbed his hands together till they rattled. There never had been a monograph in the world such as he could write now. "Complete. Red Indian dominates. He thinks he's taken her captive."

And indeed it did seem as if Professor Budge was right. Susan was so little, and Hilary North so big, and he held her so very hard. Susan could not have escaped had she tried. So she did not try.

"Do you mean it?" cried Hilary North. "Do you *really mean* it?"

"I never was more serious," gasped Susan.



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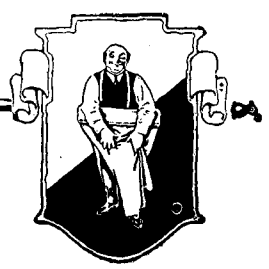

Whos Your Tailor?

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Muddy Water

Continued from page 11

to high land back of Vicksburg this afternoon. Our levees will hold, but one may give way above us, and the old people and the children might have a hard time outrunning the backwater."

There was a buzz of undertoned comment: "De ole witch on de rampage! . . . Somethin' bound to bust! . . . Somewhar! . . . But not on Mister Jeems' niggers and cotton!"

Preacher Wes always felt morally and spiritually responsible for everything everybody did or said, and he was indignant.

"Ain't no time to go tawkin' proudful now," he declared. "Dat's de Lawd's river, and she'll bust on anybody's niggers and cotton she gits ready to. And proudful talk ain't gonter stop hit."

"But hit's Mister Jeems' levee too," one of the men argued. "De Lawd ain't gonter bust Mister Jeems' levee. He might bust a levee on de yuther side er de river, but not on Mister Jeems' side."

"Stop dat proudful tawk," Preacher Wes roared. "De Lawd kin humble anybody he wants to. He humbled ole Norah wid a flood, didn't He? Well, jest cause you's Mister Jeems' niggers don't make you no better den ole Norah. You niggers been proudtawkin' round hyar to de Lawd done downright lost patience, and de Lawd gonter humble you. Ef'n I was de Lawd, I'd give ev'y one er you a good duckin' right hyar and now."

The exhortation for humbleness in the face of danger continued for half an hour, and Archie thought it all sounded extremely reasonable. He had been proud himself that afternoon when he thought Ida Bell was encouraging him. But he wouldn't be proud any more—not while the Lord had a rampaging river ready to turn loose upon him, anyway.

"I ain't nothin' for a gal to come cou'tin' back at," Archie confessed in the privacy of his bedroom that night. "I jest a measly little ole runt which can't do nothin' but plow, and I couldn't do dat good, ef'n hit wan't for ole Dungeon S." And, his conscience clear of pride, he went to sleep.

When he awoke next morning he was not surprised to see the land dry and the levee standing firmly against the rampaging waters of the old witch river. He grinned. "Hit sho' was a tree frog I hyared last night on de levee when I sung at her." And in an hour, just as the sun was breaking over the levee top, he and Dungeon S. were back at the plow.

Nearing noon Archie noticed that the seep water by the levee was spreading over a wider area, but thought nothing of it. When Big Link came to that end of the field and saw the water seeping in the furrow, however, he investigated the seep springs in the weeds near the levee.

ONE look was enough. The springs were muddy, and the water was bubbling out more rapidly. He raced back to his mule, unhitched him from the plow, and mounted. As he headed toward the barn he yelled over his shoulder to the others: "Sand bile! Hit's a big sand bile—yonder—" And he urged the mule into a gallop.

A sand boil on a levee means but one of two things: it means that the water is forcing its way through the levee in increasing amounts and soon will gnaw a breach, or it means that the river has eaten its way under the levee and the levee itself is liable to drop into the river at any moment. Either is sad news to people who are protected from a boisterous river by nothing more than a twenty-foot dike.

When the dreaded word was shouted by the fleeing Big Link the hoe women dropped their implements and ran, and Archie quickly unhitched his mule and mounted.

Then two things happened almost simultaneously. Ida Bell stumbled on a hoe handle and fell, spraining her ankle, and Dungeon S. selected that particular time to assert himself as a Maury County mule. He balked.

While Ida Bell crawled forward, vainly calling to the fleeing women for assistance, Archie and Dungeon S. were having a hard time. Archie was insistent, and Dungeon S. was determined.

"Well, don't move, den," Archie finally said in disgust. "I'm gonter set right on yo' back to de river biles over, and I hopes you gits drownded twicet."

And he sat stubbornly and patiently upon the mule's back.

Finally the plantation bell rang. Dungeon S. figured it was dinner time, and without a word from Archie he turned and started toward the barn.

When Dungeon S. turned Archie saw Ida Bell. She was sitting on top of a row, crying softly.

"What de matter wid you, gal?" he shouted. "Don't you know hit's a sand bile?"

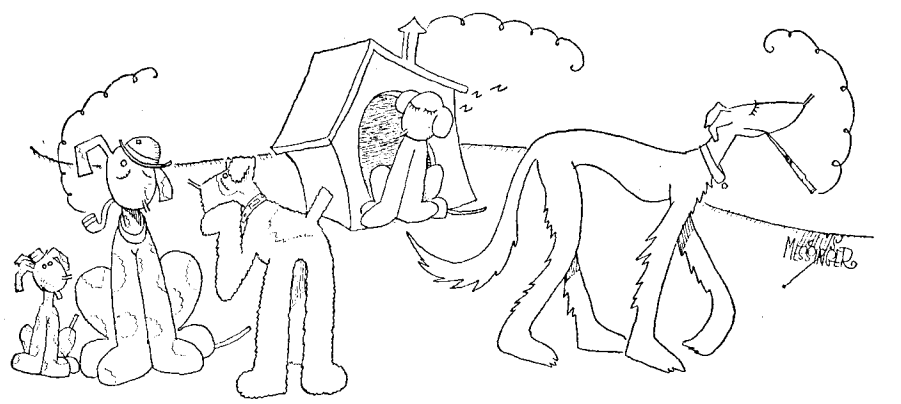
"I sprung my ankle," Ida Bell wailed.

As for Archie—it was the first time a levee had ever burst right in his face, so to speak, and he didn't know exactly what to do. Dungeon S. seemed to know, though, and Archie was glad to shift the responsibility.

The water rushed in, spreading swiftly over the field, and Dungeon S. spotted dry ground on top of the remaining stretch of the levee. He made for the dry ground. And as he walked up the steep embankment Ida Bell's weight nearly unseated Archie.

"Watch out, gal!" he ordered, grabbing at the mule's hames to hold on. "You mighty nigh pulled me off'n dis mule den. And don't squeeze me so hard; I can't hardly git my breaf."

WHILE the muddy water rushed through the gap in the levee, gnawing the breach wider and wider as it passed, and filled the lowlands with hardships, terror and destruction, and



"Did'ja notice how conceited Petronius-Von-Barko has been since he got the job posing for that radiator cap designer?"

"Well, settin' and squallin' 'bout hit ain't gonter cyore hit," Archie philosophized. "Whyn't you light out for de house?"

"Hit's sprung too bad," Ida Bell whined. "I can't walk."

"Well," he offered, "git up behind me. I and ole Dungeon ain't got no sprung laig."

Ida Bell looked at Dungeon S. and then at the levee. After all, the levee hadn't actually broken yet.

"I'm too skeered to ride a mule," she whimpered.

"I'm ridin' him, ain't I?" There wasn't a lick of pride in Archie's voice when he said that. He said it as though he meant, "If I am not afraid to ride a mule, you ought not to be."

"But you's a man," Ida Bell argued, "and I ain't nothin' but a gal."

In spite of his resolve the night before, Archie could not help feeling proud of that. The levee might burst right squarely on him, but his chest swelled proudfully.

"Yeah, I'm a man," Archie bragged. "I'm man enough not to let no mule hurt you. Git up hyar. Stand on yo' good laig, gal, and put de yuther foot in de trace chain and climb up behind me. Don't set hyar squallin' at me like a fool."

The command, even though it came from the runty little Archie, was a command. And Ida Bell felt dreadfully in need of being commanded just then. She stood on her sound foot and pulled and scrambled, and, with Archie's assistance from above, she finally managed to mount.

Not a minute too soon. As though the mounting had been a signal, a fifty-foot stretch of the levee, undermined by the swift current, caved into the mighty Mississippi River that was twenty feet above its normal banks.

The deafening roar and the surge and splash of the water as it rushed through the crevasse frightened Ida Bell into a convulsive unconsciousness, and she grabbed Archie around the waist with a deathlike hug.

while rescue parties in small boats combed the inundated areas for refugees, Archie and Ida Bell waited. They waited for nothing in particular; they merely waited. The mule had wandered several miles down the levee and had stopped to eat some choice sprigs of grass that he spotted on the trail.

Archie climbed down and assisted Ida Bell to the ground.

"Well," he remarked casually, "hyar us is."

Ida Bell looked from Archie to the mule and then to the land side of the levee. Already water was showing itself, muddy and swirling, among the blades of grass and willows that lined the levee.

"Yeah," she agreed, "we is."

Archie looked out across the broad river and toward the high bluffs that almost lined it on the Mississippi side.

"Sho' is," he said.

They sat side by side in a silence that lasted for more than an hour. The sun, almost directly overhead, beat down upon them mercilessly. Dungeon S. grazed a while and then, satisfied, rested on three feet and slept.

Already the water had risen so that small chunks of wood were floating. And as far back into the woods as the eye could penetrate, the ground was hidden by the muddy, ugly substance that even then was gnawing the gap wider and wider, up by the cotton field.

"Heap er water," she confirmed.

Another hour of silence, and Archie spoke again.

"I'm hongry," he said.

"I ain't; my foot hurts too bad," Ida Bell rejoined.

Another long silence and then Archie said: "Ef'n I had some mullen leaves and some hot water and stuff, I could cyore dat foot."

Ida Bell warmed up with friendliness. "And ef'n I had some grub and some fire, I could cook you a bait er vittles."

Archie said nothing. He noted the more than impersonal tone in Ida Bell's voice, but he recalled what had happened when he acted proudful with her in the field, and he was determined not to provoke the Lord further. The Lord already had busted a levee in his face, and there would be no telling what was in store for him the next time he acted proudful.

"Hit'll be as high on de land side as hit is on de river side terrectly," Ida Bell remarked.

"Un-hunh," Archie grunted.

"Archie," she whined, "how long us got to stay hyar?"

"To de water go down, I reckon," he estimated. "You ain't skeered, is you?"

"Kind er skeered," the woman admitted.

"Skeered er which?"

"De water and stuff."

"I and Dungeon hyar, ain't us? Us ain't gonter let nothin' harm you." Archie didn't mean to say that; it just slipped out of his mouth before he thought. It was proud talk, and with the water getting higher! He shivered but went to sleep.

When Archie awoke it was night—nearing morning, he judged by the set of the moon. He looked around and saw his mule a short distance down the levee, picking at willow tops that were not yet submerged. He noticed that the water on the land side of the levee was nearly as high as it was on the river side, and that only a narrow strip of land was visible on the crown of the embankment. Finally his eye caught Ida Bell, curled up and asleep, not far from where he had slept.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Skeered. Fool woman."

He turned his eye back to the broad river. In the moonlight he could see things floating—strange-looking things, shaped uncertainly and weirdly and their outlines shadowed by the tricky moonlight. He was fascinated as he watched the objects float by, now, swiftly with the main current, now slowly with the eddies.

When dawn broke and the morning mist lifted, Archie could distinguish the floating objects with little difficulty. Trees, logs, brush, timbers—all were in the procession. Occasionally a chicken or a turkey would be riding on one of the floating objects, and once a sad-faced hound dog came by, fairly close to him, seated upon the top of a huge cypress stump.

AFTER a while, as the light became brighter, Archie noticed a huge, bulky object, far upstream, near the opposite bank. It looked like a house, and he called Ida Bell to witness.

"Hit's a man on dat house," he exclaimed.

Ida Bell looked and confirmed Archie's statement. Then she waited for Archie to say something else. But Archie did not say it.

Finally Ida Bell could stand the silence no longer. She wanted to talk, and she wanted to talk to the man who had saved her life.

"Archie," she said sweetly, "I wisht you had some mullen leaves to cyore my foot, and I wisht I had some grub to cook you some breakfus."

Archie became keenly interested in the idea of breakfast. "Did us have some grub, would you cook hit for me?" he asked.

"I cooks for you to my dyin' day, Archie," Ida Bell declared with feeling. "Ef'n hit wan't for you, yistiddy—well, whar'd I be, now?"

Archie didn't know where she would be, and deep down in his heart he did not particularly care. But he could not fail to interpret such a bold declaration for what it was meant to imply.

"You called me a 'fat mouf' yistiddy," he reminded her.

Ida Bell laughed. "You hadn't ought to pay no mind to ev'ything a gal calls you," she explained. "Sometimes a gal is jest funnin'."

The conversation was getting beyond the control of Archie.

"I sho' am a fat mouf," he mumbled.

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"I likes a fat mouf, den," Ida Bell assured him, "when he's a big-tawkin' man like you."

Archie's chest swelled in spite of himself. He was acting proud right before the Lord, and no doubt the Lord would just about ruin him for it, this time. Probably drown him in the water. But the offense had been committed, and he might as well have a little fun being proud until the blow fell.

"Ida Bell," he said bluntly, "what you say I and you gits married up some time?"

Ida Bell dropped her eyelids shyly. "Awright," she consented. "Sometime ain't too quick for me, quick as us kin git a preacher."

Archie looked around as though he expected to see a preacher standing conveniently by.

"Yeah," he said lamely, "us got to git a preacher somewheres." The fact that there were no preachers near him encouraged him.

"Well, yonder is a preacher!" Ida Bell exclaimed, standing up and pointing to the floating house. "Ef'n dat ain't ole Preacher Wes settin' on top er dat house, I hopes to bust wide open."

Archie looked, and his heart sank. The house had floated across the main channel and was being carried along by the slow current that wound around the bend of the river near where they were. He not only could see Preacher Wes, but he could see that Preacher Wes was reading a book—his Bible. The Lord was swift and powerful when it came to humbling a proudful man.

Ida Bell cupped her hands to her mouth. "Yeah, Preacher Wes," she shouted. "Yeah, over hyar! Hyar us is!"

Preacher Wes adjusted his spectacles. "What kind er foolishness is dat?" he demanded. "You and Archie on de levee? How long you been?"

"Since yistiddy," Ida Bell informed him.

Preacher Wes was indignant. "And y'all ain't married up," he exploded. De Lawd orter drown you like a rat!"

"But us gonter git," Ida Bell assured him. "You gonter stand on dat house and I and Archie gonter stand hyar, and you gonter marry us up as you rides past."

"Dat's diffunt," the preacher conceded, and he commanded Archie to stand by the side of the bride-to-be.

"Lock hands," he commanded, and Archie reached for Ida Bell's right hand with his left.

"De yuther hand, fool," she instructed.

"Don't you know how to git married?" shouted Preacher Wes.

"I ain't never been," Archie apologized meekly.

"Well, Archie," Preacher Wes explained, "de Bible say you got to 'dow dat gal wid yo' worldly goods."

"What's dat?" asked Archie, and as the house floated nearer and nearer Preacher Wes endeavored to explain.

"Ain't got none." Archie declared.

"Yo' clothes—yo' pants—dat's worldly goods," Preacher Wes itemized. "You got pants, ain't you?"

"Yassuh."

"Well, you got to take 'em off and give 'em to her, do she want 'em."

IDA BELL snickered at the idea, and Preacher Wes turned a withering frown upon her.

"And you better take dem pants and patch 'em, when he gives 'em to you too, gal," he thundered. "I don't want no foolishness f'm you. I'm sick and tired er seein' a man work all day in de fields whilst his wife lays round and won't even patch his pants."

Ida Bell sobered up to the seriousness of the occasion, and several other phases of the ceremony were elaborated upon.

Then Preacher Wes announced he would read from the Scriptures at this point of the rites, and he read and read, while the house floated along with the current. Suddenly the house was caught in a swift stream and carried rapidly around the bend below Archie and Ida Bell.

They looked at each other questioningly.

"He didn't git mo'n ha'f done, did he?" Archie estimated to Ida Bell.

"About," she admitted, "and I bet hit won't another preacher float by in a month er Sundays."

They sat down again. Ida Bell was disappointed, and she said nothing. Archie acted as though he had just escaped cold death. He rubbed his hands together nervously and looked about for Dungeon S. The mule had quit grazing and was standing near him. Archie patted his nose affectionately.

The sun now was two hours high, and the river was alive with small motor boats, bounding back and forth and disappearing in all directions. Finally one darted out from behind the willows at the river bend and headed toward them.

"An old man we took off a house down yonder said we'd find you here," said the man in the boat. "How many are there of you—two?"

"And a mule," supplemented Archie.

"NO TIME to fool now, boy," the man said abruptly. "Lot of people caught in the woods and around. You and the girl get ready to jump in as I pass, and I'll shoot you across to the refugee camp on the other side."

"But de mule—he can't git in dat little boat, suh," Archie insisted.

"To hell with the mule."

"But hit's Mister Jeems' mule," Archie explained. "And he won't git in dat boat. I knows dis mule. I knows what he will do, and I knows what he won't do. And he ain't gonter git in dat little boat, suh."

"Nobody wants him in the boat." The man was losing patience. "You and your woman jump in as I pull by."

"And leave de mule?" The idea sounded too absurd to Archie.

The man cut off his motor and looked at Archie in disgust. "You damned niggers," he exploded, "will sit and argue about a mule or a cow or a hog and let the water—aw, what's the use? Here's some sandwiches and a jug of water. Catch it. There is a steamboat working the levee further down, I heard. Maybe it will get up this far."

The boat disappeared upstream.

Archie and Ida Bell feasted and talked until late afternoon when a steamboat did come. It was loaded with refugees—white and black men, women and children, chickens, cows, horses, mules, hogs, dogs—everything and anything, and they were carried across the river, where already a big refugee camp was being rapidly filled.

When they landed, Ida Bell had to ride Dungeon S. off the boat, as her ankle still troubled her. Archie walked and led Dungeon S.

When they arrived at the Negro refugee camp, a mile back of town, Archie saw a white man seated at a long table, writing in a book, and he headed for the white man.

"Cap'm, suh," he asked, "you don't know whar I kin git a little cawn for dis mule, does you? And some hay?"

"Plenty in the corral," the white man stated. Then, looking up and seeing Archie and Ida Bell, he asked, "Just got in?"

"Yassuh," said Archie.

"Well, let me get your names. Married, huh?" The man was writing on a card.

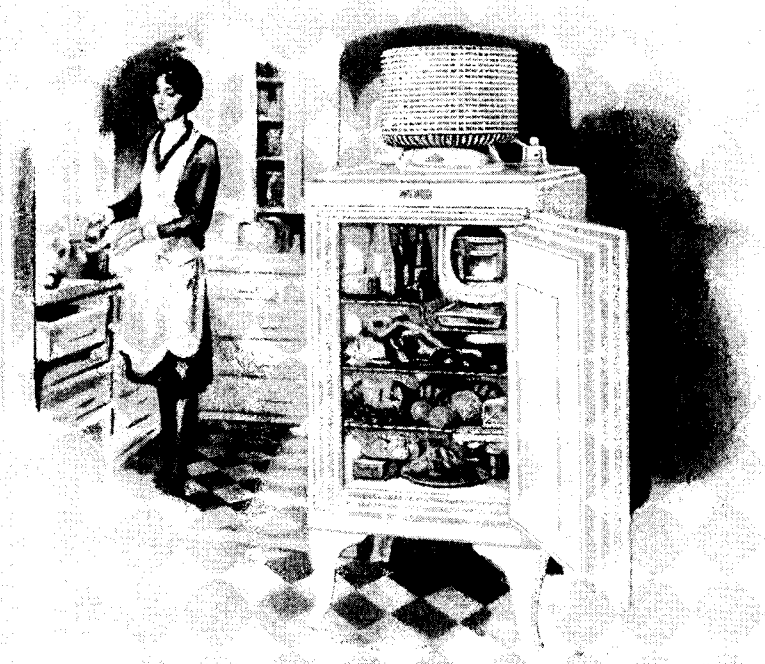
Ida Bell had looked the camp over from the back of the mule. There were lots of children and women. And men, too. Maybe old Big Link was among the men. Maybe, even, there were some men bigger than Big Link. At any rate, there were plenty who were bigger than Archie.

"Who—me? Married up wid dat runt?" she interrupted. "Humph! I got a sprung ankle. Dat's how come I's ridin' dis jackass."

Archie grinned. "Naw, suh, boss," he said. "Us ain't ha'f married. And dat ain't all—" He looked squarely at Ida Bell. "Dat fool gal busted de levee right square in my face."

Ida Bell slid from the mule's back and stuck her face close to Archie's ear. "Fat mouf!" she snapped.

Archie backed away, caught his under lip between his teeth and sucked in with a hissing sound: "I wouldn't marry a crazy gal like you is, ef'n you was two gals. Come on hyar, Dungeon, le's git dat cawn and stuff." And he led his mule toward a feed trough.



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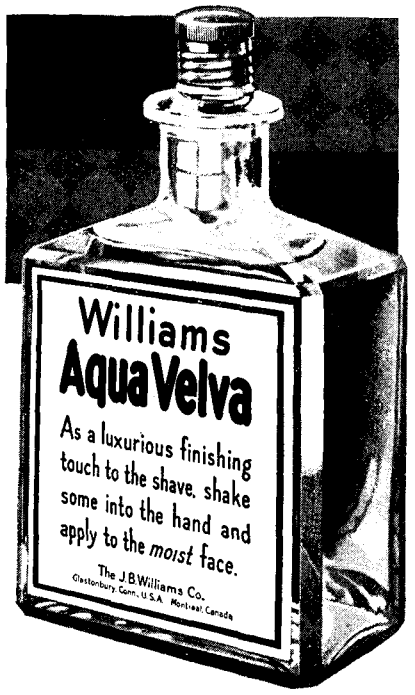
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King Leatherneck

Continued from page 14

their heads sheepishly like children found at fault.

"Listen," said Captain Presley, "this is going to be good. The gendarmes have had strict orders to allow no cows within a mile of this landing field. We've had trouble about it before."

Lieutenant Wirkus addressed himself grimly, in steady level tones, to the sergeant. He spoke Haitian Creole with complete and appalling fluency for at least five minutes, and gave the sergeant five days in prison.

Waving Captain Presley good-by as he sailed away, we followed a winding trail through high thorn bushes—there isn't a road or wheeled vehicle on the entire island—footing it to the mud-walled village of Anse-a-Galet, on a hillside overlooking the sea, dominated by "King" Wirkus' royal palace, a wide-porched screen bungalow, built on a solid concrete base, tin-roofed, whitewashed, clean as a new pin.

Three years before he had been sent to La Gonave armed with double authority as lieutenant of Haitian gendarmerie and chief collector of revenues. One of the first things he did was to set about exploring the more or less unmapped interior of his domain.

He found that the life of the peasants was dominated by certain highly organized "Congo Societies," ruled by a number of powerful black "queens" and banded together chiefly for coöperative agricultural work on one another's farms.

He found that the queens of these societies, who had their "prime ministers," "generals," "ministers of war" —whole "courts," in fact—wielded also powers of primitive justice, settling disputes and keeping order.

He learned that the most powerful of all the queens was a certain "Ti Meminne," who lived on a mountain slope in the almost exact geographical center of the island.

He went to see her, had the court convoked, and to the amazed delight of all confirmed her in power—of course with necessary qualifications. Some weeks later they begged him to return and with wild, joyful and elaborate ceremonies crowned him king of the island.

Two mornings later we started on unshod Haitian ponies to the queen's palace. We came soon to the ruins of a primitive little water mill. In a clearing fifty yards above it stood a new building, with cows grazing, poinsettias flaming at the fence gate, and other signs of prosperity.

An agile barefooted old woman in a white bandanna with gold hoop earrings and a coral necklace ran out.

She seized Wirkus' hand, kissed it, tried to drag him from his horse and, failing in this, began tugging at the reins.

"Hell," said he, "we're in for it." So we dismounted and followed the old woman to the house. It was another homemade mill, primitive as the ruined one below, except that it was driven by a shiny gas engine of American make.

Practical Leadership

THE son, Jules Narcisse, told me the story of the two mills.

Three times, in three successive rainy seasons, torrents had wrecked the mill below and he was prepared to give up in despair when Wirkus advised him to borrow money, bring an engine over from the mainland and put his mill up on the hillside. Narcisse had a brother who believed himself to be a mason and who professed complete ability to "set" the engine. But he built the concrete base out of true, and the belt kept flying off. So they went in despair to Wirkus, wailing that the American engine was *no good*.

The king came up to take a look, swore a little, galloped back to Anse, returned in overalls with a procession of prisoners carrying new materials on their heads, smashed the old base, built a new one with his own hands, and reset the engine true.

Further inland, crossing a mountain range, we emerged on a high plateau called the Plaine Mapou, and, galloping among prosperous little farms and gardens, were stopped again, held up by peasants who demanded that we come and see some new baby pigs. Their inbred razorbacks had been running worse and worse to seed, and Wirkus a year before had persuaded the agricultural college across the bay to send them as a gift a number of pedigreed hogs.

It was in the Plaine Mapou that we turned aside to see a certain *gros Négre*, a rich, swaggering peasant named Alliance Laurent, who, Wirkus had learned, was infringing on the land of neighbors. With many wives and concubines he was like a proud rooster surrounded by his hens.

Wirkus smiled like a benevolent crocodile on Laurent, took his outstretched hand, fired a string of compliments among his women and began congratulating Laurent on his handsome riding breeches and boots.

The White Room in Washington

in next week's issue reveals the surprising power of

The Emperor of America

"You know, Laurent," he said, "why it gives me such joy to see you in fine health and fine garments?"

Laurent gaped.

"Because it will add to the joy of the girls and women at Anse-a-Galet when they see you marching barefoot in monkey clothes [convict stripes] carrying water all day long on your head for my shower bath."

Not a word had been spoken about the infringement of land, but we weren't a mile along the trail when a terrified and humble Laurent came galloping after us promising to restore all he had taken.

We plunged again into the mountain jungle and finally arrived in the afternoon at the habitation of the black queen, Ti Meminne. It was a big fenced compound, amid banana groves, plaintains, mahogany and kapok, with five or six thatched houses, peristyles and unwalled pavilions with thatched awnings erected on poles.

The queen happened to be engaged in the weekly royal baking. She was a huge, squat Negress past fifty, of solid bulk rather than fat, with a big head and heavy but not gross features, clothed in a checkered Mother Hubbard, brilliant red bandanna, gold earrings and bracelets, and she was barefooted. Through half-shut eyes I seemed to see the black queen placidly munching her scepter

I wanted to photograph her thus, but she demurred. She insisted on dressing first, and we humored her. She waddled into one of her several houses and began howling for various maidservants. When she emerged she proudly wore shoes, stockings and a dress of gay, flowered silk. And she had smeared her black face with talcum.

I posed her in a chair, with King Wirkus beside her. This time she held her real scepter, a short baton of mahogany. A twelve-year-old-girl came, bubbling with excitement and a little afraid of the camera, and knelt before her with a Congo flag. The queen, who had had some previous experience in being photographed since the advent of the white king, observed that the girl kneeling there would obstruct the glory of her shoes. With a well-directed kick she toppled the girl over and ordered her to kneel at the side. Then she patted her on the head to show that she wasn't angry.

It was Wirkus' custom when visiting the center of the island to stop always at the habitation of Constant Polynice, richest *gros Négre* of the interior, where a ceremonial gathering of the Congo societies was planned for that night in his honor.

A King Without a Queen

THE signal drums were already booming beneath the peristyle when we arrived. All afternoon we had heard other drums relaying the message across mountains, ravines and gorges, heralding as clearly as Morse code the coming of the king.

The peristyle was decorated with flags and wild flowers. Though it was still twilight, lamps and torches were lighted in the peristyle. In response presently to cries for "Le Roi," the king grinned at me sheepishly, and then strode bareheaded, astonishingly blond, square-jawed, no longer grinning, to the doorway.

An old woman kissed his hands, knotted a scarf of yellow silk around his shoulders, made the sign of the cross upon his forehead. Then he stepped forward, and a procession formed. Two men clashing machetes marched before him, two flag girls with arms upstretched crossed their flags above his head, a dozen others marched behind, two by two, with crossed flags, chanting "Le Roi! Le Roi! Le Roi!" More black men waving machetes followed, dancing.

Three times around the peristyle they marched, and then fell back, leaving Wirkus standing alone before the drums, which went dead silent for a moment and then boomed out a new brief rhythm—the salutation to the king.

Then all night long drums throbbed, black bodies wove and whirled and leaped, white teeth and eyeballs gleamed, wild chanting arose, primitive, sympathetic, savagely beautiful, beneath the tropic stars. . . .

Returning days later by other trails to Anse-a-Galet on the coast, there was one thing my friend Wirkus asked me to do in case I wrote about his little island kingdom: he asked me to say that the barracuda fishing is grand and that any adventure-bound American craft which happens to be wandering this winter around the Spanish Main—rum runners and hijackers absolutely barred—could count on a safe anchorage and friendly welcome in his harbor.

King Wirkus isn't lonely, but if there is anything he loves more than candy it is real fishermen and pretty American girls, preferably chaperoned by their mammas.

Apropos of that, there is one other point he begged me to make clear: although he is king of the island, he is not married to the queen—he is not married to anybody—and he does not keep a harem.

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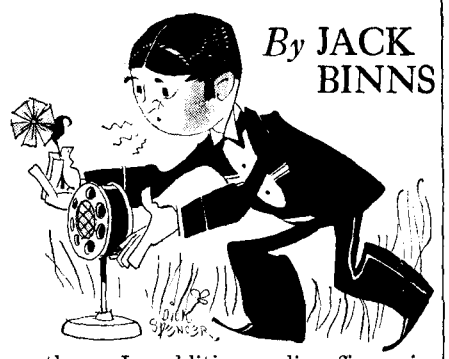
The Bee Power Hum

By JACK BINNS



After nine years of studious observation scientists in Colorado have discovered that bees have a strong preference for blue-colored flowers.

Here's an opportunity for stunt-loving station directors to plant their microphones in clusters of blue flowers so that the dear radio audience may listen to the buzz of the busy little bee.

Charting the Air Lanes

"CHRISTMAS DAY Santa Claus brought me a radio set," chortles George Simpson. "It is fine," he adds, "but I am puzzled about one thing. I've got the itch to bring in some distant stations, but like Little Bopeep I don't know where to find them. The newspaper programs print kilocycles and wave-length numbers, but they don't mean anything to me. You see, I never did learn Greek. They don't mean much to my radio dial either, because it can only count up to a hundred. What am I to do about it?"

George, there's just three things you can do. First, ignore the distant stations completely. Second, go over the dial and take any the good Lord sends you and then mark down their numbers for future reference. Third, be real scientific, as follows:

Take a sheet of graph paper. Mark the horizontal lines zero to a hundred. These will represent your dial numbers. Mark the vertical lines 550 to 1,500. These represent kilocycles. Tune in a station at low end of your dial. Put a dot on the graph paper at the intersection of the lines representing the dial number and kilocycle number. Repeat the process with a local station in the middle of the dial and again at the high end. In each case make a dot at the point where the dial line crosses the kilocycle line. When you get this job finished draw a red ink line across the paper through those dots.

That graph is your chart. When you want to get a particular station look up its kilocycle rating. Then go to your graph and the point where the red line crosses the kilocycle line will give you the dial number. That's where you will have to look on your radio set for the station you want.

For the Inventors

ONE of the associations representing the radio industry has offered its services to the aëronautical industry in developing mutual problems. This is a very fine gesture that can be made really effective if serious effort is put back of the offer, because radio is absolutely vital to aërial navigation.

The airplane in its commercial form offers us not only increased speed but also the economy of straight-line communication. It does not have to make detours to evade the natural obstructions which impede and delay other forms of transit. These are its advantages.

Some of its disadvantages can be rectified by radio. For instance in the radiogoniometer (which is more commonly known as the direction finder, or radio compass) radio offers aviation a perfect and scientifically accurate means of navigation. The field locator enables aircraft to make a landing even in foggy weather. In addition radio offers aircraft telegraphic and telephonic means of communication with distant points on the ground or in the air.

These are the bases on which real, constructive work can be done by radio engineers. The most vital problem in commercial flight is weight. Radio apparatus to be successful on aircraft must be metal-shielded. This means great weight. The lightest metal known is magnesium, but its liability to combustion makes it useless. Possibly it can be combined with some other metal that will give it strength and durability without materially increasing its weight. A great deal can be done in developing wind-driven power-supply equipment. In addition there is the problem of a permanent antenna structure yet to be solved.

Focusing the Wave

"I HAVE read that the beam radio Marconi has developed gives secret communication. How can it be used for broadcasting?" asks Harry Elkins.

That is a fair question, Harry, and it expresses the general confusion concerning the beam. An ordinary lamp casts its brilliance evenly in all directions, the rays growing weaker in equal degree in all directions as they get farther away from the lamp.

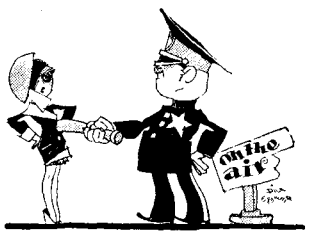
If you put a reflector back of the lamp, and carefully focus it, the rays will be concentrated into a beam. All around the back of the reflector will be darkness. The beam, however, will cast its ray much further than the bare light did, even though no more power is used. You will observe that the beam widens out gradually according to its distance away from the lamp.

The beam radio system is just like that. By the time the beam has crossed the Atlantic from a station in England it is so wide that it can be received anywhere from Canada to Florida. It does not offer the degree of secrecy that is claimed for it. On the other hand, it is not suitable for broadcasting because of the narrow path it covers, although it can be used as a relay between two fixed points more efficiently with a minimum of power, and it does not use up very much space in the ether doing it.

He Must Have It

NOW we know just what goes to make an announcer. In an advertisement in the Washington papers station WRC declares that he must be a "man with personality and good education between the ages of twenty and thirty-five years. A knowledge of music and experience in public speaking will be helpful. Must have good speaking voice and extensive vocabulary."

The "ad" does not state what the paragon must do with the education he acquired before twenty.



Ask Dad! He Knows

It would be interesting to know the results obtained by those feminine members of the "vast unseen radio audience" who religiously follow the rules and recipes of the radio cooking classes.

Damascus for Swords...

Western Electric for telephones

The swordsman of old gloried in the excellence of a Damascus blade. So, through the ages some one product of a craft has been outstanding. Today with telephones it is Western Electric.

Most of the readers of this advertisement have never used any other make of telephone. The reason for this takes you back half a century, when many manufacturers were making telephones and the Bell Company selected Western Electric for sheer merit.

Because of this relationship with the Bell System, Western Electric has been able steadily to improve its product. Engineers of your telephone company, alert to better the service, work hand in hand with engineers of Western Electric, eager to produce the superior equipment needed.

Thus your telephone makers are edging up on perfection.

Western Electric

Purchasers... Manufacturers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

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Fisherman Says He Never Gets a "Bite" From This Tobacco

However, it helps him get the kind of "bites" he wants

The sport of fishing seems to enlarge men's souls, despite all the fish stories we hear. Let a man find a hole where the fish are biting well, and nine times out of ten, if he is a true sportsman, he will let his friends in on the good news.

Evidently the same thing holds true of pipe-smokers. Take the case of Mr. Massey, for example. He has learned from a fellow fisherman how good Edgeworth is, and now wants to tell the world about it himself.

Jasper, Tenn.,
March 23, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

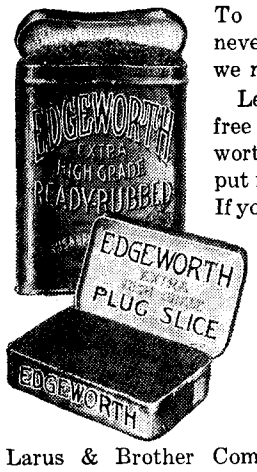
I have always wanted to smoke a pipe. After several attempts I gave my "taste" up, for with each trial I got a blistered tongue.

One evening, when looking over a certain outdoor magazine, I read that a certain fisherman could catch more fish when using "Edgeworth," so I decided I would try "his" tobacco—for I am no poor fisherman!

The next day I tried to secure Edgeworth. The local country storekeeper did not have it, so I sent by a friend to the city for my first Edgeworth. Two things have happened: I still smoke Edgeworth, and the local storekeeper always has a supply.

I catch fish and *never get* "a bite" from Edgeworth!

Yours for keeps,
H. V. Massey



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

The Valley Girl

Continued from page 18

likely anyone will be around there. It must be most one o'clock right now. Can't you—?"

Gavin Cole looked at his wrist watch. The hands registered 3:45. His nerves began to tingle.

"Here!" he said sharply. "Come across with the whole yarn, and I'll give you the fifty dollars myself. What are you talking about? Speak up!"

He spoke in the voice used by doctors for the rousing of semidelirious patients. His choice of tone was unfortunate. It pierced momentarily the drink fogs that enwrapped McCay's wontedly alert brain. The blaster's jaw dropped.

"Lord!" he blithered. "*You* wasn't to be told. I—I—"

He strangled, then broke into a loud and wholly mirth-drained laugh.

"I was just conning you, boss!" he declared. "Just seeing what you'd do. I'm drunk. I—I—why, I was just a-kidding you. And you fell for it. You see, it's this way—"

But Gavin Cole was no longer visible to the hazy view of McCay. Vainly the blaster sought to focus his blurred eyes on the engineer. Cole was a hundred feet away and running.

Outside the guard dormitory stood a motorcycle, left there a few moments earlier by its policeman owner. Gavin commandeered it. Cole could not know the rider had gone inside for a can of gasoline with which to fill his nearly empty fuel tank. Otherwise the engineer might have thought it a saving of time to wait until the tank should be replenished.

Off roared the motorcycle, Cole guiding it by the shortest practicable route toward the distant shale shelf. He could not understand the whole scheme whose salient parts McCay had babbled. But he gathered that Ham Gerritt and Raegal and someone else were to have gone by stealth to the shale and that an injunction was to be broken.

Why he himself was not to have been told, he could not imagine, or why Gerritt, unordered, should have planned the trip. Above all, he could not figure why the notoriously stingy little foreman should be paying his two assistants a bonus of fifty dollars apiece—presumably out of Gerritt's own pocket—for whatever they were to do there.

As his cycle whirled into the long lane lined on either side by poplars and thickets two badly burned men farther up the lane caught the whir of the engine. One of them was carrying a third man in his arms. They slunk into a copse, crouching there as the machine tore past them. Then they emerged and resumed their campward journey at a faster pace.

Midway in the lane the machine coughed consumptively and went out of commission. Cole made a few frantic efforts to set it in motion again. Then, discovering the tank was empty, he deserted the useless motorcycle and set out at a run upon the hundred yards or so which stretched between him and the meadow in front of the shale outcrop.

THROUGH the last barrier of poplars he ran. He emerged into the open, where, just in front of him, arose the thither side of the bank. His practiced eye took in immediately the new-tamped blast and the sputter fuse leading to it. Now he understood. But he looked in vain for the men who had carried through the clandestine job to this climax and who then unaccountably had deserted it.

As he peered bewildered at the fuse he saw the tinder-dry meadow grass in front of it was a-smolder, where the bursting of a Roman candle fireball had ignited it.

Ignorant of the pyrotechnic bombardment, he assumed that the blasters had fired the drought-parched grass in the belief that the sparks must reach the fuse. If so, their hope promised to be justified.

For the curling dry grass was in a fine smolder. The gentle afternoon breeze was spreading the crawly line of fire steadily toward the outer tip of the thin shell of rubber hose with its protected length of fuse. An inch or so more and the fuse must catch.

Forward stepped Gavin to pull the hose free of its juncture with the waiting blast. He moved fast, for at any instant the nearest grass spark might touch the fuse tip.

HE HAD no eyes nor thought for anything else than the undoing of this lawless work Gerritt had set in train—a job which must cast wide discredit on the Bett enterprise as well as entail stiff legal penalties. Thus he did not so much as note the runabout drawn up close to the shale bank and partly hidden from his direct view by a bulge of the shelf.

Nor did he look to that side at all. After he had balked the dire mischief, it would be time to inspect his surroundings for trace of Gerritt and the others.

Out of the poplar fringe he hastened and straight toward the fuse. At his third step he was aware of a sizzing sound. Then something sun-bright and scalding hot slapped him on the left shoulder as with an indignant fist.

His tweed coat was scorched. A shower of sparks began to burrow into its rough surface. Cole beat out instinctively the mysterious fire from his shoulder. But as he did it a second fireball hit his elbow with another angry impact and a shower of colored sparks.

Then, even as he was shaking and slapping out the fire from his sleeve and as he stared about him in stark bewilderment, he saw.

He saw, at the edge of the rock bulge, a slender little white-clad figure facing him fiercely, while a sputtering Roman candle in one outflung arm vomited sparks and fireballs.

As Cole recognized the girl a ball hissed past his ear. Then Faith shifted her aim, and another grazed his puttees.

"Hold on, there!" he shouted, astounded. "I'm Gavin Cole, Miss Christie. Won't you aim your pretty fireworks in some other direction? If one of them happened to hit my face—"

"One of them will," she returned, her voice high and unsteady, "if you move one step nearer that fuse. I didn't know who you were when I opened fire. But I can't see that it makes any difference whether I am protecting my brother's work from the roustabouts who tried to destroy it or from the man who gave the roustabouts their orders. Please go back the way you came unless you want to be burned very frightfully, as your men were."

As she talked she pointed the sputtering candle to one side and let its remaining contents blaze harmlessly into space. But instantly she caught up another candle and held it ready, with the punk stick close to its tip.

Gavin Cole eyed with slack-jawed amazement the gentle girl who long ago had been his friend and who now seemed turned into a homicidal little fury.

A thousand times in the past few months her face had come unbidden between him and his work. But never had it worn this eerie look of strain and of hysteric resolve that rendered it all but unrecognizable.

He could not make head or tail out of the tragic-ludicrous situation. That Gerritt should have sought to blast the rock in defiance of Bett and of the law and without letting Cole know, was incomprehensible enough. But that Faith Christie should be standing there in the soft afternoon sunshine, blazing at him with a Roman candle, was too fantastic for his dazed perceptions to credit.

Then, through his turmoil of astonishment and his bemused indignation that she should suspect him of having ordered the blasting, he remembered the sputter fuse. He glanced down at it, fifty feet ahead of him just as an enterprising crackle of grass fire reached it. The fuse tip sputtered. Then it disappeared into the rubber casing.

Invisibly the spark was eating its way along the none too lengthy fuse inside the tubing, straight toward the detonator of the blast.

Gavin Cole's heart went sick within him. Faith was standing not thirty feet from the hose. When the blast should explode she and all her elusively lovable daintiness and youth and vigor would be reduced to nothingness.

Gavin sprang forward. As if she divined his intent to charge, Faith had touched the punk stick to the Roman candle before he was in motion.

He stopped in midrush as the candle was leveled calmly at his face.

"Look!" he yelled, pointing to the tubing. "The fuse hasn't a minute to run. If I don't tear it out, you and the shale will be blown sky-high together. Don't point that fool thing at me, I tell you! I've no wish to be blinded saving your crazy life. Put it *down!*"

At his savage command Faith glanced momentarily at the fuse, but not long enough to permit him to take advantage of her shift of gaze. She saw the hose lying as it had lain ever since she arrived at the shelf. It was not sputtering or showing the faintest sign of being alight. True, the grass smolder was near the tip of the tubing, but there was no outward symptom that the thing was going to ignite.

She knew almost nothing of sputter fuses, as they had been used little at her brother's dam. She had seen them only once or twice. But she imagined that, like all other fuses, they would burst into spitting and fast-traveling sparks when they were ignited. This hose seemed passively innocuous.

Into her overwrought fancy came the only solution her strained senses could grasp. From a hiding place among the trees Gavin Cole must have watched the failure of his men to carry out the task he had assigned to them. When they were driven off, carrying the crippled Gerritt, he had come forth alone, desperately set on igniting the fuse they had not been able to light. His trembling eagerness to reach it now

Lincoln WRITES HOME

Two hitherto unpublished letters written by Abraham Lincoln are presented by

CARL SANDBURG

In next week's COLLIER'S

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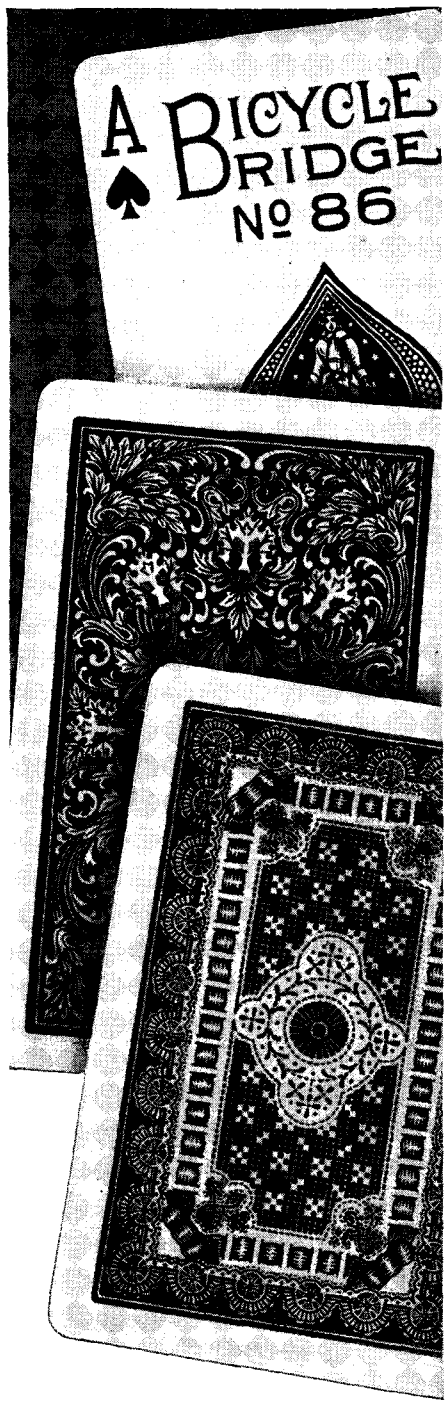


A Wide Variety of Artistic Back Designs

Mr. Work says:

"To thoroughly enjoy any card game use clean, snappy cards."

BICYCLE *and* CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A. Windsor, Canada
Co-sponsors with Auction Bridge Magazine
(Milton C. Work, Wilbur C. Whitehead, Editors)
30 Ferry St., New York, of

BRIDGE *by* RADIO

was that he might set it afire. His excuses as to her possible danger were framed to throw her off guard and to keep her from driving him from his goal.

A flurry of righteous rage encompassed her at the thought—rage not only at the trickster but at herself. She had tried, with all her loyal might, to believe what her brother and her brother's friends had said of Cole.

Her mentality had been convinced they must be right. But always, down in the depths of her very troubled heart, something had told her, over and over, that there must be some explanation of the whole thing—some explanation which should prove Gavin was in part the clean man she once had learned to like so encompassingly and not the tricky scoundrel his actions and his affiliations had seemed to prove him.

SHE had upbraided herself fifty times for letting Gavin keep such a strange hold on her thoughts, and she had wondered contemptuously at herself for not being able to put him from her memory.

Now, in a flash, her brother was proved triumphantly right. Cole had plotted this evasion of the law in letting the river out through the blast rift in the shale—probably arranging to say that a drought fire in the meadow grass had exploded some forgotten blast left there since the day of the shelf battle. He had lacked the courage to come out into the open and help in the illicit work lest he be recognized. He had hidden so that any possible blame, in case of discovery, might be laid upon his subordinates and that his own skirts might be kept clear.

Then, as a last desperate resort, he had flung away caution and was seeking to complete the destruction from which Faith had driven his men. More, he was seeking his own safety from the Roman candle fire by trying to make her think his only wish was to save her from danger and to undo what Gerritt had sought to do.

The light-swift realization of Gavin's utter vileness cleared her dizzy brain and straightened her wavering arm.

"Stop!" she ordered, her sweet voice taking on a harshness unpleasantly suggestive of a snarling cat. "Stop where you are. Now, turn and walk back, as fast as you can. I—"

"Good Lord!" raged Cole. "Can't you see you're killing yourself? Put down that measly Roman candle and let me get to the fuse. It—"

For answer, as he took a forward step, a fireball plopped past his head, singeing his hair.

"Your face, next time!" she warned him grimly. "*Go*, please!"

Through all her contempt and fury she was aware of a growing horror lest she chance to injure this man who was her foe and her brother's and who was seeking to wreck the work on which their future hung.

Half of her laboring brain longed to wreak murderous punishment on him and to defend the blast at cost of a dozen lives, if need be. But the other and illogically feminine half of it cried out in anguish of appeal for him.

She had not more than a breath of time to wonder dizzily at this internal war of her nature. For, with a sharp twist, Gavin ripped off his coat and threw it over his head. As he muffled himself thus he plunged forward to the sputter fuse.

A Roman candle ball smote the folds of tweed on his head, setting the fabric a-smolder. Another glanced along the back of the hand wherewith he held the coat in place; and it singed and scored the flesh torturingly.

Unheeding, he dashed on. He reached the hose. With a mighty yank he jerked it free from its fastenings at the mouth of the blast.

He cast it from him aimlessly. The tubing fell at the girl's feet.

She had marked its flight in dazed helplessness. She had fought her good fight. She had lost. She could not take in the meaning of this unforeseen new move of her adversary. Dully she saw an end of the tube strike her foot as it landed on the earth in front of her.

The shock of the fall knocked from the tube end a half inch of snapping fuse.

Faith Christie's gaze was riveted to the sizzling fragment. Now she understood.

She looked up vacantly at Gavin. The man was paying no heed to her even as she was paying no heed to the futilely exploding Roman candle which had dropped from her numbed hand.

Gavin had thrown his smoldering coat on the ground. Now he was stamping out its smolder. Then, still without looking at the girl, he began to put out the string of grass fire which was curling snakily toward the shale.

"Half an inch!" babbled Faith foolishly. "Half an inch. Only half an *inch* of the fuse was left when you pulled it away. I—"

She ceased. The man did not answer her or look at her. He did not seem to have heard her incoherent murmur. His busy feet continued to extinguish the creeping smolder amid the short grass.

Then he took out and opened his pocketknife—a fat and foreign-made utility instrument containing various tools as well as blades. Kneeling down at the blast hole, he proceeded very coolly to empty its outer edge of its contents.

He cleared away the detonator and the front inch or so of the tremendous explosive behind it. Then, still without speaking or looking at Faith, he vanished around the corner of the shelf, whence the girl could hear his hands splashing in the river.

Presently he returned, carrying a dripping double handful of black river mud. Deftly he slapped this against the blast opening, patting and punching and smoothing it into place, filling completely the mouth of the hole.

When he had finished he spoke to the girl, who had been standing mute and wide-eyed as he worked.

"Tell Christie he'd better send someone up here to draw this charge," he bade her. "If he doesn't, they may try to blast here again. Let a professional explosives man draw it. I don't see any reason for risking my life by working any deeper in the stuff. If you care to, you can tell him I heard about this scheme from a drunken blaster a few minutes ago, and that I came here as quickly as I could to prevent the rotten thing that was being done. You can tell him this was the work of a foreman who has more zeal than sense and who is going to be fired for it and that neither Mr. Bett nor I nor anyone else in authority knew a thing about the dirty plan. Christie won't believe any of that, of course, and neither will you. I'm not interested in either of you believing it. I've said it in justice to Mr. Bett, not to myself. Please understand that."

He turned on his heel and went back to the river. As he knelt at the brink, washing the clinging black mud from his hands—and wincing as the process stung his seared hand with fresh pain—he was aware that Faith had followed him to the water's edge and was standing by his side.

AS HE got to his feet Faith Christie spoke. Her voice was small and timid and not wholly steady:

"Mr. Cole," she began, falteringly, "there—there isn't anything for me to say to you. I—"

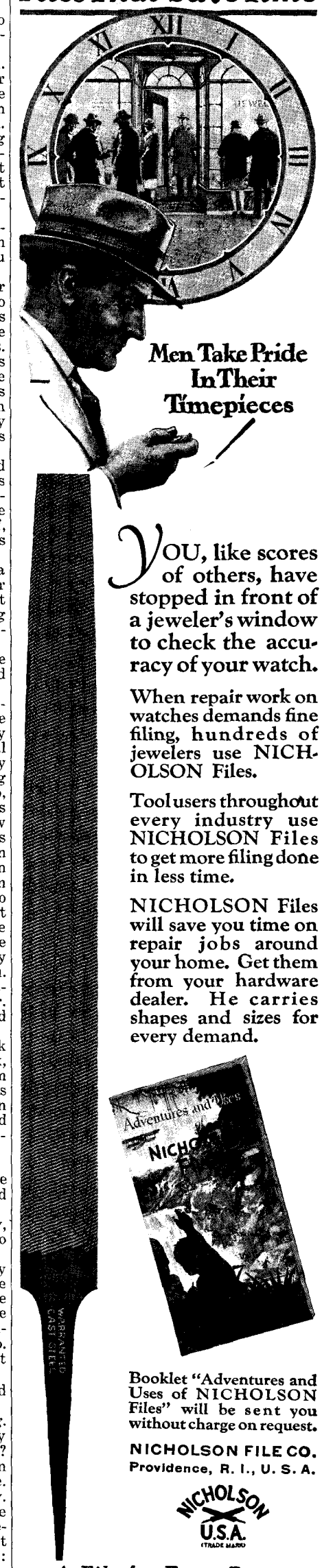
"No," he agreed, curt and grouchily forbidding as he looked down into the swimming dark eyes that seemed three sizes too large for the white little face and whose appeal cried out so pathetically against his stony displeasure. "No. There isn't. Suppose we let it go at that."

He was moving away when her hand fell pleadingly on his arm.

"Please!" she begged, half crying. "Can't you see how horribly unhappy I am and how a—how *ashamed* I am? You knew I was going to be killed in another few seconds. You warned me. There was time for you to get away. And then you played with death to save *me* from it. I—I want to tell you something, Gavin—something that can't make so very much difference to you: perhaps it can't make any difference to

(*Continued on page 44*)

Files That Save Time



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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 43

you at all. But I want to say it, please. May I?"

Sulkily he continued to look down at her without answering. The small voice went on, striving for steadiness:

"When—when you were making that—that glorious dash to pull away the fuse—the fireballs hit you twice. They—"

"Yes," growled Cole in elephantine sarcasm, "now you speak of it, I believe they did. My coat is a pleasant reminder of your good aim. So is the back of my left hand."

"PLEASE!" she begged again, wincing under his words and his grating voice as though he had sworn at her. "But I want you to know, Gavin, that I didn't mean to. Honestly, I didn't. You have to believe that. I was holding the candle, aimed straight at you, when you threw your coat over your head and rushed at the fuse. And half of me was telling the rest of me you deserved to be set afire and perhaps injured terribly. But the other half of me wouldn't let me do it. That sounds silly, but it isn't. I knew all at once that I couldn't hurt you, no matter what you did. And I dropped the candle, Gavin. But in the little speck of time while I had been trying not to—not to keep from hurting you, two of the fireballs went off. I was holding the candle out straight and I was all dazed, and then I realized all at once as I dropped it—I realized I had hit you in spite of my not meaning to. That doesn't make any sense, does it? But—"

"Not to a thick mind like mine," said Gavin.

"But," she forged on, her effort at voice steadying becoming painful, "but it's true, just the same. And you have to believe it. You *do* believe me, don't you? Tell me you do believe me."

"Frankly," replied Cole, speaking the more roughly as he steeled himself with growing difficulty against the anguish of appeal in her unsteady voice, "frankly, I can't see that it matters. Even if you didn't happen to realize that you were pointing the thing at me and that it was lighted, you surely don't ask me to believe you were thinking of something else when you halted me a moment earlier and told me to go back unless I wanted to be burned, and when you sent the earlier candle shots at me. If it will make you feel any more comfortable, of course, I'm quite ready to believe you did and said the whole thing absent-mindedly while you were wrapped in a sweet reverie of mercy. Suppose we let it go at that? No great harm is done. My coat is an old one, and my hand will be well again in a few days. I'm sorry if I'm not as gracious about it all as I might be. I've been through a rather annoying few seconds, and they haven't left me at my civilest."

He moved away. But once more she followed. The tears had begun to course down her tanned cheeks, and now there was no semblance of steadiness in her choked voice.

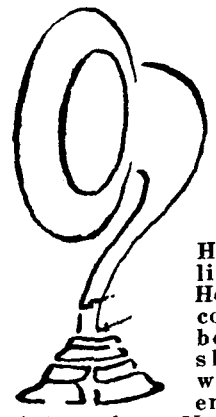
"If you had flinched, for even a second or two," she was saying, "it would have been too late. There was only just a wisp of the fuse left. That makes it all the viler of me to—"

"Not at all," the gratingly sullen voice reassured her. "It was my own foolish miscalculation. If I had known that a quick-burning fuse had been used, I wouldn't have wasted so much time in jabbering. I figured I had a half minute on my hands. The only reason I made that melodramatic jump for it was because I was afraid one of your absent-minded fireballs might put my sight out of commission. If it had—I might never have been able to get to the fuse. And I have proved I couldn't induce *you* to believe there was any danger in it. So we'd both have gone to glory."

He ceased speaking, a little ashamed of his own boorishness but glumly resolved not to soften toward this hysterical hellcat who now seemed so childlike and appealing.

"Please don't cry," he said gruffly. "There's nothing to cry about. It's all right, I tell you. No harm is done. When you've had time to cool down, you'll realize I am just as much of a blackguard as you've been told I am and you'll be ashamed of yourself for talking to me as if I was human. If you can get home all right, I'm going now. Good-by. Don't forget to tell Christie to have that charge drawn. A thunderstorm might set it off, or someone might get to tampering with it."

He turned away. She took a quick step toward him, catching his blistered hand, and bending over it. Her soft lips touched lightly the burned surface.



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NAMEOGRAPHS

Then she ran, sobbing, back to her car.

Dully, expressionlessly, the man stared after her; then down at his own hand.

With a hot intake of breath he strode after her. But instantly he halted. For a moment he stood irresolute, miserable.

Then heavily he retraced his way toward the poplar lane and the useless motorcycle he had left there.

As soon as he had trundled the awkward machine to the police dormitory at Regin he hurried to the Eagle Hotel to make his report to Bett and to ask for an authorizing of Gerritt's immediate discharge.

The more Gavin pondered over the blast foreman's astonishing action the less could he understand it. Of course, if Gerritt could do the blasting surreptitiously, the foreman might reasonably expect a big cash reward from Bett. But the chances had been desperate.

Bett must be told of it at once and future misdeeds of the kind be guarded against.

Gavin found himself less able than usual to think consecutively. For, as he sought to concentrate his thoughts, they would scatter in mazy disorder before the memory of a childlike face, tear-streaked, and of a soft touch of lips on his blistered hand.

Strive as he would, Cole could not keep his mind free from Faith, nor his conscience from scourging him for his boorishness toward the penitent and miserably unhappy girl. Most of all would his thoughts center in breathless amazement on that touch of her warm lips to his hand.

Cole ran up the steps of the Eagle Hotel porch and in through a group of idlers to the suite where Wilgus Bett made his field headquarters.

It was a rule of Bett's that any upper employee of his, with anything of importance to discuss, was at liberty, day or night, to come unannounced into his presence.

But this afternoon Smeed, the private secretary, got up briskly from a chair by the office's outer entrance and barred his way.

The meager little secretary, with his ageless and age-filled parchment face, stood with his back to the shut door and with his hand on its knob as Gavin hurried into the anteroom.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cole," said the secretary, his tone as parchmentlike and lifeless as his face—"I'm very sorry, but Mr. Bett is not in just now. He left—"

From somewhere behind the closed glass door came the sound of several men's voices raised in a sudden loud laugh. Loudest among them rang the unmistakable laugh of Wilgus Bett, dominating the lesser cacchination.

"Good boy!" boomed Bett's voice, unmistakable again, and distinct. "Now suppose we get back to business."

"Mr. Bett is in conference," proceeded Smeed, unruffled by his employer's inconsiderateness in refuting the secretary's smug statement that he was out. "He posted me here to make certain he should not be disturbed. He—"

"In conference?" repeated Gavin, puzzled at his chief's falling back on this most ancient and most mustily abhorrent of official lies. "In conference with whom? I have some important—"

"With his lawyers and some gentlemen who got here on the 3:46," responded Smeed. "He told me no details. But he told me to see that nobody—*nobody*—interrupted him until the conference ends. I am sorry, Mr. Cole, but—"

"Oh, all right!" grumbled Gavin. "It was his own business I wanted to see him on. Not mine. Please phone me, over at the camp, as soon as he is at liberty. Tell him it is important."

Two hours later, as Cole was winding up the day's work in his own office tent, Smeed came in.

"I gave Mr. Bett your message, Mr. Cole," said he. "He was sorry not to be able to see you. He has just gone to New York for the night. He won't be back until some time late tomorrow. He instructed me to give you this note."

He handed Gavin an envelope, then stepped back out of the tent.

"What train did Mr. Bett take to town?" asked Cole.

"He went by motor," answered the secretary, "along with some of the gentlemen who were here to see him this afternoon. Good night."

SMEED backed noiselessly out of the radius of the tent's electric light into the dusk of the yard. Gavin took up the envelope and began to tear it open.

Then he remembered that the Gerritt matter ought to be dealt with swiftly and drastically.

Smeed probably would know where Bett planned to put up in New York for the night, so that he might be reached by telephone. Gavin hurried out to overtake the secretary before the latter should pass through the gate of the camp on his way back to Regin.

The electric flare, just above the gateway, illumined the spare little secretary. He had walked fast to reach the entrance so soon. A big motor car was drawn up in the shadows, just outside the gate. Into this Smeed climbed. Someone on the rear seat moved to one side to let the little man sit down. Then the car was in motion.

Gavin had broken into a run. Now he stared annoyedly after the receding machine. Just then it passed by a saloon whose door was flung open.

A wide bar of light fell momentarily across the rear seat of the car, revealing for a flash of time the faces of its occupants.

Gavin Cole stopped short in his pursuit, peering incredulously after the receding car. Slack-jawed, dumfounded, he stood there.

(*To be continued next week*)

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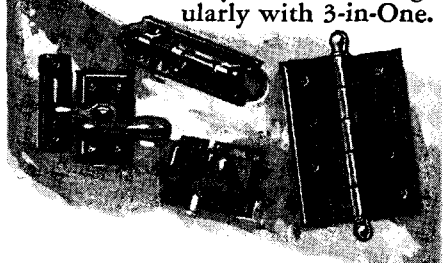

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L365

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 7

staying up half the night. I turned to go and encountered the eyes of my cousin, Fred Gorham.

I nodded coolly, and would have passed him without speech but for the fact that he held out his hand.

Five years ago I would have knocked him down, but in five years hurts become alleviated.

"Hello, Allen," he greeted me. "Didn't expect to see you here."

"Nor I you," I told him.

Damned cad, he took every one else to be a snob like himself, and hastily explained:

"Oh, I couldn't miss a show like this. Imagine? An automobile for the prettiest girl. And did you ever see anything like the cigarette cases?"

As he spoke he brought forth his favor from his waistcoat pocket.

"You don't have to accept it, you know," I reminded him.

He had a helpful faculty, this cousin of mine. He could ignore snubs wonderfully.

"When did you arrive in town?" he asked.

"Recently," I answered.

"Here for long?" he inquired.

I smiled at him. "Worried?" I parried.

To my surprise—odd how we are prone to associate a low degree of morality with a parallel degree of courage—he met my glance squarely.

"You wouldn't expect us to give three ringing cheers if you took up a residence in New York, would you?"

"Who are 'us'?" I demanded.

He colored slightly as he answered, "The family."

"Flattering," I jeered, "that a flock of second and third cousins should care a hoot about me."

"Now don't take that tone, Allen," he said.

"Be happy that my tone isn't any more offensive than it is, Fred," I warned him.

"The same old hot-tempered Allen, eh?" he said.

"The same old Fred too, eh?" I retorted.

He chose to ignore the sneer in my voice.

"Didn't know you knew the Candaces," he remarked.

I COULD have reminded him that he knew nothing of my acquaintance save what hearsay information he might have acquired about me. But what was the use of starting any argument? Five years ago was five years ago. Despite a leap of my pulse and a tiny pain in my heart, I reminded myself of that fact.

"Do you know them very well?" I asked.

He had a mean, sneering sort of grin, and he employed it now.

"Nobody *knows* them," he replied. "They're a show, that's all. Never met them in my life. They've been pointed out to me, but I never exchanged one word with any of them." He laughed. "I'll make a small bet that 50 per cent of the people never even saw the Candaces."

"And the Candaces invited people whom they'd never seen?" I persisted.

"Certainly. It's nothing unusual, although providing automobiles and Adirondack camps is a new note in social climbing. Why, use your head. As a matter of fact, there isn't an established hostess in New York who knows five or six hundred eligible young men."

"Then how do they get them at their parties?"

"They do as the Candaces have done, only not quite so crudely. An established hostess will know a couple of boys in a college fraternity and rely on the discretion of those boys to ask only nice fellows. You see, the girls must have dancing partners, so a college boy that's invited is told to bring along a dozen friends. But the Candaces—and this is a fact—wrote to fraternities of which they didn't know a single member and put a private car at the disposal of the college boys, to bring them to this dance tonight. Also, they went over the social registers of half a dozen cities and invited lists of people. Now, I ask you, if some vulgar climber acts in this fashion, what obligation rests upon his guests?"

"To be equally vulgar, I suppose," I said. Then, as a couple passed me, I indicated the young man with a nod. "Don't tell me that he's a Harvard sophomore. The only school he ever went to was the college of hard experience."

FRED shrugged. "Well, if people spread invitations broadcast, it's not to be wondered at that a few gigolos pick them up."

"And worse than that," I suggested.

"Much worse," he assented cheerfully.

"It's a damned outrage," I said.

"I don't see how. If these people aren't satisfied with their Kankakee friends, and are willing to entertain strangers, why should anyone care that impossible people get in?"

"Because the Candaces are fine people," I replied hotly.

"Time was when a Gorham would have hesitated to term a vulgar parvenu nice," he retorted.

"The time may come when a Candace will look down on a certain Gorham," I told him.

"There's one Gorham that a lot of people won't even look down at now," he said.

"Funny," I said. "How you can be obsessed with an idea for years, forget all about it, and then have it come racing back?"

"I don't think I follow you," he said.

"It's nothing much; just a wonder as to what would happen if I hit you?"

I'd been wrong about Fred. Whatever else he was, he was no coward.

"Try it, if your curiosity is as strong as all that," he suggested.

"Temptation is more fun if it is prolonged," I said.

"You seem to take these Candaces rather seriously," he jeered.

Vonny, in the arms of a sleek-haired rat, passed by. She waved a gay hand at me.

"Looks as though Ken Runyon has the inside track," remarked Fred.

"Is that the name of Miss Candace's partner?" I asked. "Who is he?"

(*Continued on page 46*)

"I might as well have an onion sandwich"

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The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 45

"One of the dancing young men one sees around the night clubs," Fred answered.

"What's his business?"

"Women," Fred replied.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"For a man who lives by his wits—" Fred began.

I'd stood about all I intended to stand from him.

"Never mind about me," I interrupted him. "Tell me about this Runyon. What about women? You mean to say—"

"Well, *if a man entertains ladies of* the half-world on a magnificent scale and has no visible means of support, nor"—with a glance at me that was a trifle too suggestive—"even an invisible *means of livelihood, and if some of his* flames, having ceased to burn brightly, intimate openly that the fuel of the blaze was furnished by them—"

I cut short his wordy speech.

"*You mean this Runyon* lets women support him?"

"He isn't the only one of that kind here tonight," said Fred. "Several others have been attracted by the bait of *Yvonne Candace's* prospective fifty millions."

"Thirty," I corrected him.

My cousin chuckled. "Such accuracy would seem to indicate that you had investigated the bait."

I looked at him squarely. "Only one Gorham ever married a woman for her money," I said.

"I should think that after five years you'd be able to let a matter drop," he suggested. "The sporting thing is for the loser to be graceful, especially when time has healed the bruises of defeat. However, you were always a surly dog. Time hasn't improved your manners."

Abruptly he walked off. I looked after him, a trifle amazed at his courage, and more amazed at my own forbearance. Well, that was over, and I was glad that my meeting with him after all these years had been so devoid of incident.

Once again I started to leave. Then I paused. After all, the Candaces had been very nice to me; I would probably never see them again; it was only courteous of me to ask Vonny for a dance. I found her at one side of the room surrounded by a group of young men, not one of whom ten years ago would have aspired to be anything more than the soda jerker fate intended him to be. But the world has changed in the decade since the war.

"This," said a swarthy youth who should have been blacking boots, "is my dance."

I'm afraid that my temper had been awakened with the result that my manners slumbered.

"This *was* your dance," I corrected him. "It *is* mine."

I THINK he would have debated the matter with me but that Vonny slipped into my arms, and we moved off before the youth had come to a decision as to the proper thing to do.

"You're a masterful person, aren't you?" demanded Vonny.

"When there's a prize that inspires mastery—"

She interrupted me. "No compliments, not from you, Mr. Gorham."

"Why not? Am I so old that sweet nothings become acid on my lips?" I asked.

"You're honest. That's why," she said. "It seems to me that you are the only honest person I know. All the others have a meaning behind what they say. They want something. So I don't want flattery from you. I think you were sweet to come."

"You were sweet to ask me," I told her. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. It's a wonderful party."

"I thought you understood that I liked you because you seemed so honest," she said. "You know it isn't a wonderful party. You know that it is ostentatious and vulgar and cheap beyond words. You know that it's a vile crowd."

I gasped at her vehemence. "There are lots of nice people here," I lamely said.

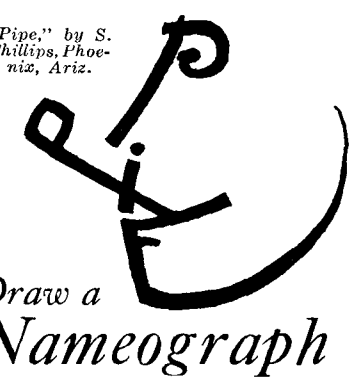
"And why did they come? To sneer at the Middle-Western climbers! To gather in corners and drink Papa's champagne and smoke his cigars and accept his favors while they laughed at his vulgar daughter. Oh, don't answer me. You know that what I say is true."

"Then why, Vonny"—I don't know why I called her by her first name, except that she seemed so pitifully young and unhappy—"if you felt this way did you—"

"Do you think I'd cross Dad in anything he did, in anything he wanted? Do you think I'd hurt the feelings of the sweetest, most generous man that ever lived by letting him think that I thought any act of his, any suggestion of his, any thought of his was vulgar?"

I got it now, got it for the first time.

"Pipe," by S. Phillips, Phoenix, Ariz.



Draw a Nameograph

It's a pipe, as the boys say. This one brought $5 to the ingenious Phillips. And there's a five-dollar check waiting for your published Nameograph entry. Address: Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

It wasn't Mrs. Candace who was socially ambitious; it wasn't Yvonne. It was the husband and father. I should have guessed it earlier. For, in nine cases out of ten, it is the man who is the social climber. He masks his ambitions behind the alleged desires of his women, but it is he who yearns for social acknowledgment of financial achievement.

"Vonny," I said, "I think you're just the nicest girl—"

"Except one," she interrupted. "I'd like to see that one."

"Why, there isn't anyone at all," I said.

"Oh, yes, there is. I've known it since I first met you. Tell me what she is like."

I could have told her to look across the room. For there, lovelier than on that day when I had last seen her, five long years ago, stood Anita Gorham, my cousin Fred's wife.

What pitiful liars we are, even to ourselves. For I had told myself that the reason I turned back into the ballroom was to be courteous to Vonny Candace, whereas all the time I had known that I lingered merely in the hope that where Fred was Anita might also be.

"You're hurting my hand," said Vonny.

I relaxed the pressure of my fingers with a muttered apology.

"Have I offended you?" she asked.

I leaped the gap from five years ago to the present.

"Offended me? Now what on earth makes you ask a question like that?" I laughed.

I felt her shrug slightly in my grasp. "I don't know, except that you seemed so strange and crushed my hand so when I asked you to tell me about—"

"About the mythical lady who's nicer than you?" I interrupted.

"She isn't mythical," said Vonny.

"My heart is on my sleeve, eh?"

She shook her head. "It's deep down in your eyes."

"Anywhere except under my ribs, where it ought to be." I tried to put raillery in my voice. I don't know how well I succeeded, but she changed the subject.

"*When do you return to Europe?*"

"Tomorrow," I replied.

"Then we won't see you again? Well, once again I thank you for coming tonight."

WE HAD circled the room until we were opposite our starting point. The youth who should have been a bootblack darted out upon the floor. I permitted him to cut in. Vonny nodded farewell. There was a bleak expression upon her face. Then I forgot all about her as a woman's fingers touched my arm, and I looked into the face of Anita Gorham.

She spoke to her partner. "You'll forgive me?" Her voice had that same irresistible coo that I remembered so well. "I haven't seen Mr. Gorham for years."

Her partner mumbled an acceptance of the situation. And then she was in my arms. She sighed faintly.

"Oh, Allen, it's been so long."

It would be hard for me to remember how many times I had visualized meeting Anita; it would be easier for me to remember those rare occasions when she had not been in my mind, obscuring my thoughts. But my fancy had never stumbled upon her first words to me.

Words are inadequate things when set down upon paper. The shades of meaning, the nuances of thought: cold type cannot express these. Delicious, luscious things were in that cooing voice; hints, promises, reproaches. . . . I felt smothered, drugged.

I looked down at her upturned face. She was one of those ageless blondes who carry to middle years the appeal of youth. Not that she was middle-aged or anywhere near it. Anita was perhaps twenty-six, but I swear that she looked nearer eighteen. Her head, with the golden curls that clung so tightly to it, so that it made one think of a bit of Grecian statuary, was set upon a body so beautiful that it rivaled anything that Praxiteles ever achieved. Her eyes were deepest blue; her nose was perfect, proud-nostriled; and upon her lovely lips a man might well have breathed away his honor.

I had carried her image in my mind for five years, and now I realized how imperfect memory can be. And there was nothing of the doll-like quality one often associates with blondes in her beauty. Anita was a vital, living thing, and the hint of hardness in her character detracted no whit from her charm.

"Long? Perhaps not long enough," I blurted.

She moved sensuously in my arms.

"You haven't forgotten?" she breathed.

"Did you think I would?" I retorted.

Oh, I know that this was no way to talk to another man's wife. But all those thoughts which I had tried to repress of late years had come racing back into my mind.

"I thought there might have been other girls," she said. "You're an attractive man, Allen."

"Praise indeed," I said. I was recovering myself now. This sudden shock of seeing her, of touching her, of hearing her voice, had been too much for me. But now I gathered my wits and remembered I owed Anita Gorham no flattery. She had used me as hardly as a woman may use a man. She had killed, I savagely assured myself, every vestige of my love for her. The softly beautiful face of her did not match the hard character. I've said that this hardness of character rendered her no less charming, and this is true. Nevertheless I felt that her charm was something dangerous, poisonous, as charm in a sweeter character never is.

"Being something of a connoisseur in men, you should know attraction when you see it," I told her.

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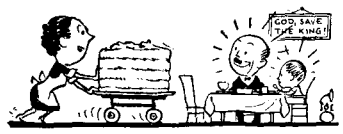
Tom Masson Says

Experts now declare that it is impossible to reach the saturation point. Yet we have seen it accomplished with synthetic gin.

William R. Hearst doesn't think that Mayor Thompson of Chicago should be laughed at. Even so the country is safe, for no Englishman is likely to see the point of the joke.

That culture in this country is now assured is proved by the fact that practically all college professors can describe a football game.

There is a rumor that Mr. Coolidge may not run for the Presidency after all.

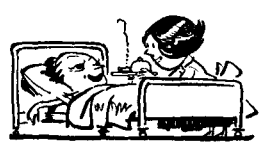


Color schemes for home kitchens is the latest fad. The next thing will be to find someone who can cook.

Most of us are trying to get to heaven on the installment plan.

Water wings have been used on cows during a recent Kansas flood. Idea was probably suggested by a milkman.

A man in Battersea has spent 35 years furnishing a doll's house he made from a match box. He was probably interrupted by his wife telling him how the thing should be done.



"Do you know of anything more important," asks an inspirational writer, "than coming down to breakfast pleasant?" Yes. Having it brought up to you in bed pleasantly.

"That is ungallant," she said.

"Don't you think that you and I can take the buttons off the foils when we fence?" I demanded.

"But why should we fence?" she retorted.

"Why indeed?" I laughed. "Why should we do anything at all?"

"Can't we be friends?" she asked.

"One must bring gifts to friendship," I reminded her. "And what have you to offer?"

"I don't think you're polite," she said.

"Your husband told me something like that a little while ago," I said.

The lovely face clouded in a frown. "I told Fred to be civil," she said.

"Oh!" I exclaimed in surprise. "So you and Fred knew that I was to be here tonight? Whom do I thank for this interest in me? You or your husband?"

"IS IT strange that we both should take an interest in you?" she asked.

"Perhaps not, but somewhat strange that Fred should make our meeting an accident."

"Not at all. You and Fred—you know, after all—you both wanted—don't make me finish."

"I'll finish it for you," I said harshly. "We both wanted you and Fred got you. And now it seems that you and Fred want something from me. What is it?"

"Perhaps we want to heal old wounds," she said.

"Perhaps," I jeered. "But it seems to me that you gave those wounds plenty of time to heal themselves. Somehow I can't see either of you in the rôle of psychic nurse."

"Some people become so embittered that they can't see anything straight," said Anita.

"All right, present things properly to my crooked vision," I suggested.

"If you're going to be quarrelsome—" Into her voice came that hint of a sob, of pent-up tears that in the old days had always made me putty in her hands.

"I don't want to quarrel," I said.

Her whole weight hung for a moment in my arms. The fragrance of her was heady, sweetly bewildering.

"I'll be home at tea time tomorrow," she whispered.

"The Paris will be off Montauk then," I replied.

I felt her body lose its relaxed quality. It became a thing of steel springs, alert and taut as a runner waiting for the starting gun.

"But I thought—I *hoped*—Yvonne Candace is such a lovely girl."

"And what has her loveliness to do with me?" I asked.

"Nothing, except that you followed her across the Atlantic and are here tonight." She looked up at me with smiling eyes that I somehow felt were histrionic. "Don't you know that all women are matchmakers, especially where an old—sweetheart—is concerned?"

"Anita," I said, "we *were* sweethearts once, weren't we?"

"We thought so," she smiled.

"You liked me?"

"Don't be silly. I adored you," she replied. Again she put things in her voice that were not in her words. It was as though she drew apart curtains and revealed lovely vistas.

"Then, for the sake of old times," I said, ignoring the hint in her tones, "be nice to Yvonne Candace."

"And you tell me you aren't *épris* there?"

I shook my head. "I didn't follow her across the Atlantic, and I'm not at all smitten. But I like her, and I like her parents. And I think—a woman like you could do everything for a girl like her. You could tell her what men—Fred, by gad, was telling me something about one young fellow that's courting her."

"Ken Runyon? He's an amusing boy."

"But Fred said that he's—aren't there any standards any more, Anita?"

"For a disinterested friend you talk amazingly like a jealous lover," she mocked.

"I've loved only one woman in my life." The words were out before I realized what I was saying.

"Once again, Allen, let me remind you that I'm home tomorrow afternoon," she said.

"And once again, Anita, let me tell you that I'll be on the Paris," I retorted.

"Leaving the pretty Candace girl to the attentions of Ken Runyon?" she laughed.

That was my last word with her. She was by far the most beautiful woman in the room, and I had monopolized her for almost a whole dance. A man cut in upon us now. To my chagrin Anita yielded to him without protest. Mockery shone in her eyes as she danced off.

I had learned, in those days forever gone, to know my Anita extremely well. I could read her thoughts now as though they were printed for me. I loved her—so she was telling herself—as madly as ever. She had made me think—so her thoughts went on—that despite her owed allegiance to another man she might not prove unattainable to me.

The mockery in her glance meant that she was inwardly laughing at my quick and abject surrender.

Well, that mockery would not be in her eyes tomorrow at tea time when I, far at sea upon the Paris, failed to arrive at her home.

For the third time I started to leave the party. But, glancing through the open door of one of the copies of the old-fashioned saloon, I saw young Runyon standing by the bar. A curiosity that was quite inexplicable to me made me wish to see him near at hand, so I walked into the bar and accepted a highball from the bartender.

The air hummed with voices. Liquor had broken down what dour inhibitions the present generation has inherited from its parents. Backs were being slapped and voices were raised in what passed for song. I edged my way close to Ken Runyon.

I had to admit that he was a good-looking chap, in a furtive sort of way. What the screen and the Broadway stage term good looks I suppose he had. Myself, while I'm no subscriber to the Nordic creed, I confess to a slight satiety of slant-browed, olive-skinned heroes. If there were no other reasons to hail Lindbergh, I would do so because he is blond.

Runyon was talking to an older man. The young fellow was unquestionably slightly intoxicated.

"There's a prize for the best male dancer," the older man was saying.

"Why the hell should I bother with crumbs when I'm going to have the whole cake soon?" demanded Runyon.

Neither of the men paid any attention to me.

"All fixed up?" asked the older man.

"It'll be fixed when I want to fix it," boasted Runyon. "If I hurried it too fast, I might scare her away."

"You seem pretty certain. If I were buzzing around thirty million, I'd sure feel jumpy."

Runyon laughed at the older man. "Say, any time I worry about a dame's feelings toward me it'll be first-page news. Handling a squaw like Vonny Candace is the softest thing I ever tackled."

I THINK the reason I didn't hit him was because it was too incredible. I knew that I heard him, but it was not until I had returned to my hotel that I *believed* that I'd heard him. I'd known some pretty low people in my life, but the kind of vermin that frankly admits that it wants a woman's money had been outside my experience up to now.

Now I understood the premonitions, the uneasy feeling that untoward events had been in the air, which had assailed me all evening. I knew what it was that menaced my friends the Candaces. Birds of prey, vultures, were hovering above the bait of thirty million dollars.

But scarecrows frightened away birds of prey. I wasn't much use to anyone in the world; I was a sort of spiritual scarecrow. I might be able to frighten away the buzzards that fluttered uncleanly above the Candaces.

I left word to be called early. I wanted to cancel my passage on the Paris at the first possible moment. The Candaces needed a friend. I'd be that friend. So I told myself as I went to sleep.

But through my mind was running Anita's promise that she would be home at tea time.

(*To be continued next week*)

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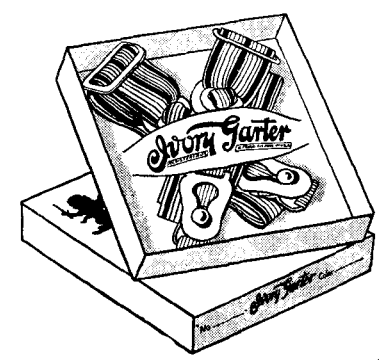

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Hand in Glove

Continued from page 16

"It won't be done any longer. Not in this parsonage."

"Now, Brother Drury, you want to remember that most of these midnight elopers— Well, if you didn't marry 'em they'd probably be livin' in sin, before morning."

"They'd better!" Bob exploded. "Better live in sin for a night than take solemn vows they don't mean to keep. I take marriage seriously, Brother Hunt. If I marry two persons, it will be because they want to be married and stay married, not just to have an excuse to register as Mr. and Mrs. Work hand in glove with somebody else after this—you can't tout for me. I'm not a business getter for divorce lawyers."

HE WAS still fuming when he and Gib were talking it over afterward.

"I've blasphemed the leading industry of Milroy," he admitted, "and I suppose by this time they're all yelling 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' But let 'em yell."

"Let 'em yell," Gib agreed promptly. "I wouldn't touch a nickel of that money. . . . Only I wish you hadn't said that about it's being better for some of them to live in sin. Oh, of course it's true; but you know how it will sound when Mahlon Hunt tells it. Milroy doesn't seem to have a very exalted ideal of marriage. . . . But you did right, anyway."

"I'm surprised the other pastors will stoop to it," he observed.

"They're all underpaid," Gib told him. "Oh, yes, I'm learning about this town. Every church starves its pastor because it knows he can count on extras. Well, you and I can do without them."

"We can! . . . Only, Gib, I don't believe we'd better figure on having a child, just yet. We can't afford it."

"But if we keep putting off and putting off—" she mused. "Bob, let's take a chance anyway; maybe something will turn up. . . . I mean—" She flushed; the phrases of piety still came hard. "Maybe the Lord will provide."

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," Bob observed. "This church is dead on its feet. When I've shaken it up—"

He shook it; but it shook down.

Some of the older members who had eyed him appraisingly on the first Sunday never came back, especially those who had seemed to be pillars under the later Brother Marsden.

Bob had counted on drawing in the young people to make up for the old people, and he did draw them in, for a time, especially after the Fourth of July, when he played shortstop for the Milroy team, and made three hits that helped send the hated rivals from the county seat home in disgrace. Milroy had a gaping hole at shortstop, in the Sunday games; half joking, the manager told Bob he wished he could fill it.

"Wish I could myself," said Bob promptly. "And myself, I don't see any harm in it. All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient—"

It may be doubted if the manager comprehended Bob's subtle discriminations between the theory and practice of Sabbath observance; but he told his friends gleefully that the new preacher would just as soon play Sunday ball as not, except for the old fossils in the church. This was not precisely what Bob had said, but it was what Milroy believed he had said. More members fell away, and the young people had stopped coming.

"You can't hold the kids with sermons," Bob observed to his wife toward the end of summer, hoping she didn't notice his uneasiness, as she hoped he didn't notice hers. "They want action. I don't blame them for going to that tough dance hall down the river, when all we can offer is these deadly church socials that Mrs. Prendergast organizes and presides over with that sheeplike grin."

"Poor old soul!" Gib muttered. "She does the best she can." ("And so do we," she reflected; "and what of it?")

The third month his pay check had only fifty dollars in it instead of eighty-three, and he didn't need the treasurer's report on the collections to tell the reasons. By that time Gib was pregnant.

It was all nonsense, she told him, to think that she had to go to a hospital in the city. She was healthy as an ox, and there was no reason why old Dr. Bagby, who had delivered most of the children in Milroy, couldn't take care of her. She laughed at Bob's uneasiness—but she knew as well as he did that Bagby was a good doctor only when he was sober. Which wasn't so often, any more.

It's a hard job, being a young husband—or a young wife—with the first baby coming; doubly hard if you aren't making enough to pay your bills and ten times as hard if you know you're falling down on your chosen job. They both tried hard that fall to pretend they weren't worrying; tried so hard that each of them could see the other trying. . . . On the day of the first real snow came a long letter from Wade Rollins in Los Angeles.

It was an answer to one Bob had written back in July and it was full of congratulations on Bob's bright prospects in his pastorate, with only a veiled undertone of regret that he wasn't helping out with the cafeterias. Also, there were remarks about the roses in Wade Rollins' front yard. Bob read it to Gib in their damp and chilly living-room (the old furnace would do no more than smolder sullenly).

"I ought to have gone," he conceded bleakly. "I've wrecked this church. . . . Let's ask old Wade if he'll advance us car fare, and enough to pay the grocer and the butcher—"

"You don't want to quit, my dear." He stared at her, his face pale.

"I'd like to hang on," he admitted. "But it's rotten for you—"

"I'll stick," Gib told him quietly. "And so will you—so long as you want to. I won't let you quit the job you want to do. We'll get along."

"If we do," he said chokily, "it will be your doing. Everybody likes you. And nobody likes me. I guess that's enough to disqualify me as a pastor."

"Lots of people like you," said Gib. "I like you." And after he had kissed her a few times his spirits were considerably higher.

"If I only had five hundred dollars," he vowed, "I'd resign from this church now and hire a hall and start a church of my own. Run it my own way—the church I've always dreamed of. But I might as well ask for five million. Come—let me help you with the dishes."

THAT night—one o'clock the next morning, rather—the telephone called him out of bed. Shivering in the chilly hallway, he heard Mahlon Hunt's voice.

"Brother Drury, I've just issued a marriage license to a couple from the city, and I'm sendin' 'em over to you. . . . Yes, I know what you said, but this girl wants to be married by a preacher, and a preacher of her own church. You bein' the only one in town, I had to send 'em. And as to the fee, let your conscience be your guide."

Bob slammed the receiver on the hook and turned to find Gib coming downstairs, dressing as she came. He told her about it.

"I don't know what else he could have done," she observed. "Your first Gretna Green ceremony, Bob—if you marry them."

"Oh, of course, I'll marry them, if they're—all right."

"I do hope they are," Gib sighed. "We could use a ten-dollar fee. There—that must be their car. I'll light the gas in the parlor."

Even on the threshold Bob had his suspicions, but he wasn't sure till they threw off their fur coats in the parlor. A tall, scowling, black-mustached man; a girl who tore her leather hat off her mop of blond curls and flung it on the sofa.

"My God, it's hot in here!" she gasped. (It was almost freezing.)

"Steady, you damn fool," the man growled. "Don't you know you're going to be married?"

"No, you're not," said Bob Drury grimly. "Not here. You're drunk, both of you. You'll find a minister down the street who won't care if you can't stand up. But I won't marry you." The girl leaned against him, clutched his arms to steady herself.

"Listen!" she said. "I belong to the church—joined when I was fourteen. Want to be married by my own kind of preacher. Might help it stick. 'S all right. Here's the license."

Automatically he took it out of her hand—a license for the marriage of Viva Holland, spinster, 23, with an address in the city—why, of course! Viva Holland, daughter of old Holland of the First National Bank. And the bridegroom—U. Grant Sumner, 38, divorced. . . . Everybody who had ever lived in the city knew about Grant Sumner's divorce. The corespondent had shot herself; Grant Sumner would have been thrown out of his clubs if he hadn't been Grant Sumner.

"DON'T let that divorce worry you," the girl said thickly. "'S all right in our church. I looked it up. You can marry us."

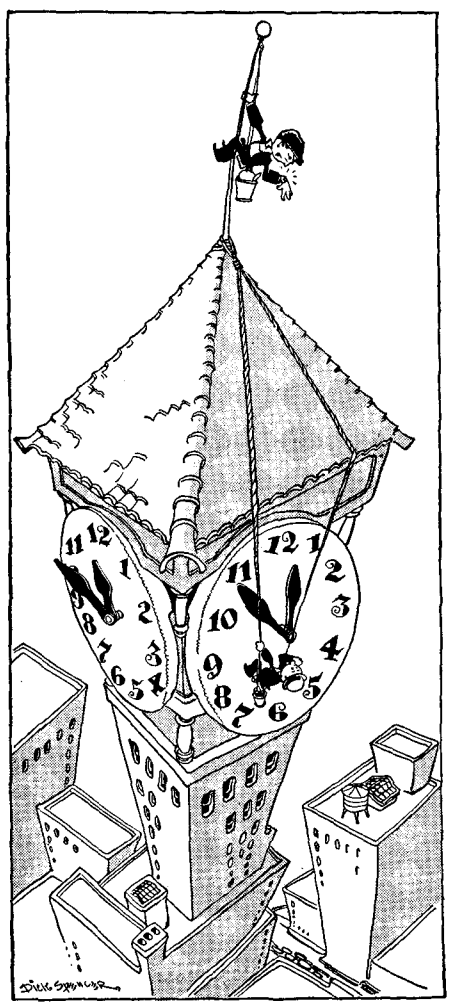
"I can, but I won't. Not when you're in this shape."

"Come on, Viva," said the man impatiently. "We can get that old justice out of bed again; he was hungry for the job."

But the girl clung to her idea with alcoholic fixity.

"Got to have my own preacher to make it stick. For this one sticks, Grant." She was almost sober, for the moment. He nodded.

"This one sticks," he agreed gravely. "If you're thinking about my divorce, Mr. Drury—"



Oh, Bill! What time have you got?

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"I might if I got that far," said Bob. "But I don't marry drunks."

"Look here. I know I'm a rotter, but if Viva will marry me it might—well," said Grant Sumner, "as you'd put it, it might be my salvation."

"Let her save you when she's sober," said Bob Drury. "Marriage is a serious business. It's easy to say you'll stick; but to stick through thick and thin, for better or worse—" His voice shook; he laid a hand on Gib's shoulder. "To stick as this girl has stuck to me—that takes guts." (He shuddered at the unclerical word that had slipped out in his haste.) "You've got to be sober when you go in for that."

"Now, listen!" Again Viva Holland clutched his arm. "You're right, old-timer; it takes guts. More than I've got when I'm sober. I'm a coward, I am. Grant's got a bad name; my family'd raise hell if I married him. But I want to marry him. It might save me. Neither of us is worth a damn, now. All there is in him that's any good wants me—he's been begging me to marry him for months. And all there is in me that's any good wants him; but there isn't enough when I'm sober. I went out and got tanked tonight so I'd have the nerve to go through with it. I'll wake up with a hangover in the morning—but if I'm married I'll stick." Over Bob's shoulder she looked at Gib. "Am I right?" she demanded. "You tell him."

"I believe she *is* right," said Gib. "People aren't mathematics, Bob; this is one of the special cases that the general rules don't fit. If the best in each of them wants the other—that's a marriage. They ought to have their chance." He considered it, frowning—

"All right," he assented. "Let's see—only one witness needed in this state. Gib, you're it. Now, then—"

It relieved him to find that the ceremony shocked them almost into sobriety. When it was all over Gib kissed the bride and wished her luck; Grant Sumner was fumbling in his pocket.

"Not a nickel," said Bob firmly. He looked at Gib in aching compunction, but she nodded, with a wry smile.

"Not a nickel," she agreed, "in the circumstances. It would be quite too good a talking point for Mahlon Hunt."

So Mr. and Mrs. Sumner drove off in their roadster and the Rev. and Mrs. Drury went back to sleep. Before noon the next day every newspaper office in the city had telephoned to him for verification; when the papers came up on the evening train the story was spread clear across the front page. But long before that Mahlon Hunt had told all Milroy that the drunkest and the richest pair of elopers that ever crossed the state line had been married by the scrupulous Rev. Robert Drury.

TWO nights later Bob's congregation met in a called meeting which he was invited not to attend, and from the meeting a committee proceeded to the parsonage to ask for his resignation.

Bob and Gib expected that; they were waiting in the chilly parlor. And while they waited came a messenger with a special-delivery package. It was addressed to Gib, but it contained a pair of men's gloves, with a scrawled card—"Sober and still married. Going to stay married, too. VIVA SUMNER."

"She said," Gib explained, "that she wanted to send me a souvenir. She mentioned gloves, but I told her I had a pair of gloves. How she guessed you hadn't—"

"I'm afraid we don't look like a family that has two pairs of gloves," Bob confessed. "I heard downtown today that I got a hundred-dollar fee. It's probably five hundred by now. . . . No, I didn't explain. Why should I?"

"Same old take-it-or-leave-it!" said Gib with a grin. "You're a bird of a pastor. . . . Anyway, they're nice warm gloves." She thrust her hands into their depths; her slim fingers explored them. "I'll put them in your drawer, dear, till you need them."

But at the moment feet thudded on the porch; the door bell rang. Bob answered it; a moment later Gib rose as the committee from the church filed into the parlor—five men, with Mahlon Hunt in the lead.

"Well, Brother Drury," Mahlon Hunt exuded satisfaction, "the church has sent us to ask for your resignation."

"Us?" Bob growled. "Where do you come in? You're a Methodist now."

"I'm comin' back to my own fold as soon as you leave. Brother Drury, some of us always thought your opinions about marriage were immoral and unchristain, but the congregation was willin' to give you the benefit of the doubt—till it found that your scruples against marryin' drunks didn't apply to rich drunks."

BOB DRURY sprang up, and Mahlon Hunt cowered away; he thought, and Gib thought, Bob was going to hit him. For an instant Bob thought so too, but he checked himself in time.

"Look here!" he said fiercely. "I married that couple because—" He paused; he looked at Gib, then looked back at the committee. "It's no use," he said wearily. "You'd never understand. Nobody in Milroy would understand if I explained it. You ought to be made to understand for the sake of your own souls—and I suppose there are men in the ministry who could make you see. I had better get out of the way and give a man like that his chance. . . . Want my resignation in writing?"

"Just as a matter of form," said old Deacon Jones, who had seen pastors come and go.

Bob handed him a slip of paper and turned on Mahlon Hunt. "As for you, you tout, you fee splitter—there's the fee I got for that wedding—a pair of gloves! The Sumners gave me gloves because I can't afford to buy them, because the church doesn't pay my salary; I'll have to borrow money to pay my bills and get out of town. But as long as you sent me that couple I'll follow the custom of the country and split my fee with you. Hand in glove! . . . Which one do you want—right or left?"

Gib gasped, and Mahlon Hunt sputtered, but after a look at Bob he swallowed what he had meant to say, and turned very meek.

"Keep your fee, Brother Drury; keep your fee." He dodged behind Deacon Jones on his way to the door. "We're well rid of you, at the price."

"And I suppose he's right," said Bob dolefully when they were gone. "I haven't the tact. . . . All the same—" His fighting spirit began to come back. "If I had a little money I'd hire a hall, start a church I could run my own way, and show this town."

Gib, across the table, looked him steadily in the eye.

"Do you really mean that, Bob? After all that's happened?"

"No," he conceded with a bedraggled smile. "I've dragged you through enough misery. And with the baby coming—"

"Not on my account!" Gib flamed. "I'll stick if you want to—"

"No," he said more firmly. "I know you'd stick, you loyal little idiot. But even if I had the money I wouldn't try it. Not now. It wouldn't work. Even if I made my own church, its members would still be members of the human race, and I don't seem to have much talent for dealing with the human race. . . . But I've got a grand head for figures. I'm going to wire Wade Rollins and ask him for a job."

"Thank God!" said Gib, with a fervor she had never put in a pious phrase before. "Oh, darling, we can start again, and we'll be so happy."

"We start in the hole," he reminded her rather ruefully. "We'll have to ask Wade for an advance on salary to pay the grocer, and buy our tickets—not to speak of the confinement—"

"Don't ask him for anything," said Gib, faintly smiling. "Maybe the Lord will provide. . . . Here—don't go out into the cold without your new gloves. I'm certainly thankful Mahlon Hunt wouldn't split that fee."

She was smiling as she watched him thrust his hands into the gloves; then, at his startled look, she burst into laughter—laughter that ran on hysterically as he turned the gloves wrong side out and shook out the hundred-dollar bill that was rolled up in each of the ten fingers.

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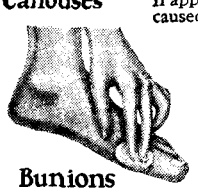

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Welcome Home

Continued from page 22

your mind, Mr. Bentham, that we might marry?" The car gave a great yaw. "No," she went on, "I see by your surprised expression that it never has."

"*This* is the subject that has been occupying your mind when you seemed so remote?" She nodded. "And what a lesson that is!"

"Yes," she said. "I've been thinking about it a great deal. It seems to me it might be a good idea—even from your point of view."

"I thank you for that, even."

"OF COURSE I realize that you don't love me. Don't stop the car."

"I want to light a cigarette."

"Oh! . . . What's the matter with your hand?"

"You mean that it's shaking?"

"Dreadfully."

"Well, I've been driving for twenty-four hours, you know."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I suppose you're awfully tired. Would you rather not discuss this now?"

"No, no, I'd rather we went on with it."

"Do you think there's anything in the idea at all?"

Could he be mistaken that she was looking at him timidly—almost pleadingly?

"Yes, indeed," he returned kindly, "I think there's a lot in it, except—"

"Ah, I know what you are going to say. Edna. I haven't asked you any questions about Edna. . . ."

"That," he murmured, gently, "is not quite accurate."

"Well, I haven't had any answers, anyhow. So I don't know why you and she have not married, but I do know this: you do not really love Edna. At first I assumed, of course, that it was your absorption in her that made you so cold—"

"So cold?"

"So cold to me. But, now I understand you better, I see that it is because you are a cold person."

"I? You're sure you're talking about me?"

She nodded. "I'd never in all my life been thrown with a man who remained so utterly aloof, so unstirred by the least emotion, and of course, I said to myself, it's because he has given himself up to a great passion for another woman. But then I began to see that really you had no feeling for her either . . . not what I call feeling. I cannot think you would suffer so terribly, Mr. Bentham, in giving Edna up."

"In proposing matrimony—and that, I believe, is what you are now doing—I believe it is etiquette to call the gentleman by his first name, and mine is Tom."

"Don't you think we ought to be driving on? Your cigarette is lit."

"You don't expect me to drive while you are talking like this?"

"Why not?"

"Because I might put the car in the ditch."

She smiled rather sadly. "Not you," she said. "You seem to me the most absolutely controlled person I have ever met. . . . No," she added, as he gave a faint murmur of disagreement, "don't say you're not, for my whole plan is based on that idea of you. But I don't want to go on if the whole subject is disagreeable to you."

"It isn't," he answered. "I can see it has many attractive features."

"Honestly?"

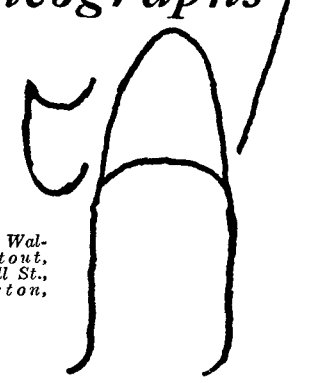
"Honestly." He did not see how any woman could miss the significance of that deep, vibrant tone—so different from his usual light voice.

"Then I'll go on," she said. "I think we get on extraordinarily well. I try to look at it from your point of view, because from mine it's a little more than that. I have never had as pleasant a relation with anyone as I have with you. You don't try to bully me, as most people do whom I can respect (most men) and yet you are not weak or timid—on the contrary. And I believe, in your own chilly sort of way, you rather enjoy being with me."

"Indeed I do," he answered very politely.

"I have a little money, so that I wouldn't be a charge—about a thousand a year. And I give you my word that I would do everything in my power to make your life pleasant and coöperate in your profession—go with you if you wanted me, and stay behind if you didn't—be civil to all the people you needed me to be civil to. You know a woman can do something along lines like that. Of course I would not urge it if you were in love with me—it wouldn't be for your happiness. I make everyone who loves me perfectly wretched. I told you I had a horrid nature. I have a dreadful temper, and, then, I'm violent and jealous, and the minute I feel I have a hold over anyone that makes me

Nameographs



"Cat," by Walter W. Stout, 4522 Lowell St., Washington, D. C.

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worse. But you, who don't care anything for my tantrums . . . I shall never forget the way you just walked out of the house on Sunday and didn't come back. It calmed me so much. You see, persons who get into those rages want to hurt other people. As long as they feel they are hurting someone, they'll keep on. But when they see it makes no difference—that they are hurting no one, only losing something priceless—then they come out of it."

"You mean you would rather I did *not* fall in love with you, *ever?*"

He was aware that she was smiling. "Well, I can't say that," she returned, "because I suppose if we do this I shall do my best to make you care for me . . . it wouldn't be human not to. But I am sure you would be happier if you didn't."

They drove in silence. His thoughts were obvious: he was wondering whether it would be possible long to maintain the rôle she had allotted to him. He had no doubt that wisdom pointed to such a course. Could he follow it?

It was now her turn to ask anxiously what he was thinking of.

He answered without hesitation, "I was wondering about the license situation in Canada. We shall be there tomorrow."

"But I was not thinking of marrying you tomorrow."

"No? Well, that's a pity, for that is just the time when I was thinking of marrying you."

She gasped. "It's impossible."

"Well," he returned, "I'm going to long-distance Smith at the next town, and he may know how to get married."

Presently they found themselves entering another town, smaller than the last, and made, for some unknown reason, almost entirely of red brick.

"Right or wrong, I'm going to telephone Smith," said Tom. "Nine o'clock? I shall probably wake him from his first sleep."

He stopped the car before a red-brick hotel, with large plate-glass windows and a chocolate-colored porch.

"Shall I get you something to read?" he asked. "I may be some time."

She shook her head. What a man—to imagine she was in a state of mind to be able to read.

"I may be an hour?"

She continued to shake her head, and he disappeared up the steps and into the revolving doors of the lobby.

Left alone to think Barbara's disjointed ideas ran like this: What a fool she would feel if she called it all off—and to go through with it would be a solution of her present situation. Suppose she shoved in the gear and drove away and left him. What would he think when he came out? What would he feel? She believed he cared for her more than he knew. . . . Everybody always thought that. How many times she had smiled to herself over this conviction expressed by men who loved her and whom she could never have cared anything about! . . . They always said either, "I believe you care for me more than you understand," or else, "I believe you will learn to love me"—just what she was telling herself now.

What idiocy! There was nothing to bear out the theory—except, of course, that he had taken so readily to the idea of marrying her.

Time went on—a church clock somewhere chimed . . . it had chimed once or twice before since he had gone. . . . How long had he been away? She craned her neck. . . . No sign of him in the lobby. Perhaps he too had had the idea of running away. . . . Men were like that—afraid to face a psychological danger . . . But not he. Or perhaps he was—he was a total stranger to her . . . she knew nothing whatsoever about him. . . . If two years from now she should see him again, she might not know him by sight—could not remember what he looked like.

She shut her eyes and tried to see him . . . no, he was not only a total stranger, but she no longer knew him by sight. . . . At the same time, looking in every direction, she was able to assert that he was nowhere to be seen.

A total stranger—she had proposed marriage to a total stranger! The clock chimed again.

And then suddenly there he was. He came, not through the revolving doors of the hotel, but out of a side street. He looked hot and rather excited. His hat was pushed back from his forehead in a way she would have disliked in any other man, but which in him seemed endearing, characteristic—was, indeed, exactly what he had done on that first night when he sat on his bag and talked to her.

HE CAME to her side of the car.

"Well," he said, "I have news for you. You're safe. The letter has been destroyed."

"How?"

"That's it. . . . I'm afraid you won't like the method. Your sister has gone back to Carson."

She made a little gesture of despair, but somehow this news, too, seemed strangely remote.

"You see, she really loved him," Bentham said, and he glanced off up the street as if to save the statement from the slightest personal reference.

"Women are such fools when they are in love," she murmured.

"Men, too, I'm afraid."

There was a pause, and he came round and got into the driver's seat, but did not immediately move. "It's all out—about us. Ira is furious. Refused to give me the reward, but finally, Smith says, promised to give it to us as a wedding present. But I refused it. Perhaps I ought not to have done so

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without consulting my future wife."

"Perhaps I'm not that."

"I went round to see about the license too. That was why I was so long."

"I think we had better call the whole thing off," she said, in that tone of false determination which is weaker than tears.

He behaved as if she had not spoken, threw away his cigarette, shoved in the gears and turned the car sharply round a corner. "Ordinarily," he said, "it takes a little time to get a license, but a connection with a paper—"

"Listen," she said, "there is something I want to tell you before we are married."

"Wait until after. That's the time that conversation flags."

"Why do you smile?"

"Because when we get round to telling each other things, I have something to tell you beside which any of your trifling confidences—"

She shook her head meditatively. "Where are we going?" she asked, for he began to wind through side streets with evident purpose.

"I told you—to get our license."

"Our license?"

"Now, you knew we could not get married without a license. . . ."

"I don't see that there is any such mad hurry about getting married," she murmured.

"We'll do it now—if ever," he answered. It seemed to her that he spoke with utter detachment.

She had a feeling that it was too late to protest—too late to do anything—that she was in the power, not of a man, but of a train of events against which it was now useless to struggle.

Tom—already a citizen of the little town, a master of its utilities—had stopped the car in front of a two-story red brick house, exactly like a doll's house she had had in her youth, except that this one had windows on which in gold letters it asserted itself to be the office of the town clerk.

Here the name of Mr. Amesbury kept appearing in the conversation. The town clerk, a blue-eyed young man with prematurely white hair, kept saying: "Mr. Amesbury told me that you folks . . . Mr. Amesbury wanted that I help you out. . . ."

WHEN they were back again in the car—the car which had become to Barbara more a permanent home than many of the houses she had lived in—she asked mildly, "And who is Mr. Amesbury?"

"The local Episcopal clergyman. Almost the only graft left in the newspaper business is the ability to do people favors."

"And have you done Mr. Amesbury a favor?"

"No—but, better still, Smith has. Smith doesn't remember it, but during some sort of hospital drive when Amesbury was in New York, Smith made one of his magnificent gestures. Fortunately for us, Amesbury has a grateful nature. He's been a great help already, and now he's going to marry us. I did not want to delay by running back to ask you, but I rather assumed that you'd prefer to get married in church?"

She nodded. She thought it better not to tell him that it had never occurred to her that it was possible to be married in any other way.

Then presently they were in the study of the rectory—a room of dark mission furniture, bookshelves and green silk curtains. The Rev. Harold Amesbury looked less like a clergyman than a tired, middle-aged Greek athlete—less like a clergyman, for instance, than Ira. Strange, she thought, to be married without Adele. . . . Mr. Amesbury was introducing his wife. Like so many men who are—or have been—conspicuously handsome, Harold Amesbury had married a pale plain little lady—full of character, though.

"I hope you are coming to our wedding, Mrs. Amesbury," said Tom, wooing her with his wickedest gentle voice.

"She's going to give the bride away," answered Mr. Amesbury, as if this were about as near to a joke as he cared to come.

He unlocked the vestry, and then ushered them into the cool, dark, empty church, while he retired to put on his vestments. A woman was mopping the tiled floor of the chancel. Mrs. Amesbury left them to tell her to stop.

"Don't you think we are mad to do this?" Barbara whispered to Tom.

"Probably," said Tom. He folded his arms and looked up at the stained glass of the clerestory—not good glass.

"Let's slip away," said Barbara.

"And leave the Rev. Harold flat—when he's been so kind and is putting on his pretty clothes for us?"

BEFORE she could answer the door opened, and Mr. Amesbury came back in his surplice. They all moved to the chancel rail.

Barbara's heart was beating violently, so that it seemed actually to shake her, and yet something within her was going on with a calm, rather trivial existence, noticing the Rev. Mr. Amesbury's boots, immediately below her eyes—they turned up at the toes as they protruded from his cassock. . . . It was impossible to believe that she was getting married. . . . And yet there it was.

". . . Or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

That wonderful pause that no drama has ever been able adequately to fill, and then Mr. Amesbury, leaning a little toward them and lowering his voice, said: "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment—"

Ah, what a vow was that which was now being proposed to him! . . . "And, forsaking all others—" Ah, Edna, Edna . . . wasn't he thinking of Edna *now*—this total stranger to whom she was being married? She heard his voice saying rather firmly, "I will." Then, queerer still, she heard her own voice—she believed it to be hers.

"Who," said Mr. Amesbury suddenly, as if he had not just arranged it all in his study—"who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man?"

Mrs. Amesbury came forward at this cue, and took Barbara's limp hand and put it in Tom's. Suddenly she found herself clinging to his hand—it gave her comfort. She looked up at him, and found him looking down at her with a strange, deep look that meant something. But what? Despair perhaps.

"I, Thomas, take thee, Barbara . . ."

She was still clinging so fast to his hand that Mr. Amesbury was obliged to speak to her. . . . "Loose hands," he said. He said it twice.

"I, Barbara, take thee, Thomas . . ."

Mr. Amesbury was saying something about a ring. Ah, yes, a ring; they needed a ring. Of course he wouldn't have remembered about a ring. . . . But there he had it all the time.

"Let us pray," said Mr. Amesbury. They knelt, and Barbara buried her face in her hands. She began to cry a little—she often cried at weddings, but had not expected to cry at her own.

She rose to her feet, and felt her hand again joined to Tom's.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

A complete change of tempo. "Forasmuch as Thomas and Barbara have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company . . ." And then it was all over, and Mr. Amesbury's voice became that of any friend, and he said: "It is my privilege to kiss the bride, but after you, sir, after you."

Barbara looked up at Tom—it simply could not be that he was going to kiss her—here like this before everybody. Yes, he was; he bent and just touched his lips to her cheek—oh, what a chill salute, and she had been fancying that he loved her—*might* love her! . . .

"I do hope you will come back to the rectory and have luncheon with us," said Mrs. Amesbury. Her eyebrows shot up and down once or twice, as if she were steeling herself not to care, though she knew what the luncheon consisted of.

"Thank you, but we must be getting on," said Tom.

They shook hands, and said civil, kind things to each other. "Good-by, Mrs. Bentham," said the Amesburys. Barbara smiled: remarkable as it appeared, she knew exactly whom they meant by that.

(*Continued on page 52*)

14

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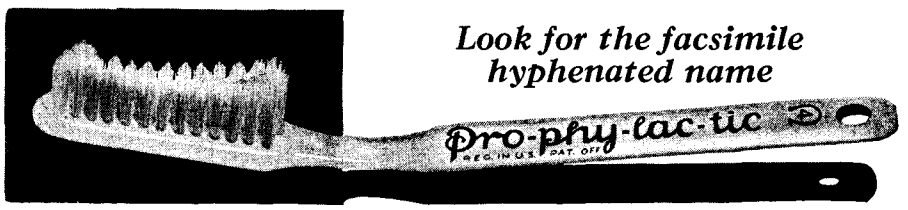

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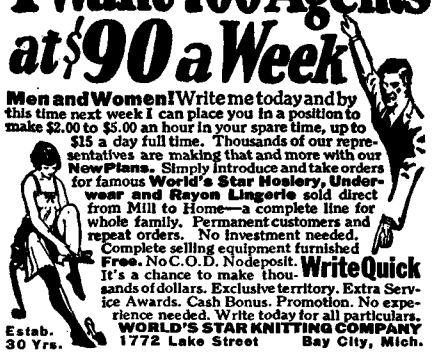

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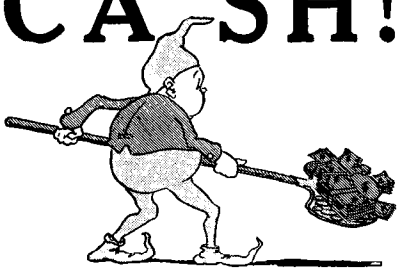

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Welcome Home

Continued from page 51

At the last moment Tom drew Mr. Amesbury aside. Oh, yes, of course, you had to pay to get married, at least it was usual . . . it seemed hard that Tom should be obliged to pay for doing something he did not want to do.

Mrs. Amesbury was saying: "I do hope you will be as happy as I have always been. I am sure you will—your husband is so charming. . . ."

If anyone ever called him that again in her presence, she should simply die. They got into the car and started. She looked back and waved her hand to the Amesburys, standing on the rectory steps, Mrs. Amesbury's hand on Mr. Amesbury's shoulder. Barbara thought, "We must look like a very happy and romantic couple. . . ." Well, what were they? She could not answer that question.

Tom drove in silence until they had gone some miles out of the town, and reached a fork in the road that bent northward. There he stopped the car.

"Now," he said, "we must decide where we are going. This right-hand road will take us into the Adirondacks. You might detest my little place there—I haven't been in it myself for years. There is no reason now, you know, why we should not turn back to New York."

"Which is it that you want to do?"

"I want to go to my camp. I was going there anyhow, you know. And I sent the most beautiful little canoe up there . . ."

"Let us go there, then," she answered very coldly.

He gave her one of his queer, quick glances. "Let's eat," he said. "I did a little shopping while waiting for the Rev. Harold, and we breakfasted rather early, you may remember."

In this country it is not hard to find even near the roadside wide brooks that race along over ledges of rock and great flat water-worn stones. On one of these flat rocks under the shade of a group of pines, Tom undid a pale brown pasteboard box, and took out a round, snow-white coruscant object.

"This is our wedding cake," he said, with some pride. "It did not begin life as a wedding cake, but the young lady had it iced for me. People are very kind and coöperative with lovers, aren't they?"

"Lovers?" said Barbara, in a tone that sounded haughty but was actually startled.

"Well, we seemed so to the young lady in the cake shop." He was setting out their meal as he talked. She noticed again the neatness of his touch as he arranged the dishes.

"WHAT was this secret you have been waiting to tell me?" he asked.

She shook her head. She saw she must never tell him. It was difficult to a proud woman to be married to a man who did not love her—to whom she had proposed—she need not destroy herself utterly by telling him that she loved him.

"It's too late to tell you now," she said. "I shall probably never tell you."

She was at once relieved and annoyed that he did not urge her confidence. "You probably will tell me some day," he said reflectively. "I notice married people do tell each other their secrets—very unwisely often—perhaps because there isn't so much to talk about as time goes on."

This was a gloomy view of matrimony. "You said *you* had something to tell me," she said.

He nodded. "Yes, and, unlike you, I mean to go through with it. It's about Edna."

She put down the piece of cold chicken which she had raised to her lips. She had not been hungry before, but now she felt a little sick. What was he going to tell her?

"Haven't you guessed anything about Edna?"

"A million things," she answered bitterly.

"But not that she doesn't exist at all?"

She stared at him. "You mean you don't love her?"

"I mean there isn't any such person. I made her up for you—you wanted me to be in love with someone else, and so I created Edna—and a great bother I've found her too."

For an instant a ray of pure joy shot through her, and then the pessimism which was a fundamental element of her nature asserted itself. If another woman had held him back from loving, there might have been hope, but if there was no Edna, then nothing but his own coldness and her own lack of charm for him had made him indifferent. That was hopeless.

HE SAW she was not pleased. "Are you angry with me for deceiving you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she said; "I remember why you did it." She smiled at the recollection. She had been afraid that he would fall in love with her and complicate her life. What a silly girl she had been!

"I'm glad you're not," he said, in his soft voice, "because much worse is to come."

"What?" she demanded. Her voice rang out sharply. She knew what it must be: another woman—a real one this time.

"Let's cut our cake first," he said, and knelt down beside her with the knife in his hand. "We might as well have that—because perhaps afterward you will never speak to me again."

"Is it so terrible?"

"My darling, I wish I knew whether you will so regard it."

She put out her hand, and held his back from the cake. "Tell me," she said.

"I loved you," he answered, "from the first instant I saw you—a little shock-headed figure sitting up in my bed."

There was an instant's pause. "I see," he said, "that you do not think it terrible."

"No," she said, "I don't." She laughed out loud, and yet when without appreciable pause he kissed her the salt taste of tears was on his lips.

THE END

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Furs and Figures

Continued from page 24

Squirrel is always an elegant fur and was used only by the nobility in medieval times. The chief beauty of broadtail lies in its suppleness.

Caracul, which comes from Asiatic sheep, has little beauty to my eye, but it is popular. Neither this nor broadtail will stand hard usage.

The creamy-yellow under fur and glossy dark hair of fitch make a striking fur which is very serviceable. Chipmunk is still more striking and charming when used correctly. Badger is a flattering fur which is popular this season, its long silky white-tipped hair being its chief characteristic.

Nutria is a South American rat which resembles beaver. When the less durable side pieces are cut away it costs more than when the entire skin is used, but wears far better. It will mat under repeated moisture.

Suit Your Furs to Your Type

YOU should recognize your type in selecting furs as well as in choosing your food menu. Women whose bones are well cushioned should eliminate all long-haired furs.

A woman who has large hips should not wear fur cuffs, for these accent the width at this point. The momentary fad of having patches of fur on the lower corner of the coat is an inartistic one. The fashionable mode of using fur in a continual line from the collar on down the front is becoming to the short, stout woman. The width of the band must not be too great. A fur collar that opens out into a broad line across the shoulders is an unwise choice for the broad-shouldered.

Tall, slender women wear long-haired fur with a great deal of distinction. Skunk, lynx, fitch, badger, fox, wolf, marten and raccoon: all these are flattering when wrapped around the throat and wrists. A tremendous shawl collar of shaggy fur or a long, wide band straggling down the front is, however, overpowering for most women.

Very lovely color schemes can be worked out by the careful selection of fur. A soft gray-green with collar of platinum fox is exquisite on a dainty woman. A bluish-green coat trimmed with mellow beaver and lined with the same beaver shade makes an artistic wrap for a blonde. It should be worn, of course, only with matching green and tan gowns. A black coat trimmed and lined in the same way is extremely successful also. The lining in this case should come out to the very edge of the coat, which gives it more prominence. Black coats with red fox are popular and flattering. They are becoming to the red-haired girl when her hair matches the fox fur. The Titian beauty blends more harmoniously with red sables.

Light-colored coats of buff and beige are interesting when trimmed with a dark fur—preferably a compact, short-haired variety such as seal. Usually the long-haired furs are more successful on dark coats. The soft-toned gazelle is dainty and charming on black.

As a rule the dark-brown furs are better on self-tones, and very beautiful brown harmonies can be worked out in this way. These are invariably becoming to warm brunettes. If they want more of a contrast, the silky sheen of black lynx on a soft brown will be becoming. Cool brunettes—those with blue eyes and dusky hair—should choose black coats rather than brown. The fur may be dark too, such as skunk or black fox, or it may be a lighter fur of a beige cast. But anything so light as the natural-colored lynx or badger lacks richness and subtlety. It is a little raw. Seal is always elegant-looking and belongs with pearls and well-groomed women. Seal on black or brown is effective when lightened by an immaculate white flower or cream-white lace on the front of the dress.

For the average woman who does not know exactly what she wants the limitless choice of ready-made coats in all varieties of line and smart color combinations is a godsend, but I would remind the other woman who knows what she wants and can't find it that tailors are still in existence, and through them the exact color and type may be had at no greater cost. The woman too whose figure does not coincide with the ready-made measurements would do better to have her coat made than to wear a coat which has undergone a great deal of alteration.

If one has a roll of fat on the back of her neck or is round-shouldered or has some other similar defect, the fox fur is a friend, but the clear-cut lines of a good neck and shoulders, when the suit or dress fits well, should not be filled in except in winter.

If you must wear something of this sort, do leave off the legs. These dangling bits are decidedly barbaric and never beautiful.

Logic and Ballyhoo

Continued from page 9

The Administration senators must oppose such a bill and, if one gets through, President Coolidge must veto it. The Democrats have only one interest, to aggravate the dissatisfaction of the farmers with the party in power.

So no compromise is possible. The farm distress will be well advertised. And the farmer will be made to feel that he can hope for no consideration at the hands of the Eastern interests which dominate the Republican party. The hopes of the Western farmers will then center on the nomination of either Mr. Dawes or Mr. Lowden at the Republican convention.

If this were the whole story, one could predict that the Republican convention would assemble in a blue funk. Panic would take the place of Logic and Ballyhoo. Mr. Hoover in that case would be rejected and Mr. Dawes or Mr. Lowden would be the nominee.

But the situation is not quite so simple as I have had to make it look in order to bring the fundamentals to the surface. In the first place the Republicans think they are unbeatable. Moreover, they do not take the Western farm revolt seriously. They derive comfort from what happened in 1924—the West has cried "Wolf! Wolf!" too often.

And again the Democrats are likely to offer to the dry Protestant West a wet Catholic candidate for President. Even if the West is angry enough to support some Democratic candidate the Republicans think it will not stomach that particular Democratic candidate. So even the Western situation may produce no panic.

A Child of Destiny

BY THE time this article is in the hands of readers and long before anyone knows what the West may do, Mr. Hoover may be as certain of the Republican nomination as Governor Smith is of the Democratic. The choice of Mr. Hoover is almost inevitable. Almost every factor favors him.

The Republican party is, moreover, so confident that it may not think twice of dangers in the East and the West. If it had been beaten in 1924, it would be looking now for a candidate certain at least of holding the Western farm states. But in its heart of hearts it believes itself a child of destiny

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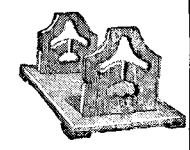

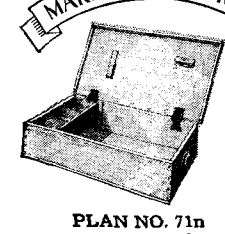

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Drifting Into Peace

TEXAS and New Mexico disputed for years the ownership of a rich area of land on the Rio Grande.

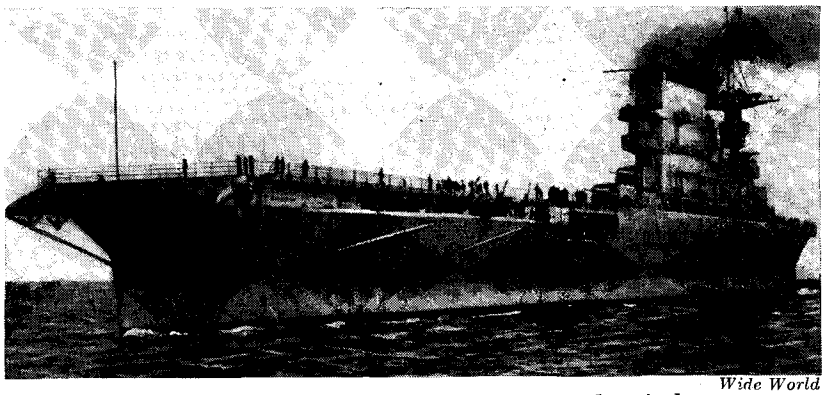
The quarrel arose over the boundary between the states. Issues no more serious recently brought Poland and Lithuania and Peru and Chile to the verge of war.

The United States Supreme Court settled the controversy between New Mexico and Texas in accordance with principles of law. There is no appeal from the Supreme Court. Certainly no one along the Rio Grande above El Paso would think of resorting to arms because Texas was awarded rich lands to which New Mexico thought she was entitled.

Yet over much of the world precisely similar disputes are jeopardizing the peace of the nations. Rivalries in Central and Southern Europe are arraying even the great powers into opposing camps.

Why is it not possible to deal with international issues as the quarrels between American states are settled?

The answer is easy and obvious. Nations are organized and the world is disorganized. We will go to court for the settlement of any quarrel among ourselves, but where foreigners are involved war is one of the legally recognized methods of settlement.



Wide World

U. S. S. Saratoga, plane carrier, newest pride of the navy

What are the chances of extending to the nations the same rules of justice now enjoyed by states and provinces?

The World Court exists. The Hague Tribunal is open for business. The League of Nations has its offices. The World Court might easily handle boundary quarrels and other disputes between nations as our Supreme Court takes jurisdiction over kindred controversies between states.

The difficulties lie with us and with people like us the world over. Financiers are not to blame. Politicians may be to some extent. Most of all we ourselves are responsible.

Peace cannot be had without surrendering something. Civil war in this country and elsewhere was not ended until the various states surrendered the privilege of fighting each other. Lincoln compelled Americans to abandon the right to civil war. Bismarck later forced his fellow Germans to give up their historic custom of warring against one another.

But international war is still the prerogative of all great nations and we, who think of ourselves as the kindliest of all peoples, are making plans to build the most powerful of all navies.

Of course we comfort ourselves with the assurance that our fighting forces will be used only for self-defense and never for aggression. So do most other nations.

The way out is first to agree on reasonable ways of settling difficulties and then of outlawing international war as civil war has already been cast out by civilized nations.

President Coolidge recently expressed the desire to consummate treaties with France and with other nations to provide peaceful methods of settling future differences, but he cannot go further than the Senate and the senators will not advance beyond public opinion. If any considerable section of American public sentiment favors war some senator can usually be found to speak for it.

If we are not willing to concede something of absolute independence, we cannot hope for future assurance. We may drift into peace as we have drifted more than once into war. In such case we shall have to thank our luck rather than our intelligence or our character for our good fortune.

We now have the opportunity to effect and to continue arrangements which will protect us from future wars. If we neglect the opportunity we can blame ourselves and not the bankers or the profiteers or the munitions makers or the chauvinistic politicians for whatever misfortunes befall us.

Moffat's Dream

FOUR and a half years of digging and blasting ended a few weeks ago when the great $18,000,000 Moffat railway tunnel through the Rocky Mountains west of Denver was cut through. Track is now being laid for railroading, and before long trains will be running through the longest and highest tunnel in the United States.

It was a splendid dream—to make cheap and safe the path of everyday railroading through the Continental Divide over which trains could crawl only part of the year. David Moffat, who started it, did not live to see its completion; but here it is, practically completed, and ready to serve mankind.

There are 300 miles of railroad yet to build to Salt Lake, through the marvelous Uinta Valley that is itself almost an empire, one of the biggest, richest sections of the United States as yet untouched by steel rails.

American railroading is partly a matter for cold, calculating finance; an adding-machine story of receipts and expenditures, of profits and loss, of freight tonnage and ton-mile costs. But it is infinitely more. It is the pioneer urge, the Columbus-Drake-Magellan-Leif Ericson spirit of adventure, that counts a profit in finding a new world for others to enjoy, though one's own life be the price.

David Moffat didn't really need to see the locomotive smoke trailing out of the mountain-side tunnel and down the fertile valley. He found his reward in the courage to start the job, and the faith to believe that it would carry on.

Helping Mother

THE county attorney at Des Moines filed a petition in the district court to compel the seven children of an indigent mother to take care of her. All seven were grown and engaged in profitable work.

No excuse will clear unfilial children. Some states have been compelled to hang a suspended jail sentence over their heads to compel them to take proper care of their failing parents.

Somewhere in the history of every such tragedy is a record of misapplied motherly sacrifice. The mother who gives her life to her children and demands no payment in kind makes a hard bed for the evening of her life. The best mother hearts have a little iron in them.

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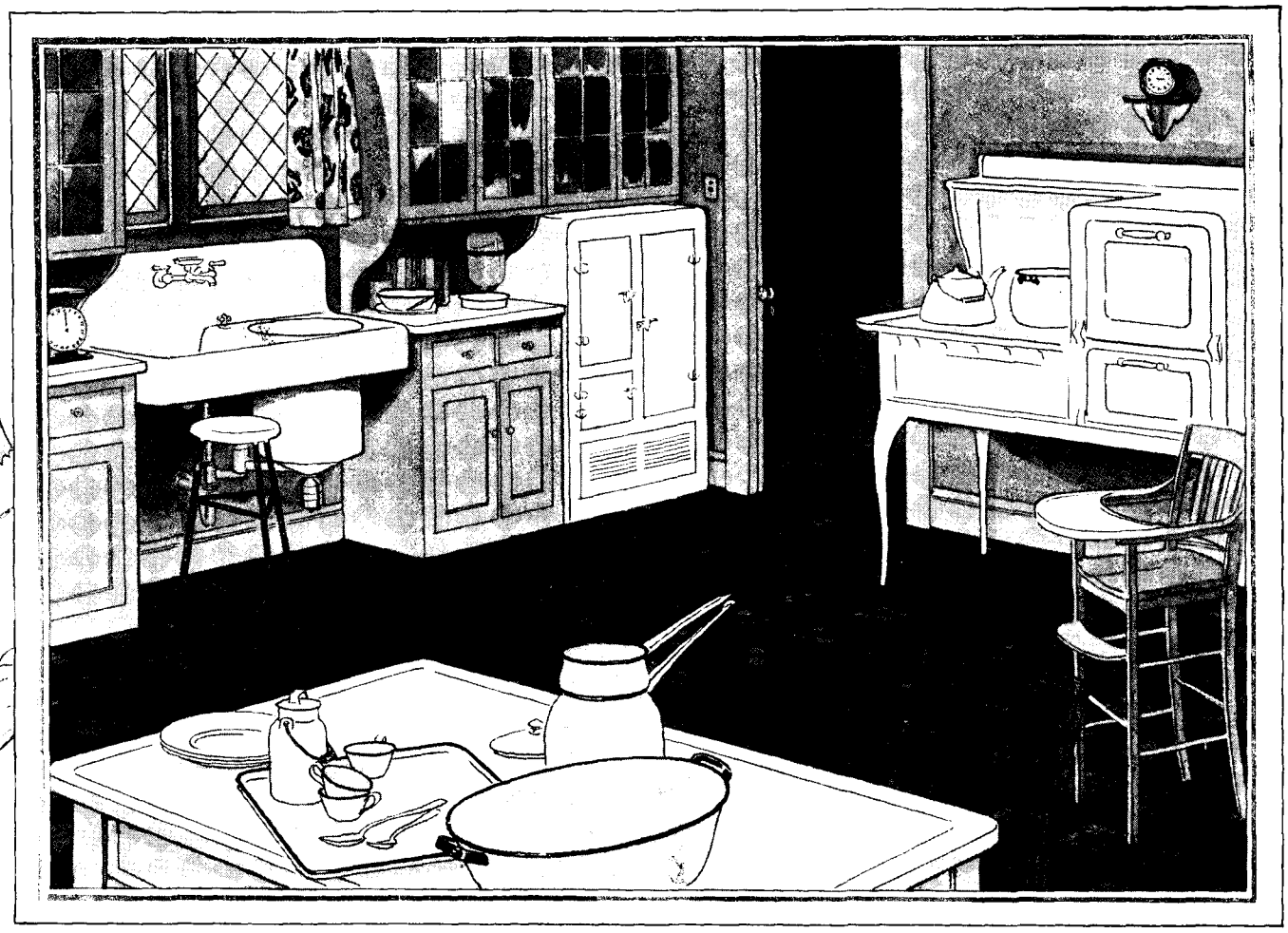

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FRIGIDAIRE

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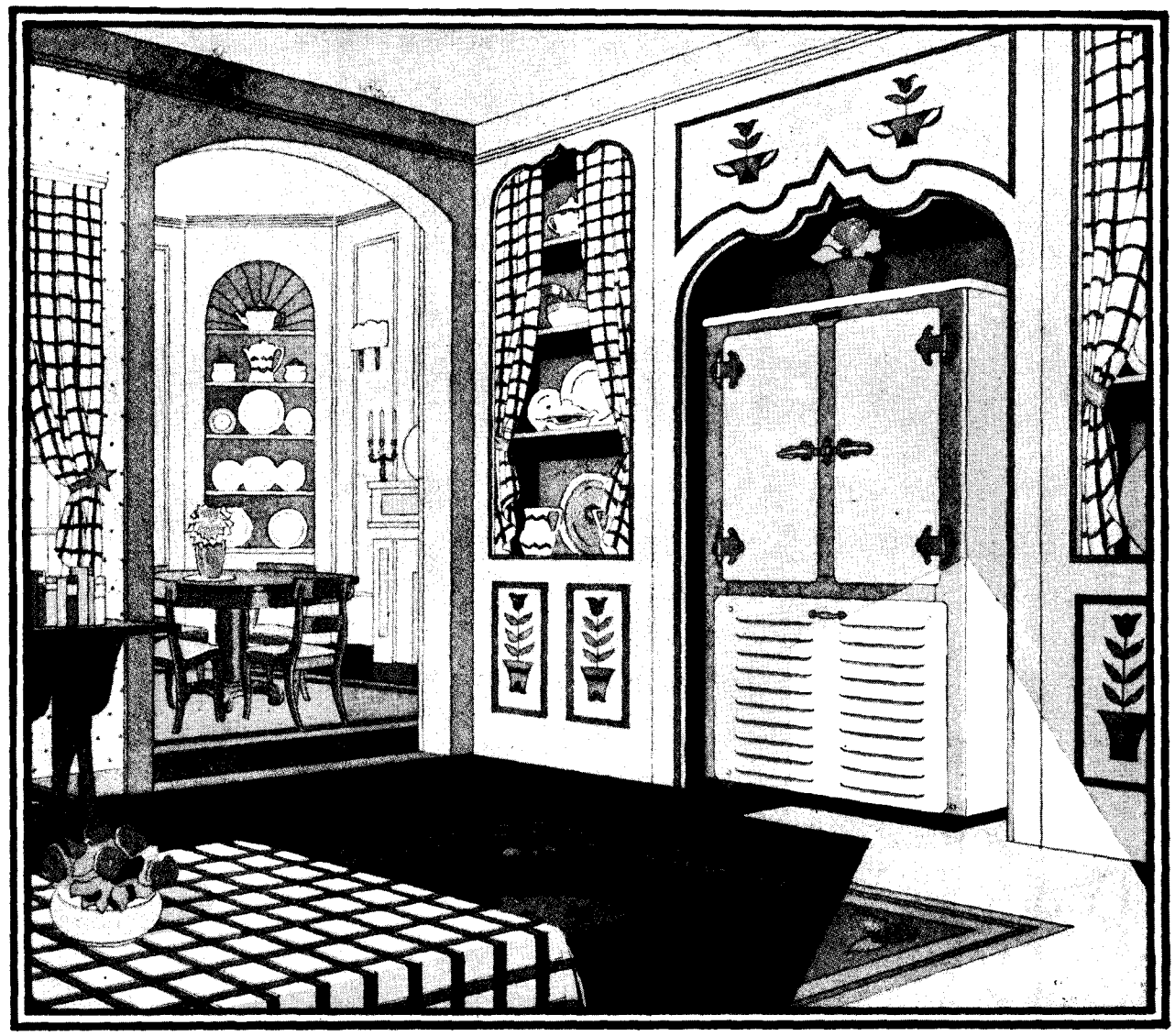

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